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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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October 8, 1958

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BEACH HOUSE FOR £600 . . . see page 61

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OCTOBER 8, 1958

Vol. 26, No. 1

Our cover

● One-piece swimsuits are coming back into fashion this year, and our charming cover girl is ready for the season. More pictures and fashion news for the beach are on pages 17-23.

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The Weekly Round

● Margery Allingham's brilliant new thriller, "Hide My Eyes," which begins in serial form in next week's issue, could well have been based on the famous Haigh case.

HANDSOME, showy George Haigh was hanged in England nearly 10 years ago for the murder of an elderly, wealthy widow, whose body he disposed of in a tank filled with sulphuric acid.

The case was known as the "Acid Bath Case," and Haigh later confessed to many other murders.

In "Hide My Eyes," the body of a pawnbroker is never found, but sulphuric acid and galvanised-iron tanks are found in a workshop belonging to the suspect.

Haigh also had a "workshop." One of the clues in the Haigh case was a red plastic bag. In our serial it is a white plastic bag.

Margery Allingham, a pink-cheeked, grey-haired woman, who is married to Philip Youngman Carter, editor of "Tatler," hardly looks the sort of woman to be writing spine-chilling thrillers.

Her role as mistress of a Georgian manor house in Tolleshunt D'Arcy, in a little Essex village, seems more in keeping with her mild manner.

She is one of England's leading crime writers, however, and has 20 published books to her credit.

She once remarked frankly that she started writing at the age of seven and that her spelling was terrible then and hasn't much improved since.

★ ★ ★

BECAUSE of their difficult upbringing, the four surviving Dionne quintuplets

often found it hard to get on with their parents.

But marriage and motherhood — see story pages 4, 5 — has changed that.

Both Philippe Langlois, Cecile's husband, and Gerry Allard, Annette's husband, are firmly convinced — and their wives agree — that marriage has brought the girls closer to their parents.

"Now Annette feels free about love, about affection," maintained Mr. Allard. "That's why she's changed so much, even with her mother and father."

★ ★ ★

IN this issue on page 71 we begin a new enlarged weekly Television Parade, by Nan Musgrove. And opposite is a pin-up of heart-throb Raymond Burr.

The story with the picture (others on page 70) makes it plain that everybody calls him Perry Mason, even the fans (mostly feminine) who sigh over that rock-like jaw and those light, compelling eyes.

NEXT WEEK

● A special new feature will begin in next week's issue. It's a four-page pattern section with some of the designs illustrated in color. The pages can be cut out each week to make a complete pattern book. The first section next week contains 29 patterns.

TV's CHARMER COMING HERE

● Television has caused an entertainment revolution in N.S.W. and Victoria (and to some extent in Tasmania), where it is now two years old. By the end of next year, TV will have spread to South Australia and Queensland, and plans are already on paper for TV in Perth. New stars have risen, but familiar faces from films have captured big TV audiences.

● Raymond Burr, middle-aged TV eligible, plans to visit Australia in 1959. He will be here for three months, on leave from TV's Perry Mason Show, in which he stars as Erle Stanley Gardner's famous lawyer, Perry Mason.

IT will not be Burr's first visit here. He toured Australia in the 1930s with a stock company playing "Night Must Fall," and also made port here several times while serving as a naval intelligence officer during World War II.

Burr says he hopes to make a film here, perhaps during his visit.

"I haven't seen any suitable scripts here," he said, "but I'm on the lookout for something that would make use of Australia's spectacular physical backgrounds and the native idiom."

"I'm not afraid of the Aussie accent. I definitely want genuine Australian actors to play the lead roles."

Burr has been known on Broadway and Hollywood for years. You may remember him in heavy character roles in "Rear Window," "A Place in the Sun," and "Desperate Hours," but it took Perry Mason to make him a celebrity and a pin-up.

To millions of American viewers, Burr is a lawyer in person, not only as Perry Mason on their TV sets.

He gets hundreds of letters a week asking for legal help.

Burr, who has never been to Law School, but is just "a pretty fair actor," is used to being pegged wrongly by impressionable laymen. But he has also taken in actual lawyers, judges, and barristers.

Recently he made an appearance at a banquet in Phoenix in honor of the justices of the Arizona Supreme Court. Asked to speak, he described the legal manoeuvres used by the fictional Mason to obtain justice for his clients, most of whom are wrongly accused of murder.

So brilliant was his discourse that he was stopped afterwards by one of the less worldly of the Justices.

"Pardon, Mr. Burr," the jurist said. "What Law School did you say you graduated from?"

Burr actually is studying

law, in an informal way and at his own leisurely pace. He aims to take a bar examination when he feels himself qualified—not for years yet, he says. In the meantime he thinks he is doing more for the cause of justice through his TV show.

Burr has been knocking round the theatre, movies, TV, and radio for more years than he cares to admit. He is reticent on three subjects—his age, his unfortunate marital history, and his earnings.

A new TV Who's Who gives his birth date as 1917, which makes him only 41.

Burr's two marriages ended in divorce, and the second was so bitter that he won't talk about it. His only child was a boy by his first marriage. The boy died of leukemia at the age of 11.

Burr is now in love with his job.

"I actually look forward to coming to work, exhausting as it is," he said.

His chief recreation on the set: hiding mice (and, once, an alligator) in the dressing-room of his female lead, Barbara Hale.

Burr has a preoccupation with food that may well be compulsive. Cooking is one of his hobbies, and his parties, for which he does all the cooking, are famous for the food.

He has great trouble disciplining his appetite, and once weighed 24 stone.

At present he is in fighting trim at about 15 stone, but it took him years to slim.

Overweight kept him from a starring role in "The Robe."

He was signed for the part in New York, but it took so long for the shooting to get under way in Hollywood that Burr, wallowing in idleness and frustration, put on so much weight that he had to be dropped.

"I absolutely will not tell you about my diet other than to say it wasn't easy and I never deviated from it," he said.

● More pictures page 70.



RAYMOND BURR, big TV success of 1958, has been known in films for years. Burr, in his forties, is at present unmarried. He has been married twice and divorced twice. His hobbies are gardening, cooking, entertaining, and his parties at his Malibu Beach home are famous in Hollywood. Burr does all the cooking but sticks to his diet regardless, to keep to his fighting trim of 15 stone for his TV job as Perry Mason. (Sydney, Channel 9, Melbourne, Channel 7, Tuesdays, 8.30 p.m.) Author Gardner approves of Burr's portrayal of his fast-talking, scrupulous hero.

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DIONNE QUINS FIND



THE FIRST picture of the Dionne quins, just after their birth on May 28, 1934.

● Two weeks ago, Cecile, one of the Dionne quintuplets, whose birth electrified the world 24 years ago, herself gave birth to her first child—a son. And sister Annette is awaiting the birth of her first child this month.

By
ROBERT J. LEVIN

MOTHERHOOD has once again brought them into the focus of public attention—which they hate.

But for the first time Cecile Dionne Langlois and Annette Dionne Allard are facing the ordeal of publicity without panic.

"We are not alone any more," Annette told me happily. "Our husbands will take care of everything."

Marriage, by giving these girls confidence, has transformed their lives.

This article itself is proof of the change. Annette and Cecile, together with their husbands, met me on three successive days and discussed their deepest feelings—the first time the quintuplets had allowed themselves to be interviewed in this way. But Yvonne, still single, and Marie, married only a few weeks, could not even be approached.

Philippe Langlois is a 27-year-old television sound technician for the Canadian Broadcasting Company. Germain Allard, 25, has just been appointed assistant manager of a Montreal finance company.

Both wives, each unaware of what the other had said to me, expressed the belief that their greatest joy in life has come from the discovery that they have love to give, and that their love is wanted.

"Everything was different after Phil and I became close,"

Cecile recalled. "I had something to live for. Before, I wasn't certain I could ever matter much to someone."

"And to be happy, I think you have to have someone to give happiness to. Phil made me feel I could do that."

Annette, like her sister, suffered from the same anxiety. "When I was younger," she explained, "I always thought I wasn't able to love. I thought about it a lot. I thought, my life had harmed me in some way, making me different from everybody else."

It was Gerry Allard's patient understanding and his uncomplicated acceptance of life that helped Annette overcome her self-doubts.

'Like other girls'

But the person she credits with the final liberation of her emotions is Father Germain Marie Lalande, of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. He had been young Allard's spiritual adviser, and before the marriage he also counselled Annette.

"It was Father Lalande," stated Gerry, "who convinced her that she really was exactly like other girls her age."

Annette spoke softly: "He made me realise that I can love with all my heart, the

same as anybody. And then I saw that life is more beautiful when we love."

Childhood for the quintuplets was a time of strife and confusion. During their infancy their mother and father were scarcely more than visitors tolerated in the nursery by the legal board of guardians.

For years the children, as wards of the Government, remained objects of curiosity for tourists, objects of study for child specialists, and objects of conflict and even lawsuits between the Dionnes and Dr. Allan Roy Dufoe, who had delivered the babies and kept them alive.

Not until the quintuplets reached the age of eight were they reunited with their family. Then, after being returned to the custody of their parents, they spent the next decade in virtual seclusion at their home.

Except for infrequent visitors, the girls associated only with the other Dionne children, and with ten girls of the same age who had been chosen to be their companions in a convent school organised exclusively for the quintuplets' benefit.

Gertrude Allard, who taught homemaking courses, was permitted to bring along her sister, 12-year-old Cecile.

During the five years this school continued—from 1947 to 1952—Cecile Allard and Annette Dionne grew to be good friends; and Cecile spoke often of her older brother,



THE QUINS were nine years old before the whole Dionne family was together for the first time, at Christmas, 1943. In front row, from left, are: Annette, Cecile, Marie, Emilie, and Yvonne, Daniel, aged 11, Pauline, 10, Mrs. Dionne, then 34, Victor, 5, Olive, Jun., 7. In back row: Mr. Dionne, then 39, Therese, 14, Rose, 15, and Ernest, 17.

Theirs was long and lonely road

Germain, who was studying to become a priest.

"I wrote a lot to my sister, pretty funny letters," Gerry said, "and she showed them to Annette."

"Then once my sister wrote at the end of a letter, 'Annette says goodbye.' So in my next letter I put down, 'Goodbye, Annette!' That's how it all started."

Except for exchanging birthday cards and occasional letters, however, Gerry and Annette had little communication with each other over the next few years.

In September, 1952, the 18-year-old quintuplets made their first break with the past. They entered the Institut Familial at Nicolet, Quebec.

Their religious training continued, and they practised cooking, sewing, and the other domestic arts.

Restless, lonely

But they were not permitted to leave the grounds, and grew restless and lonely. Their parents visited them twice during the year.

After spending the summer vacation at home, the quintuplets decided to separate. Yvonne enrolled at Marguerite-Bourgeoys, a Catholic College in Montreal, where she planned to study art. Marie entered a convent. At Nicolet, Cecile and Emilie found life increasingly barren.

Early in 1954, Yvonne gave up art for nursing and started her training at a Montreal hospital, where Cecile joined her. Annette went to Marguerite-Bourgeoys to study the piano. Marie, who had left the convent when she found the separation from her sisters unbearable, prepared to enter the college with Annette.

In August, Emilie died. She had suffered from epilepsy for nine years; and the last attack had resulted in accidental asphyxiation.

Together in Montreal, the four sisters absorbed their minds as fully as possible with their studies. In their mourning, they felt more alone than they ever had before.

Already, however, Annette and Cecile had met the young men they were to marry three years later.

Young Allard had entered a college in Montreal, having realised that he was not meant for the priesthood. Close by the college was the hospital in which Cecile and Yvonne were in training.

Gerry soon found out that Annette was living less than five miles away.

Annette was shy when she met Gerry face-to-face for the first time, but soon they were meeting every Sunday.

Gradually, one of Annette's deepest fears faded. Gerry understood it particularly well because his sister had made him sensitive to the problem.

"When I went to Annette,"

he said earnestly, "she wasn't sure whether I was going to be for herself or for her as a quintuplet. The day she felt sure I was going to be for herself she was happy."

By June, 1957, when Annette completed her courses at Nicolet, she and Gerry knew they would soon marry.

They did not confide their decision to anyone, however, except Father Lalonde. He met them on many occasions and helped them to understand and accept the reality underlying the romantic dream of marriage.

Although strong emotional bonds link the four Dionne sisters, they tend to keep their problems and plans to themselves. Annette, therefore, did not announce her engagement until a week before the wedding.

She was the first quinn to marry, but Cecile had been the first to become engaged.

She had met Philippe Langlois three years earlier.

Both had gone alone one summer night to an outdoor concert and found themselves seated next to each other.

Conversation followed naturally, since both love classical music. When Phil asked whether he might see her the following week, Cecile gave him her telephone number.

Although Phil had immediately recognised her as one of the Dionne sisters he did not comment on it.

When they met for their first date they simply went for a long walk near the hospital and ended the evening at a small restaurant.

They discovered that they shared many interests. Both play the piano, greatly enjoy organ music, and prefer Bach above all composers.

"The first few times I met her," said Phil, "I sensed that in her childhood she must have missed love."

Fell in love

Although their dates were infrequent, by 1956 they were in love. Cecile was then doing full-time nursing at Pasteur Hospital.

Searching for an explanation, Cecile fell silent for several minutes. "I think," she said slowly, "the first thing that made me think of Phil this way was when I came in contact with babies in the hospital."

In the months that followed, Phil and Cecile began considering marriage. They decided they would wait until she finished her nursing courses in September, 1957.

They, too, kept their decision a secret.

The average young woman is eager to have the world see and know the man who loves her enough to dedicate the rest of his life to her.

But Cecile and Annette did not grow up in "average" surroundings. For their first eight

years they were exhibited to millions of people.

Over a long period they were examined, photographed, fingerprinted and tested by all kinds of doctors and psychologists.

During the third year of their lives, for example, psychologists hovered over them, pads in hand, and recorded 1434 "emotional episodes" of fear and anger.

Against this background, it is not difficult to understand their desire to keep their love as a secret joy.

So, when Annette was married on October 11, 1957, only the immediate families and a few close friends were present in Montreal's modern, circular church of Notre Dame de la Salette.

Phil and Cecile were not so lucky.

Their wedding was held on November 23, 1957, at Calender, to spare Mr. and Mrs. Dionne another trip to Montreal.

Almost 70 visitors attended the ceremony; and the Press was permitted to cover the event.

Reporters and photographers then followed them everywhere for the first few days of their honeymoon.

Address secret

Partly because of such experiences, the prospect of publicity fills the Dionne sisters with dismay. This is why they keep their addresses secret, their telephone numbers unlisted.

But their passion for privacy has deeper roots. It is their heritage from a past in which too many strangers stared at them as though they were freaks.

Cecile and Annette now have their husbands to help them. As Germain Allard put it: "When the doorbell or the telephone rings I answer."

Their husbands, however, are more than buffers. Some of their self-confidence has been transmitted to their wives, who now radiate a happiness that perhaps can be experienced only by those who have escaped the bondage of their own emotions.

They may wear sunglasses when they go out, but they are completely poised in public



CECILE DIONNE and husband Philippe Langlois, above, admire their son a few hours after his birth a fortnight ago.

ANNETTE, right, has found happiness with her husband, Germain Allard. They expect their first child this month.

places. Annette is more subdued than Cecile, and both would rather listen than talk; and yet these girls enjoy conversations and have delightful senses of humor.

Their pleasures are simple ones: Beautiful flowers, playing the piano, creating with their hands, furnishing their homes.

And, of course, raising a family. "Nothing has made me so happy in all my life," said Annette, "as having a baby."

Neither sister plans to have a nurse or governess for her child. Gerry Allard commented: "I remember Annette telling me many times that our children will never have anyone else taking care of them except us."

Marie, after years of unhappiness and disappointment, has now followed Cecile and Annette into matrimony.

Dreading publicity like her sisters, she kept her plans secret, even from members of the family.

Two altar boys were the only witnesses of the ceremony in the Sacred Heart Chapel of the Notre Dame Church last August.

Her husband, Florian Houle, is a 38-year-old clerk of Quebec.

For Yvonne the road ahead is harder, if only because she travels alone.

A dedicated nurse, she is pouring her life into her career.



ABOVE: The four surviving quins — from left, Annette, Yvonne, Cecile, and Marie — at the opening of the flower shop which Marie established in Montreal in May, 1956. She named it the Emilie Salon, in memory of their fifth sister, who died in August, 1954. The venture failed and Marie withdrew into herself until her marriage two months ago.



LEFT: Crowd outside the Desjardins Hospital, where the quins spent their first eight years under the daily scrutiny of gawking tourists in the "observation gallery." This sideshow atmosphere gave the quins a fortune — and a hatred of publicity.



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A beloved Queensland headmaster

But the "Mr. Chips" title
is too feeble
for his rugged qualities

● Norman Scott Connal, headmaster of Toowoomba Preparatory School, is one of those rare personalities—the perfect schoolmaster.

HE has often been called Queensland's "Mr. Chips," but this gentle conception of a lovable teacher is far too conventional, too narrow, to fit his lumbering frame, his nimble brain, his born knowledge of how to turn those small wild animals we call boys into social human beings.

He is too large, earthy, wise, enthusiastic, and humble to wear the machine-made label of the Hilton who created Mr. Chips, or blend with the film interpretation of Robert Donat.

He is recognised far outside Queensland as one of the greatest teachers Australia has produced; a man who understands boys and loves them, despite their dirty ears and unhygienic knees, and who sees in every boy a man in embryo who needs affection, discipline, and guidance.

In the 48 years he has been a schoolmaster, most of them in Queensland, he has taught more than 2200 boys.

Made names

Scattered throughout the world, they range from writers like Jack Lindsay, son of artist Norman Lindsay, who lives in England, to headmasters like Harry Roberts, of Brisbane's Church of England Grammar, and G. C. Pearce, of The Southport School; from international footballers like Tommy Lawton to cricketers like Dr. Otto Nothing.

I even have the honor to be one of the 2200.

To boys who came under him in class and on the sports-field at Maryborough Grammar School between 1911 and 1915, and at Brisbane Grammar School between 1915 and 1928, he is still "Jelly" or "Jell."

This nickname comes from earlier years when his football captain at Fort Street School, Sydney, snarled, "Do some work in the scrum instead of standing there shaking like a flaming jelly."

But to those who have been through Toowoomba Prep. in the past 30 years, or are still there—those who have cracked jokes about his Rabelaisian stomach, roared at his stories, however feeble, punched his famous off-springer for six, cringed a little before a rare stern glance from his all-seeing blue eyes—he is "Bossy" or "The Boss"—and to his face.

A human, lovable "Boss," as so many stories confirm.

One lonely little boy of seven, found sobbing in the dormitory at Toowoomba

Prep., snivelled at him, "Me mother always reads me a story and leaves the light on."

For months this headmaster, who has three daughters but no sons, read him a nightly story, and made sure the light was not turned off.

Another small boy, hardly out of nappies, will remember all his life the valley-like comfort of sleeping between the

ally they're the same as they were when I started teaching.

"The secret of handling boys is that you must see their point of view, not submit to it but try to understand it, because sometimes they are right and generally they are wrong.

"Above all, you must love boys, and if you can't gain their affection you have failed.

"My policy has always been to trust boys, and to give them responsibility from an early age, because you will never get inward discipline until you trust them.

"I'm doubtful about the use of physical punishment in secondary schools, but not in junior schools, although I still believe it is more useful for minor than major offences.

Real discipline

"Real discipline—inner discipline—is in my opinion nothing less than consecrated commonsense. A good disciplinarian is not a person who punishes but one who has the art of making disciples."

Wisdom like that, deep sympathy with boys, and a commonsense approach to their devilries have produced more results in adjusted human material than a bookcase of textbooks on applied psychology.

"Jell" Connal claims that he has tried the "psychological approach" only once—and it was a dismal failure.

"I caught a 13-year-old smoking," said Mr. Connal.

By
RONALD McKIE

headmaster and his wife during those first lonely, tearful, desperate nights at school.

Norman S. Connal, descendant of Scottish Highlanders, was born 70 years ago at Walcha, N.S.W. His father, a grazier, died when he was three.

His mother, who remarried—this time a clergyman—wanted her son to enter the Melanesian mission field.

Norman, however, decided to be a lawyer, then a journalist, and finally drifted into teaching at Mowbray House Preparatory School, Chatswood, Sydney, at £100 a year.

I talked to him in Sydney recently when he was attending a teachers' conference.

"Boys," he said, in his soft way, lighting a pipe which burns 4oz. of tobacco a week and two dozen boxes of matches, "I've been struggling with the unrighteous for nearly 50 years, and they haven't changed much.

"Mass entertainment has influenced them, and they're more sophisticated, but basic-



HEADMASTER Mr. Norman Scott Connal, of Toowoomba, Qld., who has been teaching boys for nearly 50 years.

"I said, 'You like smoking?'

He said he did. So I said,

'Come up to my study after tea and we'll have a smoke.'

"I gave him a pipe and tobacco pouch and was a little

worried by the expert way he

filled and lit up. Half-way

through that pipe he should

have turned green. He didn't.

"At the end of the first pipe

I asked him if he would like

another. He jumped at it.

"After the third pipe, when

he was still sucking happily,

I tossed psychology overboard

and roared, 'Go to bed, you

degenerate young hound, and if I catch you smoking again I'll give you six on the tail.'

It's not entirely true that he has tried psychology only once, as this story shows:

One of his rules has been always to confiscate sweets being eaten in class and to eat them in front of the boys.

There are still Brisbane Grammar old boys who insist that "Jell" ate the chocolate laxative planted on him

by Pud Thurlow, later the Queensland fast bowler, and that his visits to the class that day were infrequent.

If "Jell" Connal were a benevolent dictator, he would insist on a number of things: ● "I'd see that people spent much more money on education, much more than they do on beer.

● "I'd make sure that no boy or girl was debarred from secondary or university education because of his or her parents' financial position.

● "I would redouble present efforts to encourage road safety, and fine parents heavily if their children had not learnt to swim by the age of seven.

● "I would widely extend national service training, not primarily to teach boys the military arts but to give them a sense of a community where all classes could meet on an equal footing in their own right.

● "I would encourage greater community appreciation and respect for the manual worker—carpenter, plumber, electrician, bulldozer-driver, others. The boy with clever hands deserves just as much respect as the boy with a clever brain.

● "I would widely publicise the motto of my own school, 'Sola nobilitas virtus' (Only nobility is manliness), which I say should be translated, 'It doesn't matter who your father was, it's what you are that counts.'"

And a word to parents

● "Jell" Connal shakes his bald head a little and lifts a still-shaggy eyebrow when questioned about parents.

"LOTS of parents need education about how to handle their young," he said.

"Many are often completely ignorant of the behaviour of their boys.

"They don't know the difference between love and indulgence. They are not consistent—and consistency is most important when handling boys.

"From parents, and the educational system, there is too much criticism, too much pressure on children today. The boy who normally comes

23rd in the class and who manages to come 19th in the next examination should be praised for trying, not told that he should have come 10th.

"Most boys, until at least 14, have only a foggy idea what they want to do in life, yet many parents deliberately try to condition their children to become doctors or scientists, or something else.

"This is the wrong approach. Parents should study their child, his character, his likes and dislikes, and, with vocational guidance, which indicates what he can and can't

do, help him make up his mind."

"Jell" is equally critical about examinations which put too much pressure on children, encourage cramming, and limit time and enjoyment of cultural subjects like music, reading, good theatre, good films.

He said: "You must have examinations, but there are too many of them, and I believe that nobody should fail.

"A student should be given a card, listing school performance and examination marks. The card should be private between him and his teacher, parents, university entrance board, employer.

"One glance at a boy's card would tell an employer if that

boy suited him much more accurately than an examination certificate.

"There's a story told in Queensland of a woman who, immediately her baby was born, said, 'Oh, doctor, will he pass the Senior (Leaving)?' That is the attitude of 90 per cent. of Queensland parents."

After nearly 50 years, "Jell" Connal says that the most rewarding thing in teaching boys is the affection of his old boys.

But he adds: "This affection is a wonderful thing, and a schoolmaster gets very conceited.

"When one of my old boys got into trouble recently, I had no conceit, only a feeling that I was to blame, that in some way it was I who had failed him."

TINTOOKIES IN "LITTLE FELLA BINDI"

BINDI (below) saves this emu's life, and is befriended by the animals. They become hostile when, forced by hunger, he spears a wombat, not realising it is his friend Ga-Ga. The wound is not fatal.



"THE TINTOOKIES", the delightful Australian bushland marionettes created for a musical fantasy by puppeteer Peter Scriven, are back in "Little Fella Bindi."

"Tintookie" is the aboriginal word for "little folk who live in the bush." The old animal favorites, including Krumpy Koala and Wilpy Wombat, are together again.

In this fantasy they befriend Bindi, a little aboriginal boy, who is lost in the bush. The animals act against the advice of a cynical old cockatoo who has lived among human beings, and eventually restore Bindi to them.

"Little Fella Bindi" was written and produced by Peter Scriven, with music and lyrics by Eric Rasdall. Presented jointly by the Elizabethan Theatre Trust and Peter Scriven, it has completed its Brisbane and Melbourne seasons, and after Adelaide and Hobart will open in Sydney on December 22.



THE TINTOOKIES (above) find Bindi alone in the bush, and leave him asleep for the animals to care for. In "Little Fella Bindi" the Tintookies change the scenes.



LEFT: In a colorful gumleaf setting Mother Koala tells her son Krumpy: "Children are the same whether they have two legs or four." Krumpy becomes Bindi's friend.

RIGHT: Bindi teaches a new game called hunting to Ga-Ga Wombat, Krumpy Koala, and Wilpy Wombat. These color pictures were taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.





ABOVE: Chief Tintookie starts the new day by asking the spirits: "What sort of a day would you like today to be?" The spirits are Drought, Fine Day, and Willy-Nilly.

BELOW: Mrs. Possum, Father Wombat, and Ga-Ga Wombat, now recovered from his wound, farewell Bindi as Messengers of Byames, the Mighty Spirit, watch over him.



CYNICAL COCKATOO (above), a bird of the world, says: "Humans are all mugs. We must get rid of the boy." Emu, Mrs. Kangaroo, and the Cuss-Cuss finally agree it will be best for their friend Bindi. It's decided to take him safely to a place where other human beings live.



3

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5/3

6/3

9/9

G199,143

FATHER



"But, Mabel! You got even with me for that outboard motor three years ago!"

MOTHER



"You can nurse my darling little bunny all day while I'm at school!"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drain

OUR page three pin-up of Raymond Burr, TV's Perry Mason, will please a lot of ladies—some young, some old enough to know better.

To be honest, I think he's rather handsome, myself.

One 24-year-old I know refuses all invitations on Tuesday nights, stays home to watch the Perry Mason show on Sydney's Channel 9.

"Wasn't he good last night?" she asked the other morning.

"Yes," I answered with that fond air which people who don't see TV find so peculiarly irritating in viewers. "But the story was a bit weak."

"Oh, I never take any notice of the story," she said. "I just like to look at him."

Even greater devotion was shown by another girl, who is at present trying to repair the consequent damage to her engagement.

"I thought you wanted to talk," said her fiancé one recent Tuesday, as she switched on the set in the family sitting-room.

"Well, I'll turn down the sound," she said obligingly, "and then I can just watch Perry while you say whatever it is you want to say."

FILM star Brigitte Bardot will play a parachutist in the British Secret Service in her next picture. Announcing that Bardot had finished with "sex-kitten" roles, her manager said: "Naturally, as she is in the British Secret Service she has to keep her clothes on."

They're formal in the British Secret Service,

Propriety is always strongly stressed, Head office tends to get a trifle nervous At the thought that lady spies aren't fully dressed.

It's tough on those who want to make a picture

To appeal to avid fiction-reading folk, For authority, unbending, makes the stricture

That a cloak-and-dagger girl should wear her cloak.

SYDNEY'S Lord Mayor recently opened a new indoor swimming-pool at City Tattersall's Club with a bottle of vintage champagne.

"What should I do with it?" he asked. "With great sense of sacrifice I'll pour it in the pool."

Obviously the Lord Mayor felt the twinge that assails so many people when champagne is smashed over the bows of ships.

I always hope that someone has had the foresight to fill the bottle with soda-water and re-wire the cork.

Maybe some do. It's the kind of thing one will never find out for sure.

A WHILE back I mentioned some confusion over the merits and dangers of tea-leaves and coffee - grounds in sink pipes.

Mrs. C. McVicar, of Blakeshurst, N.S.W., writes to me that a plumber has assured her that tea-leaves are deadly to downpipes, and that his advice to the contrary is based on fact.

"Some years ago," she wrote, "my kitchen downpipe got slightly choked. A few leaves had escaped when I rinsed the strainer. So —

plumber. Did he dress me down!"

That struck a chord. Plumbers are clever men, but intimidating. Unlike carpenters and painters, who are often kind, plumbers seldom bother to conceal their contempt for women.

I vividly remember one who carried on although I had put a coffee spoon down the sink on purpose.

And yet, if women en masse turned efficient and learned how to change washers on taps, what would happen to the plumbing trade?

NEW slant on an old problem from shoemaker Salvatore Ferragamo:

Sweeping aside beliefs in the use of heels to add and subtract height, he told interviewers that short girls should try to look shorter and tall girls taller.

This is so revolutionary it takes time to digest.

For years small women have sought added inches with high heels. Tall ones have greeted the new chemise heel with joy.

(Incidentally, I saw a tall girl the other day wearing some American shoes that were so low-heeled and pointy-toed that they looked like a pair of dachshunds.)

Yet Ferragamo is probably right. Small girls can look appealing and play the little woman. Tall ones, besides being able to see processions, have a commanding air that is useful in business.

Both types would be wise to make the most of their respective advantages.

IN Britain a new hire-purchase scheme allows parents to send their boys to Eton or Harrow with payments over 20 years.

We've put down our deposit on an old school tie for Willie,

His father is a self-made man, you see And we're meeting the instalments, expect to, willy-nilly,

Like the car and fridge and washer and TV.

We hope the cash-down pupils won't be snobbish to the others,

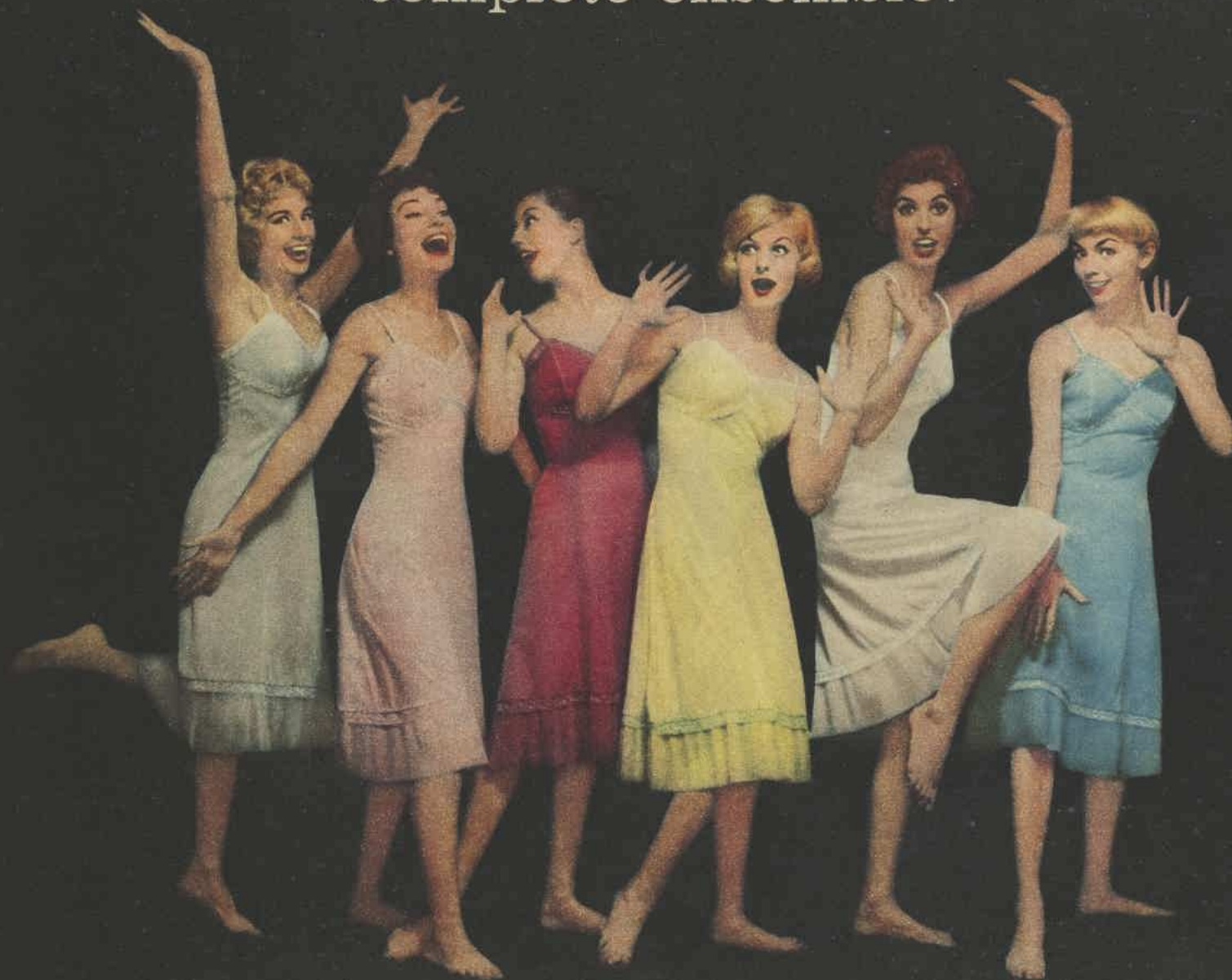
It's a thought makes Willie's father hopping mad,

But me, I'm philosophic, in the way of harassed mothers,

And if they repossess him, that's too bad

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The **ONE-COLOR LOOK** is for you this season!

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complete with
scrubbing brushes.
Easy terms



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FINE APPLIANCES —
AROUND THE HOUSE,
AROUND THE WORLD

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FLOWER SHOW

● The Royal Horticultural Society's floral exhibition will be one of the outstanding attractions of Sydney's Waratah Festival.

THE exhibition will be held at the Lower Town Hall on October 10 and 11.

The scene will be magnificent — impressive even for those who know little about gardening or flower arrangements.

Displays and exhibits will be grouped round a centre "island" 50ft. long, rising nearly to the ceiling, and massed with wildflowers and tropical plants grouped round waterfalls.

The Australian Women's Weekly is giving prizes for a decorative floral competition open to all affiliated societies.

Already notifications of entry in this contest have been received from a number of societies.

These notifications (in writing or by telephone) should be sent to Mr. G. Parkes, 50 Twin Road, North Ryde (phone WW1156).

Closing date for entries is October 9.

Competing societies may choose six decorative units



SPRING FLOWERS
lend themselves admirably to simple and beautiful decoration.

from these 12 classes of arrangements:

1. Representing a theme.
2. For a foyer.
3. For a dining-table.
4. Modern.
5. Period, other than modern (period to be named).
6. Showing Eastern influence.
7. Foliage.
8. With one flower or floret.
9. In a silver container.
10. Basket of flowers (stems in water).
11. Container of mixed spring flowers.
12. Bowl of flowers, not more than 9in. high, arranged for all-round effect.

First prize in this section will be a £30 trophy.

Second prize, 20 guineas.

Third prize, 12 guineas.

Fourth prize, eight guineas.

Plaques recording the awards will also be presented to the four prizewinning groups.

The Australian Women's Weekly will also give 10 guineas and a five-guinea trophy for the best individual arrangement among the group entries.

Each entry will be allotted space 10ft. by 2ft. 6in., and there is no limit to height for the exhibits.

Entries will be judged on Friday, October 10, and trophies will be presented at the Lower Town Hall that night.



TRAVELLING NILSENS. From left, Marit, Captain Nilsen, Erik, Randi, Mrs. Nilsen.

Norwegian Use snow to home hint: clean carpets

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

● Using snow to clean carpets is a household hint learnt by Mrs. Tallak Nilsen, former Sydney girl Joan Oxby, from Norwegian women on the island of Boroy.

MRS. NILSEN, her husband, and their children, Marit, 10, Randi, 8, and Erik, 5, are living at Epping, N.S.W.

Captain Nilsen, now Marine Superintendent in the shipping firm Gotaas Larsen, met his wife in Sydney during World War II.

When war ended, Joan Oxby, of Cremorne, went to Norway to marry Tallak and they made their first home on the island of Boroy, off Norway's south coast.

Soon Captain Nilsen went to sea again—in 11 years of marriage he and Joan have had four years together — leaving his wife on the island, which has a population of 200.

"I soon learnt to speak Norwegian," said Mrs. Nilsen. "I had to. No other English person lived on the island."

"I also learnt how to house-keep, Norwegian style. Each room in the house was washed once a week. The kitchen was wet-mopped each day."

"Spring-cleaning was an event. Nothing escaped scouring—not even the ceilings. You got up on a ladder and attacked the ceiling with ammonia water, soda, and green soap."

"Carpets went out into the snow and were turned upside down. I've never seen anything like snow for cleaning carpets. It took out all dirt, yet didn't stick to the carpet."

The first winter Joan Nilsen

spent in Norway was the coldest in years. Even the sea froze, and "you could walk across the harbor."

"The beds were made in Norwegian fashion, so I didn't feel cold," said Mrs. Nilsen.

In Norway, the bed is made with bottom sheet, pillows, and topped by a thick but light eiderdown, buttoned into a material cover. No blankets.

"I wouldn't part with my Norwegian eiderdowns; they've been all over the world with me," said Mrs. Nilsen, who makes beds in Epping as she did on Boroy.

"I hate packing," she said. In 11 years she has had six major moves across the world.

And when Captain and Mrs. Nilsen and their children travel they take 43 wooden crates and 104 pieces of baggage holding all their belongings.

Soon Captain Nilsen will leave first for Kobe, then for New York. Meanwhile, their Australian home, their base, is attractive with furnishings and souvenirs from all over the world.

What else but love to talk about?



HAN SUYIN has no study, writes all her books on the dining-room table.

Asks Eurasian doctor-novelist

From
SUSAN BARRIE,
in Singapore

"Love is a sea with a variety of color, with unending beauty," said Han Suyin, distinguished author of "A Many Splendored Thing." "Love permeates literature — what else is there to talk about?"

IN private life the author is Dr. Elizabeth Comber, one of Singapore's busiest medical practitioners, and wife of Leon Comber, former British police officer in Malaya. Her novel-writing is a hobby.

Now on a six weeks' trip to Europe, Han Suyin is visiting her publishers to arrange translations of her latest novel, "The Mountain Is Young," tipped as another best-seller,

and already bought for Hollywood screening.

"But this trip is mainly to settle my 18-year-old daughter, Yung Mei, in college in London," Han Suyin told me before she left Singapore.

"She wants to study biology, and after a year in London she will go to a university on the Continent."

Han Suyin is down-to-earth and direct with a friendly manner, alert mind, and insatiable interest in people. She

is tall and slim, with clear-cut features and a ready smile.

Born in Peking of a Chinese mandarin father and a Dutch-Flemish mother, educated in China and Europe, she has the intellectual and physical distinction of both East and West, but prefers to regard herself as Oriental.

She usually wears the high-necked Chinese dress — her trip wardrobe is all of colorful Asian fabrics — and combines a strong loyalty to China with an appreciation of European culture.

Han Suyin, whose home is in Johore Bahru, 16 miles across the Causeway from Singapore, drives back and forth six days a week to her clinic in the heart of the colony's teeming Chinatown.

There she and her all-woman staff take care of an endless stream of patients, from infants and mothers to aged invalids.

"Medicine will always be my real profession," Han Suyin told me when I spent a morning at her crowded clinic, with its adjoining pharmacy.

YUNG MEI, left, Han Suyin's daughter, nursing "The Little One," one of her mother's Siamese cats.

LAO CHIE, Han Suyin's amah, serves noodles and vegetables to the doctor-author and colleague Dr. Bill Richards, of North Sydney.

"I write only as a hobby. It is a relaxation after a day at the clinic.

"But we have a lot of fun here — women work well together. I think we get on much better here without men."

Han Suyin, whose special interest is psychosomatic medicine, believes that there is a great need for research into the emotional causes of physical ills, especially in Asian women.

"Women all over the East are emerging from old customs, and therefore have many emotional conflicts," she said.

"Imagine a girl, brought up in the old tradition that she must not even go out with a man unchaperoned, going to a film.

"She sees people kissing all over the screen. You can understand her confusion."

Han Suyin, a courageous and outspoken woman with an independent spirit, is a great champion of women. Recently she told an all-medical audience in Singapore that men had induced an inferiority complex in women.

Frank opinions

"Most women accept men's ideas about themselves and try to mould themselves accordingly," she said.

"This set of attitudes has led to an accumulated inferiority feeling in women which, in many societies, has grown over the centuries and is looked upon as normal until the myths change, society changes, and we realise that woman, too, has changed."

Much in demand as an after-dinner speaker in Singapore, Han Suyin sometimes shocks her audiences by her frank opinions.

"Sex is just as important for literature as for reproduction," she said recently.

When Han Suyin dismissed her last patient, we were joined by a young Australian visitor, Dr. Bill Richards, of North Sydney, and set out in her smart convertible for Johore Bahru.

Placid grey water buffalo grazed in the lush grass along palm-shaded Bukit Timah



AT WORK in her clinic in Singapore's Chinatown, Dr. Comber (Han Suyin) gives an injection to a tiny baby.

Road as we approached the Causeway, and Dr. Comber switched from medical talk with Dr. Richards to book talk.

"I get a lot of ideas for my books while I'm driving back and forth," she told us. "Some of my best sentences have been composed on this road — some of my worst, too, I suppose."

I asked how she felt about the film version of "A Many Splendored Thing."

"Nothing at all — quite impersonal," she said. "It was just different — nothing to do with me. But by the time I have written a book I'm a different person, anyway."

As we crossed the Causeway and entered the Federation, Malay Customs officers waved us through the barriers with a friendly "Good day, Doctor!" and we drove on to a modest bungalow overlooking the Straits of Johore.

"The house is very simple," said Han Suyin, as three Siamese cats and a dog rushed out to greet her. "I think I could be happy in a prison cell."

"My husband and I are only renting this house, but we are building one of our own almost next door — so the animals won't have far to move."

Han Suyin's home shows her characteristic, unpretentious good taste. It is simply furnished and uncluttered, with gay printed fabrics, bowls of flowers, and shelves packed with books.

"I haven't a study," she said. "I just put the typewriter here, on the dining-room table. My husband writes, too. He has just written a book on Chinese secret societies."

"But we don't work together, thank Heaven. That would probably be the end. He is away in England for a few weeks just now."

Han Suyin met her handsome English husband, Leon Comber, while he was studying Mandarin at the Hongkong University and she was casualty officer at the Hongkong Hospital.

And while still at Hongkong

Hospital she began to write "A Many Splendored Thing."

She wrote her first book, "Destination Chungking," in China during the Sino-Japanese war, in which her first husband, Tang Pao-Huang, was a serving general.

Han Suyin wrote most of the book during Japanese air-raids on Chungking in a dug-out with the typewriter on her knee, her baby girl and a cooking pot beside her.

"I met my first husband while I was studying in Europe," Han Suyin told me. "Then the war in China broke out and I felt I had to go back. I met him again in the ship and we were married in China in 1938."

Husband killed

In 1942 her husband became a diplomat at the Chinese Embassy in London, and when he was recalled to China four years later for active service, Han Suyin stayed behind with their daughter and took up medicine where she had left off in 1938.

Just before she qualified — with honors — her husband was killed in the civil war between the Nationalists and Communists.

After her marriage to Leon Comber, Han Suyin went with him to Malaya, and during his term as a police officer she accompanied him on a tour of bandit-ridden Johore.

It was on this tour that she based her book "And the Rain My Drink," which dealt with the British-led battle against Communist terrorists.

Today, although Han Suyin is a celebrity who mixes as a matter of course with famous people and is feted wherever she goes, she shuns social life and prefers to spend her time at home writing.

She is at present working on two books.

"Both are fiction," she told me. "One is about Cambodia — a murder and romance."

"The other is a psychological study and I don't quite know how it will turn out."



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Now available in personal, bath and family sizes.





PRETTY YOUNG GUESTS Diana Pitt (left) and Mrs. Allan Coogan at the luncheon party held in the garden of Mrs. Douglas Perkins' Pymble home to raise funds for the Black and White Committee's Appeal for Blind Babies.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THERE'S a new home in Karachi awaiting A. R. ("Ro") Cutler, V.C., and his charming wife, Helen, and they'll move in early next year when he takes up his new appointment as the Australian High Commissioner to Pakistan.

The Cutlers have certainly moved round the world since their marriage. Mr. Cutler has previously been Australian High Commissioner to New Zealand and Ceylon, and until 1956 was Australian Minister to Egypt.

When I phoned Mrs. Cutler in Canberra she told me that she's looking forward to the move, even though she has only spent one day in Karachi when flying through to London.

They haven't set the date for their departure yet or decided whether their four sons will go, too, or stay in school here.

CLUTCHING colored streamers, I'll be on the wharf to wave "bon voyage" to Brenda Heagney and Monica Schiff when they sail in Orontes for a working holiday in England and Europe.

HAPPIEST young parents in town are Judy and Bain Bennett, of Rose Bay—Judy arrived home from hospital last week with their bouncing baby son, Gregory. And he's the first grandchild for Judy's parents, the Tony Clarks.

JUST can't believe that the G.P.S. Athletics will be on again on Saturday week (October 11), but invitations are already in the post for the annual cocktail party given by the Old Sydneys' Union after the athletics.

I LIKE . . . Gail Garry's dreamy ball dress of floating white organza, the square-cut bodice delicately embroidered with green and gold blossom, the embroidery repeated above the hemline of the puffed, floor-length skirt.



WED AT ST. PHILIP'S. Phillip Longley and his pretty bride leave St. Philip's, Church Hill. Mrs. Longley was formerly Glenda Gregory, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Gregory, of Lindfield. The young couple will live at Turramurra when they return from Surfers' Paradise.



VOTED one of the best parties of the week was the late-afternoon reception given in honor of the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Earl of Selkirk, by the Royal Commonwealth Society.

SAW Mrs. Philip Rudder doing the rounds at the Macquarie Galleries last week with eldest son, Gawen, who is an enthusiastic "Sunday" painter. It was the opening of Donald Friend's exhibition—all the paintings were shipped down from the tea plantation in Ceylon where he's been living for eighteen months. The next exhibition coming up is John Coburn's—it's his first one-man show.

AND congratulations to Eric Smith, whose painting "Ascending" will be presented to the city of San Francisco by our Lord Mayor, Alderman Jensen.

GAY party last week celebrated Audrey Lloyd's engagement to Ian Laycock, of Rose Bay. Audrey is the daughter of Mrs. E. Lloyd, of Rose Bay, and the late Mr. W. G. Lloyd—there's no wedding date yet, but Audrey tells me it will probably be next Easter.

VIVACIOUS American lass Genie Hotaling carried a lei of white carnations, flown down specially from Honolulu, when she married John Malone at St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay. The young couple met as students at Sydney University and Genie has been living in Honolulu for the past few years—with her mother she arrived back in Sydney just the week before the wedding.

GOOD wishes were the order of the day for Eleanor Fell at the Black and White committee's alfresco luncheon—she had just announced her engagement to John Holt, son of Judge and Mrs. Holt, of St. Ives. Eleanor is the daughter of the J. Dyneley Fells, of Warrawee, and she plans a January wedding at St. James' Church, Turramurra.

HEADLINERS . . . Sue Perrett's collection of headache bands, especially the black velvet with clusters of violets . . . and the black velvet bow-bandeau which Mrs. John Goodwin wears right on top of her new bouffant hair-do.

ALFRESCO LUNCHEON. Gus Mera's trio plays in the garden of Mrs. Douglas Perkins' home for some of the luncheon guests (from left), Mrs. Lesley Brash, Mrs. Colin Ryrie, Mrs. Max Sturzen, and Mrs. Dick Harford.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Peter Anderson Stuart, who were married at St. Mark's, Darling Point. The bride was formerly Colina Machin, daughter of Mr. O. A. Machin, of Cummoek, and Mrs. C. A. Machin, of Newport, and Peter is the eldest son of Dr. B. P. Anderson Stuart, of Mosman, and Mrs. E. C. Anderson Stuart, of Darling Point.



AT LEFT: Artists Elceynn Lynn (centre) and Sali Herman, with New Zealand visitor Margot-Anne Stewart after the official opening of the remodelled Blaxland Galleries. Both artists are exhibiting in the first show at the Galleries.

Styled in Italy by Ferragamo

Carnivals

gay, colourful, casuals

at prices you can afford...

The most exciting news in casual shoes are these gay Carnivals by Salvatore Ferragamo. You'll love his gay elegance... you'll love his insistence on foot comfort, too. You'll see his fine Italian hand in the tapered toes, fascinating fabrics, soft leathers, sculpted heels. Carnivals add to your feminine look in whatever fashion you favour. You'll love the built-in foam insole with its magic comfort, the fabulously flexible soles. Stop in to-day at your favourite store and choose from this fascinating range of casuals... Carnivals have all the glamour of imported shoes at sensible made-in-Australia prices.

MARA
1 Bar sandals making news with slim high wedge and open toes for the leggier look! Flexible soles and foam cushioning to make them feel as good as they look! Choose from black, white or white bark. In half sizes, 2-7. Price 68/3.

SCALA
Light and lovely mules with slender soaring wedge, cork-covered for elegance, have an Italian Visca Vamp. They're so wonderfully wearable with a special leather-covered sponge insole. In coffee. Half sizes, 2-7. Price 52/11.



COLETTA
In softest blue and white they look so cool, feel wonderful, too, with foam insole and slim sculpted wedge. The soles are so flexible, so incredibly light! In half sizes, 2-7. Price 68/3.

NOVARA
Brilliant fashion-right sandals you'll love to wear all summer long. Choose from multi-stripes with lemon or beige and white with cracker. They've wonderful sponge insoles and fine flattering ankle straps. In half sizes, 2-7. Price 49/2.



MURANO
A gently tapered two-toned casual everybody will love. The cracker trim on white bark matches latest fashion colours! The sponge insole and medium heel will make walking fun! In softest leather, half sizes, 2-7. Price 64/6.



Carnivals

Available from Leading Footwear and Department Stores

Prices slightly higher in country areas

News for the Beach

● With summer on the way, the smock-dress below and the fashions shown on succeeding pages are dedicated to the great Australian passion—the beach. We present the newest beach clothes to wear by and in the water, featuring local fashions and some original designs from Italy.

Alec Murray went to Italy specially to photograph the clothes because, like Australia, Italy is a land of the sun; and Italian designers display unsurpassed wit and originality in resort wear.

Beach fashions this summer revolve round fascinating fabrics, hot colors, and an easy silhouette. Serious swimming can be tackled fashionably in a one-piece. On the beach the chemise look, free of restraint, is in. The baby doll and beach smock have both made their appearance, and are a carefree change from trousers. Pants in all lengths are well represented, too; their new look often comes via a chemise tunic-top and color.

The beach smock cuts a new figure in fashion. Below, it is worn over short pants and with an outsize Florentine straw hat covered in orange raffia. The dress was designed and made in Florence by Lo Scarabocchi.

—Betty Keep

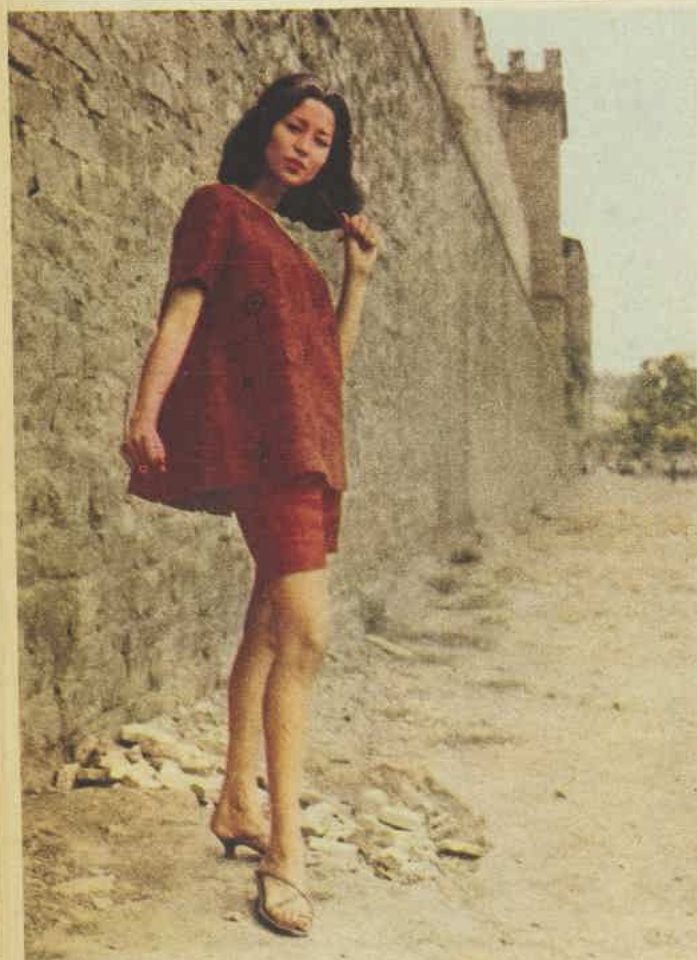


**Outdoor
fashions**

NEW ITALIAN DESIGNS



● Vivid striped terrycloth towelling is used for the tunic, tall turban, bag, and matching beach sandals (above). The cover-up tunic is eased into a wide band at thigh level. Design by Glans, of Milan.



● New-look shift (above) in bold-patterned, hand-blocked linen. The back curves in a bulbous cocoon shape. The enormous collar holds the back fullness neatly under its folds. The design by Falconetta.

● Coarse-weave, hand-blocked canvas linen is chosen for the two-piece beach suit (left). The chemise-type top is caught with a band and bow across the yoke, the uncuffed shorts are half-length. Design by Myricae, of Rome.

Individual and Gay.



● Peasant-art lace, the threads drawn to shimmering nothingness from red coarse-weave linen, is fashioned into a current beach favorite (left), the baby doll dress. Design from Myricae Boutique.

● Amusing tassel print is used for the low, loosely belted chemise tunic (above). The wavy-brimmed, high-crowned hat is made in the tunic material. The ankle pants pick up the blue of the print. Boldini design.



Your new shirt ... the centre of attention

This season a shirt is the most mobile fashion you own . . . It accompanies all your suits, sweaters and skirts, or does a pretty solo performance. Sportscraft show two shirts here (many more to choose from off stage!) both tailored with slide rule precision and trimmed to please a perfectionist. The fabric is woven Moygashel Irish linen, colour-linked to Sportscraft famous skirts. Icicle blue, sapphire, sapling, apricot, mink, amethyst. Blouse at right, in striped linen, about 75/-; centre, in plain linen, about 84/-. Available at all Sportscraft specialists throughout Australia.

LIGHTWEIGHT PURE LINEN BY MOYGASHEL

SPORTSCRAFT

OUTDOOR FASHIONS

● New on the beach this 1958 summer is the look of uncluttered chic. This simplicity of line is ideal for swimming and surfing. Whichever fabric is chosen, it is sure to be soft-textured, and often is a knit.



● Extreme simplicity is shown in the line of the one-piece swimsuit (above). The color, hot pink, here printed on white, is popular.



● One-piece swimsuit with a camisole top, first introduced in the '20s, is right back in fashion. The one above, in copper knit, has a matching colored beach towel.

Australian Swimsuits



● A fresh breath of beach fashion is seen in the Oriental-inspired suit (above). Hot blues, green, and deep rose are intermingled in the material.



● Refreshing accompaniment for a tanned skin—sky-blue and white—is shown in this one-piece (above). The bucket hat is made in yellow straw.

● Stripes are chic. At left, they are chosen for an entire suit and as a trim. The third suit is a neat maillot in pale-blue cotton knit.



● One of the most flattering suits this summer is the sleek one-piece (right). It is made in jacquard lastex. Note the faggoted inset under the bosom.

This summer you won't be in the fashion swim without a

Dri-Glo beach towel in high fashion colours

To stake YOUR place in the sun this summer—you'll but definitely need a big, bold and beautiful Dri-Glo Beach Towel. In the new High Fashion Colours, of course, that make the most becoming background for your newest, sweetest swimsuit. You'll love your Dri-Glo Beach Towel in so many wonderful ways! As a stole when you stroll on the sand... as a sun-bathing rug as you laze and gaze... as a big cuddly wrap-around to hug you dry after a swim. For everyone who loves sea-and-sun — a Dri-Glo Beach Towel is a fashion "must"... get YOURS now!

And (don't forget!) there are Dri-Glo Towels for the "junior" set.

Snug as a beach rug — high fashion as a stole

Big enough for two (him and you!)

Lie on it—dry on it!

Dri-Glo TOWELS

AUSTRALIA'S FINEST TOWELS

DRI-GLO TOWELS and
DRI-GLO NAPS are
products of the famous

BOND'S

Industries Group.

Whatever towels you need—DRI-GLO has them all! Luxurious deep-pile towels for bath and beach...gift sets...face, hand and guest towels. SEE THEM SOON—AT THE DRI-GLO SECTION OF YOUR FAVOURITE STORE.

SEPARATES —in lavish designs

● The chemise overblouse casts its silhouette on summer play and beach wear. Its easy look and character are completely in line with current fashion. Here it is worn with pants of all lengths. A fact to remember: This year's beach separates are designed as a complete costume.



● Pirate pants in silver-threaded cotton (above) worn with a black jersey top and long sash reversing to scarlet. Design of Valditere, of Florence.



● Two-piece playsuit (right) consists of short shorts and matching chemise jacket. The material is printed pure silk. Suit by Pucci of Capri and Florence.



● Form-fitting turquoise - blue velvet pants (above) are worn with a superb white silk top printed with outsize roses. Outfit by Pucci of Capri and Florence.



● Cotton slacks (above) worn with a top inspired by a monk's cowl. The costume is designed by Lo Scarabocchi.




● Artistic hand-blocked linen is used in the jumper (right) worn with shorts in yellow and white check. Suit by Myricae.

8892. A soft graciously draped neckline is deliciously gathered into a charming bow effect, above a full skirt. A coat-dress style in shades of blue, green, aqua and brown. Price 12 gns. Sizes 16-42. 8875L. Set-in three-quarter sleeves look crisply cool in the hottest summer weather. A delightful round neckline merges gently with a softly gathered bodice in a multitude of figure-flattering pleats. Price £10/19/6. Sizes 16-44.



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nyaloc

MADE FROM
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Featuring "Lightning" Zippers, with the lifetime guarantee.

For the name of your nearest store or salon, please write to LUCAS, 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, also makers of fine lingerie.

Lucas makes summer so easy — so pretty. Easy... because Lucas Nyaloc washes like a dream, dries soon and needs no ironing. Pretty... because Lucas Nyaloc keeps cool, fresh and unwrinkled during summer's hottest days. Here are but two of a superb Lucas collection that will win all fashion honours this summer. The inspiration was Lucas Nyaloc, a knitted 100% Nylon fabric that is crease-proof, quick-drying and colourfast.



THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

● Two of the most important events of the Australian motor-racing year, the 100-mile Australian Tourist Trophy and the 116-mile Australian Grand Prix, will be held on the Mount Panorama Circuit at Bathurst, N.S.W., on October 5 and 6. The honor of holding this pair of classic car races is given to a different State each year. Excitement will run high as crowds of spectators watch more than 100 of the best racing drivers in Australia and New Zealand take the corners at

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

speeds up to 150 miles an hour. Imported cars from Italy, Germany, and Great Britain will race with the home-constructed "specials" and sports cars "hotted up" by enthusiastic owners. The Panorama Circuit is a stiff test for car and driver; lap record for one round of the 37-mile course is 2 minutes 44.4 seconds, held by Stan Jones, of Melbourne. Norman P. Jones took this picture of Arnold Glass turning his Ferrari from Pit Straight into Hell Corner on Panorama Circuit.

Natalie Wood starring in
"MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR"
 a Warner Brothers film in WarnerColor



NATALIE WOOD LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

never dries
 it beautifies

thick and creamy...
 blessed with lanolin!
 needs no after-rinse!

of course, it leaves hair more manageable!

NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVOURITE SHAMPOO OF 4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS
 E192A



Where's the WETTEX!

W9

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WHAT an apathetic nation of women we are! Or do we just not care whether our children or grand-children are to be born normal or physically and mentally deformed as a result of radioactive fallout. A case indeed of the sins of the fathers visited on the children to the third and fourth generation! Can we not get every leader of every women's club and association, of every description and denomination, each to canvass a certain area in Australia and raise a petition to the Australian Government to cancel all experiments causing radioactive fallout for all time, not just for a year? Surely women all over the world would follow our lead.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. C. Langlois, 172 Cambridge Road, Bellerive, Hobart.

THE bargain of the year—reduced from £10 to £2—100 only, so be early! How often I sadly shake my head and mutter "not for me" as I read the bargains in the papers. How I wish the stores would put on the bargains during the lunch hour, when business people could avail themselves of the offers. And for the mothers of young children, the early-morning rush to town is impossible.

10/6 to Mrs. R. Camden, 19 Ivy Street, Wollstonecraft, N.S.W.

SERVE-YOURSELF stores were designed to save time—for whom? Certainly not for the customers. I tried to buy one small item at a serve-yourself, because there was one handy and I wanted to catch a bus. I explained my haste, but was told to go find the item myself. Further down the store I asked an assistant chewing a biscuit, who told me she was packing, and jerked her thumb in the general direction of the store manager, who was just disappearing into the storeroom. There was no other employee to help me locate what I wanted, so there was nothing for it but to leave, only to find I had missed the bus. For quick, efficient service give me an old-type grocery any time.

10/6 to "Paprika" (name supplied), Blacktown, N.S.W.

TEENAGERS are frequently criticised for carelessness and lack of manners, but in how many homes are relatives and friends spoken of unkindly and unjustly while children are present? In how many homes is courtesy reserved for display purposes only? The child's elders should set a standard for courtesy, loyalty, and tolerance. How can we blame the adolescent who is bewildered by our double standards, and acts accordingly?

10/6 to Mrs. M. V. Malan, 48 Scott Street, Kedron, Brisbane.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

THIS is a hire-purchase era. Even a baby is now paid for on time payment. A friend of mine went in to register at a maternity hospital and was asked to put down a deposit 10/6 to Mrs. C. Murphy, Houghton, S.A.

Poor jokes

LIKE Mrs. G. T. Andrew (3/9/58) I don't enjoy the off-color jokes of some comedians, but there are some even worse, who think there is humor in imitating unfortunate people. How can anyone laugh at an imitation of a cleft palate, for instance? Even an old-fashioned drunk act seems to me like a jibe at somebody's misfortune. I can smile at a little suggestiveness, but imitations of physical disabilities make me sad.

10/6 to Mrs. G. Scott, 29 Florence Street, East Brighton, Vic.

I WAS delighted with Mrs. Andrew's letter (3/9/58) disapproving of crude comedians. Would she suggest that disapprovers boo them off stage whenever they offend, get up petitions for their suppression, or what? I'd be in it if I knew.

10/6 to "Tabatha" (name supplied), Mackay, Qld.

Family affairs

WHEN our toddler recently developed a reluctance to go to bed, we got him a small torch, which he has only at bedtime. He is so intrigued with it, he plays happily and is soon fast asleep. The torch is then switched off and put away. A small night light, too, is a great comfort to older children, who sometimes wake after terrifying dreams but are reassured at the sight of familiar surroundings.

£1/1/- to "Four Bairs" (name supplied), Lillimur, Vic.

● Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Mink Contest - week's prizes

● Three progress prizes of £1 each in The Australian Women's Weekly £2000 Mink Coat Economy Hint Contest have been awarded this week. They have gone to readers in Victoria, Queensland, and New South Wales.

HERE are the winners. Their hints will still be eligible to win the Dior-designed mink coat which is being offered as first prize.

Mrs. E. J. Gardiner, 22 King St., Queenscliffe, Vic.

Mrs. J. Hemming, 9 Matlock St., Ashgrove, Qld.

Miss J. Furney, 21 Berrille Rd., Turrumurra, N.S.W.

Mrs. Gardiner's hint is:

FROM attractive scraps of dress or other material make envelopes, 8in. x 6in., slit down one end, with press-studs to fasten. Into these slip small back-dated magazines, about the size of the popular digests. These make economical and pleasing mats for the dining-table. They can be easily laundered, and no plate is too hot for them. Made in gay colors they look well on a white tablecloth or polished table.

This is Mrs. Hemming's hint:

MY small daughter (14 months) is growing so quickly that I find her baby frocks have become too tight

across the yoke. I have overcome this by cutting over each shoulder and inserting lace down to the waist, back and front. If the skirt cannot be let out sufficiently to take the extra yoke width, I carry the insertion through to the hemline of the dress. This adds months of wear to a garment.

Miss Furney's hint is:

OUTDATED ballerina-length or full-length evening frocks will get a new lease of life if you give them a harem hemline. Simply gather and draw in the extreme edge of the hem. Then make a half-slip to match the frock and gather the original skirt up on to the petticoat. This gives the new short, fashionable length.

An alternative is to put the hemline on to a band, giving a hobble effect; or it may be drawn up at the front of the skirt with flowers or a bow attached beneath.

To win the mink coat or one of the weekly £1 progress prizes, all you have to do is to send us a hint which saves money.

The amount of money you save is not important. As long

as it is really economical, it is the hint that counts.

Men can enter the contest. If a man wins he can nominate the woman to whom he wishes the coat to be awarded.

CONTEST RULES

● Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter the contest.

● Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges, and no correspondence will be entered into about the decision.

● All entries become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd.

● Throughout the contest progress prizes of £1 will be

HOW TO ENTER

Send us your favorite money-saving hint or hints. Write, type, or print your hint or hints on one side of the paper only. Add, in no more than 100 words, why and how the hint is economical.

Write or print your name clearly at the top of each sheet of paper, as well as on the coupon here.

Attach your hint or hints to the completed coupon. Remember, you may send as many entries as you like. Mark the envelope containing your entry "Mink Coat Contest" and address it to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

awarded. These entries also will be eligible for the big prize.

● Closing date of the contest is October 29. Entries received after that date will not be eligible.

£2000 ENTRY COUPON £2000 The Australian Women's Weekly MINK COAT CONTEST

Name (Mr., Mrs., Miss)

Address

State

No. of entries

I agree to abide by the contest rules published in The Australian Women's Weekly.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 8, 1958

Voyage out, Voyage home

By
**IRWIN
SHAW**

ILLUSTRATED by BOOTHROYD

CONSTANCE sat impatiently in the little chair in the first-class cabin taking occasional sips of the champagne that Mark had sent. Mark had been called out of town and hadn't been able to come, but he'd sent champagne. She didn't like champagne, but she didn't know what else to do with it, so she drank it. Her father stood in front of the porthole, drinking, too. From his expression, Constance could guess that he didn't like champagne either. Or perhaps he didn't like this particular vintage. Or he didn't like it because Mark had sent it. Or maybe it wasn't the champagne at all, just that he was embarrassed.

Constance knew that she was looking sullen, and she tried to change the set of her face, because she also knew that she looked younger, childish, sixteen, seventeen, when she was sullen. She was sure that everything she did with her face at that moment made her look more sullen than ever, and she wished the horn would blow and her father would get off the ship.

"You'll probably drink a lot of this," her father said. "In France."

"I don't expect to stay in France long," she said. "I'm going to look for some place quiet." Her voice sounded to her as though it were coming out of the nursery, wailing and spiteful, and spoiled. She tried to smile at her father. The last few weeks in the apartment, while the argument had been going on, and the hostility had been so close to the surface, had been painful to her, and now, in the last ten minutes before the ship pulled away, she wanted to recapture an earlier, easier relationship as far as she could.

So she smiled, but she had the impression that the smile was crafty, and cold, and coquettish. Her father turned around and looked vaguely out the porthole at the covered wharf. It was rainy and there was a cold wind blowing and the men on the dock waiting to throw off the lines looked miserable.

"It's going to be a choppy night," her father said. "Have you got your tablets?"

The hostility returned, because he asked about the tablets. At a moment like that. "I won't need them," Constance said shortly. She took a long drink of the champagne. The label on the bottle was impeccable, like all Mark's gifts, but the wine was sourish and acidic.

Her father turned back towards her. He smiled at her, and she thought, bitterly, this is the last time he's going to get away with patronising me. He stood there, a robust, confident, healthy, youngish-seeming man, looking privately amused, and Constance thought, how would you like it if I just got out of here and walked off this precious boat — how would you ever like it?

"I envy you," her father said. "If someone had only sent me to Europe when I was twenty. . ."

Twenty, twenty, Constance thought. He's always harping on twenty. "Please, Father, let's cut that out," she said. "I'm here and I'm going and it's all settled, but let's spare ourselves the envy."

"Every time I happen to remind you that you're twenty," her father said mildly, "you react as though I'd insulted you."

He smiled, pleased with himself that he was so damned perceptive, that he understood her so well, that he was not one of those fathers whose children slide irrevocably away from them into mysterious, modern depths.

"Let's not discuss it," Constance said, pitching her voice low. When she remembered, she always made a point of pitching her voice low. It sometimes made her sound forty years old on the telephone or like a man.

"Have a great time," her father said. "Go to all the bright places. And if you decide you want to stay on, just let me know. Maybe I'll be able to come over and join you for a few weeks."

"Three months from now," Constance said crisply, "to this day I'll be coming up the harbor."

"Whatever you say, my dear."

When he said "my dear" Constance knew he was humoring her. She couldn't bear being humored here in the ugly little cabin, with the weather bad outside, and the ship ready to leave, and the sounds of people saying goodbye, laughing loudly, in the next room. If she had been on better terms with her father she would have cried.

The horn blew for visitors to go ashore, and her father came and kissed her, holding her for an extra second, and she tried to be polite. But when he said, very seriously, "You'll see—three months from now you'll thank me for this," she pushed him back, furious with him for his obnoxious assurance, and mournful at the same time that they, who had been so close to each other, were no longer friends.

"Goodbye," she said, her voice choked and not pitched low. The whistle's blowing. Goodbye."

He picked up his hat, patted her shoulder, hesitated a moment at the door, looking thoughtful but not disturbed, and went out into the corridor and disappeared among the

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 8, 1958



other visitors who were streaming up towards the gangplank and the shore.

When she was sure that her father was off, Constance went up to the boat deck and stood there, alone in the sharp, blowy rain, watching the tugs pull the ship into the stream. As the ship went slowly down river into the harbor and then headed into open water, she shivered in the wintry air, and, approving of herself a little for the grandeur of the sentiment, thought, I am approaching a continent to which I have no connection.

Constance braced herself against the crossbar of the lift as she approached the mid-point of the hill. She made sure that her skis were firmly in the ruts as she came up to the flat section of packed snow where there was a short line of skiers who had come down only halfway and were waiting to pick up empty hooks and go back to the top.

She always felt a little uncertain here, because if you were alone on one side of the T-bar, the first person in the lines would swing into place alongside you and there would be an extra sudden pull as the new weight caught that could throw you off your balance.

Although Constance went ski-ing with Alan every day, she never said anything about Mark.

She saw that there was a man waiting for the place next to her, and she concentrated on keeping erect gracefully as he settled into place beside her. He did it smoothly, and they skidded easily past the waiting line. She was conscious that he was looking across at her, but she was too occupied for the moment with the terrain in front of her to turn her head.

"Oh, I know you," the man said as they started safely up the hill again, leaning against the pull of the bar, their skis bumping a little in the ruts. "You're the grave young American."

Constance looked at him for the first time. "And you," she said, because everybody talked to everybody else on the hills, "you're the gay young Englishman."

"Half right," he said. He smiled. His face was a skier's brown, with an almost girlish flush of blood along the cheekbones. "At least, one-third right." She knew his name

To page 34

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smiling after innumerable
washes. Tested crease-
resistance means you'll
look immaculate at the
end of the busiest day



THE TOOTAL GUARANTEE
is your assurance
of top fabric performance

"Tootal products will give you satisfaction.
Tootal will replace any faulty goods or
refund the price. Tootal will also pay any
making-up expenses you have incurred."

TOOTAL FABRICS—FROM ALL GOOD STORES

ICE PALACE

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

BRIDIE and Thor sat together in one of the sagging seats of the old DC-3 churning its way to Barrow on the shores of the Arctic. Christine was not, for the moment, an occupant of the cabin. She was not only occupying the cockpit with Ross Guildenstern; she was competently at the controls.

Bridie's customary sartorial perfection was slightly marred by the temporary victory of the flesh over the spirit. An airline red wool blanket covered her knees and ankles, another was wrapped snugly around her modish sealskin shoulders, and over her draped blue silk turban she had tied a wool scarf. In spite of obvious difficulties she had managed to work one hand loose and she now was polishing off her second roast-beef sandwich.

"You going to let her see this boy like this, all the time?"

"She's nineteen, Bridie."

"I wish you could've seen her face when he said, 'This is my son Rolf.' She just stood there like a statue. But I'll say this for her, good stock will tell. One of those queens you claim you're related to couldn't have come to quicker or more dignified. How wonderful, she says, how can you bear to leave him up here when you get back to Oogruk so seldom. You'd think she was a visiting nurse talking, or something. He says Angelina and Frank—that's his aunt and uncle the boy lives with—are crazy about him, the boy needs family affection his age, and he says when he's ten he's going to bring the boy to Baranof and put him in school there and live with him, so he'll have a real home of his own. Well, just figure that one out."

"That sounds very intelligent. That's what we tried to do with Chris. We were lucky to have you around to help us."

"Thor Storm, don't you care what happens to Chris?"

"More than anything in the world." "My beautiful, wonderful Chris! Father of a boy six years old—and never even mentioned him before."

"Bridie, dear girl, Chris isn't marrying anyone just yet. She's going to Seattle for two years and she's looking forward to it. You know that. After this Barrow trip I'd say she has seen her own Alaska from tip to tip. Very few girls of her age can say that. Or three times her age."

"That's fine. Maybe she's enjoyed all this dog-sledding and aeroplaning and being shifted around from the time she was a baby, you might say. But what's a young girl want to see Barrow for? A wilderness sitting on the Arctic Ocean. Why, men and women who've lived in Alaska sixty, seventy years never saw Barrow and never wanted to."

"A strange thing is going on in that Eskimo village. It has jumped in half a dozen years from an Arctic wilderness to a laboratory. It's a workshop full of scientists and engineers and Air Force men. Do you know there are Eskimos up there so naturally trained to sound and mechanisms that they can tell whether an unseen plane, miles up in the sky, is an American or a foreign plane? Don't you think that's uncanny?"

"I've been told a dog can hear sounds a human can't."

"Bridie."

"I don't know anything about scientific and mechanical. I only know she isn't old enough to know what's good for her. Do you think that Eskimo

boy is good enough for our Chris? Do you?" He looked at her then, quizzically. Horrified at what she had said, she was filled with contrition. "Oh, Thor, I forgot. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I forgot."

Quietly he said, "If I see Chris making a wrong turn, and she doesn't see the mistake and therefore can't correct it, I speak to her about it. But I suppose there are certain mistakes one has to make in order to learn. It's better to learn by mistakes than never to learn at all."

She could not stop herself, she had wanted, all these years, to know. "Was your marriage a mistake?"

"Yes. In its own way. Not because I married a girl who was part Eskimo. She couldn't adjust to my way of life, I couldn't adjust hers. We were too far apart in training, in what we call morals, and perspective and habit and customs. Marriage is a terrific adjustment, at best."

Bridie began to unwind her mummy wrappings as if suddenly emerging into a warmer climate, though as they approached the Arctic the temperature of the plane became colder by the minute. "I'll tell you this, Thor Storm. It's getting so a person asks you a simple question, like do you think it's going to rain, and they get a lecture on Alaska. I start out about Chris and this boy, and I end up listening to scientific laboratories. All right. Where were we at? Oh, yes. Chris has seen more of Alaska than any woman of seventy in the Territory. Then what?"

"Then she's on her own."

"If I had my way she wouldn't be sitting up there in front with Ross this minute, let alone deciding her own life. Anyway, a pilot's got no right to be talking to a girl when he's flying risky terrain like this. I'm as used to flying as anybody, but I know Chris. I bet she's running the contraption this very minute."

With the too pat timing of a badly constructed play Ross' voice came over the loudspeaker in the plane's cabin.

"Your attention, please. This is an unusually clear day. No fog in the valley . . . This flight can continue directly to Barrow on schedule, but we are a little ahead of time . . . (squawk, squawk, squawk) . . . or take a brief side trip to see the Diomedes—the Big Diomedes and the little Diomedes . . . (squawk, squawk) . . . only when we have very important passengers, as on this occasion. If you will make your wishes known to your stewardess . . ."

In the cockpit Chris said, "I hope they will. I'm sure Grampa and Bridie would love it. Do you think the other passengers will say yes?"

"Six of them are Dew Line men. They'll go anywhere. Then there're two Eskimos who live in Barrow; they're crazy about flying, they'd go to the moon. And that vaudeville couple that latched on at the last moment. They're game."

"What do you suppose they are—Russian spies or something?"

"No, I think they crave excitement and danger. And now that their act has been cut down they miss the thrills. I've seen a lot of people like that bitten by Alaska."

"Grampa Thor says the people who came to America two or three hundred years ago were like that. Adventurous. He says that's why this country is so high-keyed and exciting. Grampa says . . ."

"Grampa says. You talk like a little

girl. I never knew anybody with so many grandfathers."

"You know perfectly well they've been my father and mother and sisters and brothers, too."

"I know, I know. All your life a bunch of people have been cooing over you—not only your family but everybody in Baranof—saying, poor little Chris, got no papa, got no mama. You're a big girl now."

"You're nervous. Am I doing something wrong?" She pretended to scan the instrument panel. "Goodness gracious, Mr. Guildenstern, how do you get this thing done?"

"I don't get nervous in planes, Miss Storm. Though I'm going to take over in a minute because buzzing the Diomedes is kind of nervous work. I'd hate to see you try to make a landing in that mush below us this minute."

"You don't scare me."

"That's right. After all, there's nothing to flying but taking off and landing. Keep the plane up in the air forever and you'll never get hurt, that's my motto."

"You are nervous."

"I'll be going to Seattle next month," said Chris as she stood up. He shifted into the pilot's seat. "And this time next year you'll probably be raving about Mount Rainier and all those high buildings, and the dances at the Olympic Hotel, and Bayard Husack," returned Ross.

She was standing behind him as he sat in his proper place.

"Why didn't you ever tell me you had a son? It seems so strange you never told me you had a son."

"I was afraid I'd lose you."

"You can't lose what you—" She caught herself. Stopped.

"—what you haven't got," he finished for her.

"Ross, how old was he when your wife died?"

"He was two. Not quite two."

The cockpit door opened. The stewardess, a cup in her hand. "Here's your coffee, Captain Guildenstern."

Almost as if he had taken her by the shoulders, pushed her firmly through the cockpit door, and had closed the door after her, she felt that he had shut her out of his consciousness—for the time, at least. He was looking straight ahead, he was hunched a little over the instrument panel.

"I think you'd better take your seat, Miss Storm," the stewardess said. "And fasten your seat belt. Sometimes it gets a little bumpy around here."

Ackerman, the co-pilot, passed her at the doorway. "Why don't you stay and see the Diomedes from here, Miss Storm?"

"I've been fired."

Bridie surveyed her with a searching ice-blue eye. "You want to sit here with me? Or with your Grampa?"

"I'll sit back here alone."

Miss Larson's voice now came over the loudspeaker at the rear of the cabin, her every important word seeming to be lost in a maddening way by the roar of the engines.

" . . . about ten minutes . . . see . . . and Big Diomedes . . . Russia . . . America . . . villages . . . coast . . . Siberia . . ."

Thor Storm stood upright to his great height. "Sit here," he commanded Chris, his hand on her shoulder so that she met the seat beside Bridie with something of a thud. He strode over to the stewardess mouthing so unavailingly into the instrument. "Ask Ross

By EDNA FERBER

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Seated apart from the group, Thor sat listening to the talk, his calm, appraising gaze going from face to face.

if I can take over. Don't be offended. I'll explain later . . . I'll ask him." His vast voice, ricocheted from side to side of the plane's cabin, it boomed through the aisle, it shamed the engine's roar.

"Ross! Ross out there! . . . Will you let me give this little lecture? It's Christine . . . I want Christine to know about this historic sight while she's seeing it . . . That's good, my boy. I knew you'd . . ."

"I'll tell you what I think," Christine said furiously, to Bridie. "I think Grampa is getting queerer and queerer."

"He's just getting older and older," Bridie whispered, "and so am I."

"In a few minutes now," Thor Storm roared, "you'll see a sight few have seen. You'll see thousands of years of history and the world today meeting on two island rocks rising from the sea. They are three miles apart, separated only by a narrow strip of water. Over the Big Diomedes flies the flag of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Over the little Diomedes flies the flag of the United States of America. And beyond these you will see a dark cliff of shore. This is Siberia."

"There's a schoolhouse now on the Big Diomedes, taught by a Russian schoolteacher, and a schoolhouse on the Little Diomedes, taught by an American teacher. They show Russian movies on one and American movies on the other. It is said that if an American plane flew over the Big Diomedes it would be fired on, and if a Russian plane were to appear over the Little Diomedes it would risk American fire."

"I think somebody ought to stop Grampa," Chris whispered.

"Sh! It's real interesting," Bridie said, reprovingly.

" . . . but the natives visit back and forth in their skin boats, they're related, they even intermarry, each tries to tell the other how much better his island is. They have radios, they have phonographs, mechanical luxuries of all kinds. Food. Clothes. Books. They are a miniature example of mankind inhabiting the planet Earth. Once they lived in comparative peace, separated by distance and natural obstacles. Now they are united by the inventions of modern science and torn apart by fear of each other."

"When you look down, like gods, on the Diomedes Islands you are not only looking at two little barren bleak islands, you are looking at the whole world today—"

The plane began to bank. From the Roller Polars then there came a little salvo of applause. They knew entertainment when they saw and heard it, and

they gave it its due. But the other passengers pressed against the windows with a complete concentration of attention.

Christine, alone at a window, turned and called to Thor, holding out her hand. "Come sit here with me, Grampa Thor. Please."

He sat beside her, he leaned towards her; together they peered out towards the grey sheet that lay ahead.

"It was wonderful of you to do that, just for this little handful of people."

"It's all in my book, dear child. And I'll write a piece about this trip for the paper next week. Maybe, some day, you'll be doing that."

He smiled down at her and suddenly, high up there in the merciless light of the brilliant polar Arctic day, skylit, dustless, refractive, she saw his face, as though she had not actually seen it for a long time, though she had looked at him daily. He doesn't look very well, she thought, worriedly. And then, suddenly stricken with the thought—Why, he's an old man!

Like a little girl, "I love you, Grampa Thor," she said.

"Thank you, my dear child," he said.

Their heads turned towards the window. Two black rocks jutted out of a grey-black sea. From the plane they were black dots only, with a few tiny black specks upon them. At this height it appeared that only a few inches of water separated the two bits of rocky land. And then, in the distance, meeting the skyline, they saw the sluggish icy waste of waters, a sinister black cliff-like mass. It was the coast of Siberia.

"Thor Storm!" Bridie trumpeted from her seat, "you tell Ross Guildenstern to turn his plane around and head back where we belong. Sightseeing is fine, but I don't figure on ending up in any slave-labor camp in Russia. Now go on!"

But already the plane was making its graceful birdlike turn as it circled and banked and straightened out.

"It's all right," said Miss Larson. "We're heading for Barrow; we'll be there in no time. Coffee will be served to any passengers desiring it."

"Well, I'll tell you," Alwin Polar observed, "I'm not a drinking man as a rule, but the way I feel coffee wouldn't settle me; I could do with a little slug."

Barrow. The Arctic Ocean. "We are coming down in Barrow. We will arrive there in ten minutes. Barrow is the northernmost town in Alaska, and the only sizeable settlement between here and the North Pole. You will now notice the Arctic Ocean; the dark line you see is the Arctic ice pack piled up on the shore almost mountain high."

"In July!" exclaimed Irma Polar.

"We have enjoyed having you on this trip," Miss Larson went on, flawlessly, "and we hope you have enjoyed your flight with Arctic Circle Air Line, and that you will fly with us again."

They stepped from the plane into a grey-and-black world whose only flash of color was the United States flag whipping aloft in the wind like a tongue of flame in a bed of ashes.

Bridie, on one side, Thor on the other, Chris stood a moment, staring. "It's Mars."

Thor laughed in approval. "That's a good observation."

Bridie, absurdly inappropriate as to outer appearance, superbly equipped for hardship in spirit and body, hunched her shoulders against the wind. "You wanted to see Alaska."

Christine surveyed the forest of empty oil-drums stretching away to infinity; the ice pack stacked high on the Arctic shore, the huts, the weather-pocked frame houses, the muffled figures clopping across the ankle-deep black fine dust of the road; the vast vehicles equipped with the wheels of aeroplanes. A town on Mars.

"All those engineers and all those scientists and the Army, and the Air Force. What do they do here?"

"Protect you," Thor said.

"I'd thank them to protect me this minute," Bridie announced, "with a place where we can get warmed up and away from the wind. Where are we going to stay tonight?"

"You'll be surprised," Thor assured her. "Comfortable and clean. Just wait."

"Christ! Christ!"

She turned. Ross was running towards them across the chiaroscuro landscape.

"I'm going in," Bridie announced firmly.

"Ross wants to talk to you let him come indoors."

Chris waved him forward as they turned towards the wooden structure that served the airport. But, "Wait! Wait!" Ross called.

"Please go on," Chris said. "Take Bridie in, Grampa. I'll be there in a minute." She stood, waiting.

Whether from running or excitement or the whip of the wind there was a flush in his cheeks that heightened his tawny good looks.

"I'm going back," he said. Then, as she stared, uncomprehending. "Now, I mean. I've been demoted for six weeks."

"Why? Demoted to—for—?"

His smile was rueful, but it had a tinge of triumph, too. "You know this wasn't my regular run. I swapped with Ogilvie. I wanted to be with you in Oogruck, to show you—"

"Your grandmother and your aunt."

"I wanted you to see."

"And the boy."

"I should have told you before, but I hadn't the courage."

"I talk like a little girl, you said. You treat me like one."

"You're going to marry Bay Husack, aren't you?"

"I'm not going to marry anybody. Just now. I can't imagine being married to Bay Husack or anybody."

"Yes you can. Every time you meet an attractive guy you think what it would be like to be married to him. Every girl does."

"It's cold. They're waiting for me."

"That's why Czar is sending you to Washington U."

"I've never seen Bayard Husack in my life. He doesn't know I exist."

"He doesn't have to. It's all arranged. Husack heir, Seattle money; Kennedy heir—ess, Alaska money. Like royalty."

"How silly! We can't stand here. When are you going to be back in Baranof?"

"I'm in the doghouse. I just heard. They're giving me six weeks on a bush-crate run between Kotzebue and a dozen little dog-sled villages. I'll be carting the native service visiting nurses and the dentists and doctors and sick Eskimos up and down for the next six weeks."

They stood silent, facing each other.

"You mean you're leaving now!"

"They're fuelling up. Look, I'll have to run for it. You'll be in Seattle, probably by

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ELECTROLUX WORLD-FAMOUS FOR QUALITY AND SERVICE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 8, 1958

The Chef

A short short story by DERRY LEMAIRE



GUSTAVE had started by washing dishes when he was twelve years old. It was just a piece of sheer good fortune that he washed them at "Le Pere Claude." Now he was chef, head chef over five others.

Of course, he had always had a flair for cooking, and as washer-up, and then general help, he had been able to see the masters at work. He had been observant, and had noted that a chef required many more qualities than merely to be an excellent or expert cook.

Even at fifteen he had been able to see faults in Pere Claude, not in his cooking—that was perfection, but in his organisation. No, a chef must be a general, there must be discipline, and over all the imprint of inspired authority.

"Le Pere Claude" was only a small restaurant. You could pass it many times without giving it further thought. There were only three tables on the pavement, protected by trestle work covered in ivy, leaving a small entrance to the main door. Inside there were eight tables. The decor was Edwardian.

Gustave started cooking; well, started to help because one of the under chefs was ill. He was allowed to mix in one ingredient in the sauce which had made Pere Claude famous.

From this humble start he had gradually improved his knowledge and his position until, at the early age of forty-two, he had been made the head chef.

Along the way, at the time when he had been assistant chef, he had married Matilde. She had grown up with him and always adored him. But for years Gustave had had only one interest—cooking.

So it was that they were well into their thirties before it occurred to him to marry. It was only after all their friends were settled down with families that he realised Matilde

was still there, loving him and waiting patiently for him to recognise the fact.

Later, of course, he often wondered why he hadn't married her before, because they were so completely happy with each other.

Gustave was well known and well liked. "Le Pere Claude" was not just an ordinary dining-out place.

There were waiters to do the actual serving-out, of course, but the chef who had cooked the main dish would come to the table to supervise—to stand on one side and wait for that expression of pure delight, which they had come to expect from the guests—and then to discreetly retire to perfect the next delight.

So you see, Gustave had an intimate contact with his public. Naturally as head chef he only supervised the table of a special guest, but even so he would visit every one at least once during the meal, to see that all was well.

By the time he was sixty-five he was large and fat and bald. Matilde, too, was large and buxom, as a chef's wife should be. She was proud of her husband, loved him, and still called him her "petit chou," though small he would never again be.

The day came when Gustave had to retire, like Pere Claude before him, and Matilde was worried. What would he do? He could not be happy without practising his art. Yet for the Master to cook for two was out of the question.

Why even to make a proper Sauce Bearnaise was impossible, unless sufficient ingredients for six people were used. Gustave, too, was worried. He thought of starting his own restaurant—but then why not stay on at Le Pere Claude!

It was Matilde who had the first germ of an idea, and Gustave seized it and improved on it until they had the perfect solution.

They bought a small house just outside Paris. It had a spare room

which they equipped with six tables only. Then Gustave, who you will remember had a large public, wrote to all his friends.

Now and then he would cook a gastronomic masterpiece. He would send out invitations. The first to answer would be accepted. This had been as far as Matilde's idea had gone, and Gustave had felt that there was something lacking. So in his letter he had added this brilliant stroke:

He would make the same charges for his dinners as he had done at "Le Pere Claude," but sometimes it would be free. No one would know until the end of the meal whether he had to pay some 10,000 francs or nothing.

The decision would be made by rolling the ball in a roulette wheel. If it fell in red everyone paid. If it fell in black it was on the house, including wines, liqueurs, everything.

Naturally, the gamble was too fascinating to be missed, and Gustave's invitations were always answered promptly. They were wonderful dinners, I can tell you.

I remember one, when he served a "Coq au vin," the like of which I am sure has never been equalled. It was followed with "Fraise du bois flambe," and a cream of Gustave's own invention, which made us so enthusiastic that Gustave, for all his weight, was made to climb on the table, where he was toasted by us all.

Gustave then threw the roulette ball, which fell in black. He put his head back and roared with contented mirth, and sang us a song, while Matilde, with arms folded across her more than ample bosom, shook to the general merriment.

Gustave had found the solution to his retirement, there was no doubt of that.

All went well for some three or four years. Then the rumor went round.

Gustave stood to one side, waiting for the cries of delight which he knew would be expressed by his guest.

Gustave it was said was losing his touch. There had been a "Blanquette de veau" where the sauce had been slightly curdled, or was it the zabaglione which had been off?

Anyway, you could still only go by invitation, but it seemed that the list had had to be extended.

I couldn't believe that Gustave would have lost his touch. It was true, though. I hadn't been for some time, and I suppose accepted the invitation more out of curiosity than anything else.

Gustave still seemed his cheery, round, exuberant self, but I detected a slight look of anxiety in his eyes when he served up the Bearnaise sauce with the Chateaubriand.

There was nothing to have made him nervous in this. It should have been a simple dish for him; but there was reason for his anxiety. The Chateaubriand was not quite rare enough, and the Bearnaise was slightly vinegary, as if he had mistaken the vinegar bottle for the white wine.

I wasn't the only one to notice, either. The evening ended dully. There was no toasting of Gustave, and when the ball fell in red there was a little grumbling at the high price for a meal which had by no means reached perfection.

It was very sad to see Gustave deflated.

Matilde was not unaware of what had been happening, that was obvious. She still stood by the door of the kitchen as before, but instead of her beaming smile she wore a stern and worried expression, as if she could not believe what she knew to be true.

It broke my heart to see them. But these things happen, and there is nothing you can do about them. It was up to Gustave to regain his touch.

It is really pleasing when something ends happily, and nothing made me happier than when I was told a few months later that Gustave was once again excelling himself.

In fact, he was even better than he had ever been before. I went again to see for myself. There was no doubt about it, the most fastidious of gourmets would have made no complaint.

Gustave, older, shining with joy and perspiration, was again standing on the table, the only difference being he nearly fell off, as he was getting very short-sighted.

Matilde was once more standing shaking with mirth from head to toe, and I could see the pride and joy in her eye as she watched Gustave hailed as the greatest chef that France had, or would ever have.

It was a fine thing to see them both. They so loved the joy they were giving to their guests, and they so loved each other.

I never realised how much until Gustave died. It would never have been known either. Matilde had never intended to tell. Someone had teased her about her cooking in comparison to Gustave's. It had been too much for her, and she let it out.

Gustave had never recovered his touch, although he thought he had. Matilde had discovered that his eyesight was getting so poor that he could no longer see clearly what he was doing.

She always helped him with the sauces, and obeyed his directions—but she had stopped following his orders, and for the last six years of his life had been using her own proportions and ingredients.

Gustave, the executive-general, never found out that his lieutenant was going her own way.

(Copyright)

HEY HO THE

OWNER of Jersey herd would consider part exchange for gentleman's library. Swanfield 289.

This was the advertisement that started the trouble. It took Delphie's fancy as her bus swung along the leafy lane of Piccadilly and past the drowsing lions in Trafalgar Square.

She was the owner of a gentleman's library, and it was a sore point at present. Only that morning Aunt Madge had said at breakfast, "Dear child, I hate to seem to harp on the subject, but all those old books of your father's look too gruesome round the walls of your room. And Mrs. Tidings won't clean them. I've found a man who will give you ten pounds for them, and then I can do a nice contemporary decor instead."

Delphie looked down at her plate mulishly. She detested her aunt's interpretation of contemporary decor—pastel colors and pseudo-brocade. And she

was blown if she was going to part with her father's cherished books to any stranger.

Cousin George weighed in: "After all, it's not as if they were anything anybody would want to read—"

"Father used to—" Delphie flashed, and the quick memory of her gay, song-loving, book-loving father was so unbearable that she stood up abruptly, jarring the breakfast table, and muttered, "I'll think about it," and almost ran from the room. Ten minutes later she was on her way to the office, much earlier than usual.

Swanfield 289. Swanfield. The whole of childhood was held in those two syllables—water-meadows, cowslips, twin elms standing sentinel over winding roads, cherry orchards in full bridal splendor, hay-making, carol singing. Up to her twelfth birthday, and the motor accident that had left her orphaned, and the move to Aunt Madge's London house, she had known nothing more, asked nothing better.

"I want to dance, too!" she said. "Later, Delphie," he promised her with a smile.



ILLUSTRATED BY

Ron Jackson

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 8, 1958

MAYPOLE

By **JOAN AIKEN**

She pondered, now, over the problem of parting with her library for half a dairy herd. She couldn't very well keep them in Aunt Madge's garden; Mrs. Tidings would be sure to complain. Perhaps they could graze in Lincoln's Inn Fields?

She chuckled over a pleasing vision of herself in smock and sunbonnet driving the cows home along Fleet Street, but regretfully dismissed it.

Perhaps the owner would let her keep her share with his at Swanfield? Then she could go and visit them at weekends, she thought. It would be a grand excuse for getting out of doing things with George. I'm terribly sorry, she could say, I'd have loved to come to the lecture on managerial techniques, but I didn't like the look of one heifer last weekend, I'm afraid of mastitis—or whatever it was cows had—I want to go down to Swanfield to see the vet.

That would dispose of George nicely, and disposing of George was becoming more and more difficult these days. Large, efficient, and humorless, he and his mother seemed to take up more and more room in Delphie's life and she had a bleak feeling that, just as George was strenuously training himself for the highest managerial position he could lay hands on, so she was being unobtrusively schooled for the post of a high executive's wife.

She ran up the steps to her office which, at twenty past nine, was still empty, peaceful, and smelling sweetly of detergents. The telephone beckoned, and a stray lozenge of sunshine felt its way in the window and laid a finger cajoling on her cheek.

Perhaps the whole thing was a sort of joke? Still, she couldn't do any harm by asking, she decided. "Swanfield 289," she said into the mouthpiece, and sat waiting for her answer, feeling rather absurd. But after all, someone had paid to put in that advertisement, and she would rather give her library to a book-lover at Swanfield than sell it for ten pounds to some red-faced acquaintance of Aunt Madge's.

"Manor Farm." The voice in her ear was so businesslike that she faltered.

"Oh—I was ringing up to inquire—I have a library—"

"Trollope?" asked the voice briskly.

"Yes—oh, yes—"

"Swift? Defoe? Gibbon? Carlyle? Thackeray?"

Delphie went on saying yes, yes, yes.

"Well, that sounds excellent, Miss—?"

"Banning."

"I'll call in and collect the books tomorrow evening, as I shall be up in town with the cattle-truck. And then we can arrange about terms, and when you'd like to come and look at the herd. I'd suggest Saturday. Would that suit you?"

"Saturday would be all right," agreed Delphie, a little dazed.

"Splendid. It's our May Day, as a matter of fact—I expect you've heard of the Swanfield May Queen? I hope you can stay for the celebrations."

"I'd—I'd love to."

"That's settled then. I'll call tomorrow—about six."

When he had taken her address and rung off, Delphie sat gazing at the telephone in a dream—and also remembering with some relief that Aunt Madge and George were going to a cocktail party tomorrow—until the arrival of her workmates brought her back to earth.

For such a long time May Day had been the peak point of her year—a day to be dreamed over, brooded on, by an ugly duckling of a child with never a hope of the May Queen's traditional coronet of primroses.

"Manor Farm?" she wondered. "Who used

to have Manor Farm in those days?"

She was so occupied in trying to remember that she absent-mindedly typed "Manor Farm" at the head of a letter and had to begin again.

Next evening she was even more thankful that her aunt and cousin were out when an immense cattle-truck stopped in the quiet Chelsea street and a fair-haired young man in disgraceful corduroys ran confidently up the steps.

"I've got lots of crates in the truck," he began at once as she opened the door. "The simplest thing will be to bring the books down in armloads and then stack them—I say, Delphie, you are pretty now!"

"Robin! Robin Melrose! Why didn't you say who you were over the phone?"

"Didn't I? I expect I forgot. Do you remember the time I cut off your hair?"

"I can't think why I let you."

"It was a scientific experiment. To see how long it took to grow," he said, grinning.

"But you were going to be a scientist, not a farmer."

"So I am. An anthropologist. The dairy herd is only a sideline. That's it, you pass the books down and I'll stack." He was working all the time, with extreme rapidity and precision, breaking off now and then to exclaim, "I say, Smollett, that's splendid," or "Sartor Resartus, I always wondered what that was about."

"But you still live at Swanfield?"

"Half the year. The other half I'm off in the South Pacific collecting material, and then I come home and write it up. I've just finished a paper and have a bit of time in hand before the next trip to Onakawi, so I thought I'd do some reading for pleasure." He waved a hand at the books, now all neatly crated. "You can have them back when I've read 'em if you decide you don't like the herd. Or I'll have them valued and buy them off you, whichever you'd prefer. Now, can you come and have a coffee?"

"I'd love to," Delphie said, ridiculously light-hearted. From her vantage point in the cab of the truck, as they moved off, she had the satisfaction of seeing George return in his neat black saloon car and give the cattle-truck a startled glance.

"And you're coming down tomorrow?" Robin said in the coffee bar. "There's a good train from Charing Cross at nine-five. I'll meet you in the Landrover."

Delphie promised she would be there, but declined his offer to see her home. She felt there were shocks enough in store for Aunt Madge.

When she got back there was an ominous quietness about the house. There was no one in the drawing-room, no one in the dining-room. She went up to her own room and found the door open. George and Aunt Madge were standing speechlessly surveying the empty shelves.

"Philadelphia!" Aunt Madge turned. As always, her aunt reminded Delphie of a water-tower—such imposing bulk above, mounted on such a slender structure underneath.

"What is the meaning of this?"

"You said—" Delphie suddenly found herself rather tired—"you said you wished I'd get rid of them, so I have."

"Yes, but to whom? I said I had somebody—I did not mean—"

"I must say, dearest, you seem to have been a bit of an ass," George broke in. "We'll have to get the books back, of course. Who is the chap? What's his address? What did he give you for them?"

"Nothing," said Delphie crossly. "He's a dairy farmer in Swanfield, and I'm going down tomorrow to pick which of his cows I'm going to have in exchange." She seized her dressing-gown and marched past him into the bathroom.

She shut the bathroom door on their outraged exclamations and turned the taps full on.

Her spirits had revived by next morning and she sat happily, as the train galloped with her through the green Kentish countryside, lacy with orchards, smiling in the sunshine. She had avoided her aunt and cousin

by getting up and going out early, and she had a cup of coffee at the buffet and returned to her seat humming a recent popular song, "Hey ho the Maypole, the come-out-to-play-pole." It was a beautiful day, and she was going to see Swanfield, see the dances, see the May Queen crowned, and Robin was going to teach her to milk a cow.

As the train drew into Swanfield station, tiny among its meadows, she noticed a Landrover tearing down the road alongside the track. It was completely garlanded with flowers—cowslips, bluebells, polyanthi, grape-hyacinths—and young sprays of beech leaves waved gaily from its battered windscreen.

"Just made it," said Robin, arriving on the platform a bit out of breath. "By the way, I forgot to warn you; we've a way of choosing the May Queen that's new since your time. I invented it, as a matter of fact—adapted it from a Polynesian cult of a Great White Goddess arriving from overseas on a ship. The May Queen is always the first girl under twenty-one to step off the first London train on May Day. So you are she." He glanced with satisfaction up and down the empty platform.

"What?"

"It does away with jealousy and internal squabbles, you see," he said, taking her arm and piloting her gently towards the exit. "The deputation's waiting outside to welcome you."

Half the village seemed to be assembled in the station yard. Everybody broke into shouts of "Long live the May Queen!" and Delphie turned pink, but contrived to wave graciously. She was still in a daze as Robin ushered her into the ancient Landrover with all the ceremony of a court official.

"You can look at the herd after the crowning," he said, threading rapidly through the twisting lanes. "Business first, pleasure afterwards. There they are—" he nodded at some mouse-colored heifers knee-deep in a clover field.

"We've a couple of hours now before celebrations begin, and you'll find your ladies-in-waiting ready with a face-pack and so forth, and your dress to be fitted. There's Mother." He waved to a distant form sketching a clump of trees, and drew up outside Swanfield Manor, crumbling, decrepit, and beautiful.

Two plump and beaming girls greeted Delphie and took her off to the kitchen, where they arranged her on two chairs, slapped on a face-pack, set her hair, and attended to her hands, chatting all the time.

"Mr. Melrose has thought of everything—he's even designed a May Queen's dress with extra panels that zip in and out to fit all shapes. You're the first one to wear it—I should think it would fit you without any zipping."

By this time Delphie was immobilised behind her mask, so they fed her chicken soup through a straw, and Robin came and carried her off to see how much at home her books looked in the Manor library. It was a peaceful square room looking on to an orchard and distant water-meadows—a place to read and drowse in the sunshine.

"Very Polynesian," Robin said, chuckling at her mud-colored face. "You look just like Kra-howikiwa, the Goddess of Spring."

Delphie couldn't help laughing, and bits of mud-pack fell about her. The ladies-in-waiting came in, tut-tutted, and took her away for the last stages of adornment, until violin and accordion music warned them that the procession was forming outside the door.

A lot of that day remained a blur in Delphie's memory afterwards, a blur of music, the old familiar dances—Lasses and Lads, Gathering Peascods, the Morris dancers with their tinkling bells and serious faces—and the long tuneful procession that wound along the village to the May green, herself throned

amid cherry blossom on an ancient hay wagon.

There was a ceremonial pause while she alighted and walked to her throne, and then the real maypole dancing began, the children unbelievably light of foot and deft of hand with their multi-colored ribbons round the white pole. The webs they formed, like the tingling music, flowed from one pattern to the next without ceasing, a diagram of color and sound. Once or twice Delphie was glad she had her bouquet to hide behind; she found tears in her eyes.

"I want to dance, too!" she whispered to Robin, who was everywhere, advising, encouraging, chatting with friends, helping a small dancer replait her pigtail, joking with the Morris dancers, giving a hand with the teas on the trestle tables.

"Later you can," he promised her. "Dancing goes on pretty well all night now. Mother and I can always give you a bed if you miss the last train!"

Suddenly (and it was rather like the entry of the Wicked Fairy in pantomime) Delphie felt a coldness on her left-hand side and, turning, saw the outraged, icy faces of George and Aunt Madge.

"Philadelphia! Just what do you think you are doing?"

Delphie looked hopefully for Robin, but he was coping with a refractory tea-urn at the other side of the green. The May Queen's throne was temporarily deserted.

"I never saw such a disgraceful exhibition in my life," said George in a low, furious tone—Aunt Madge seemed totally bereft of speech. "We came down to clear up this business of the books, but we never dreamed we'd find you doing this sort of thing. What do you suppose Sir Percival would say?"

"I don't care what he'd say—I'm not your property," Delphie retorted with spirit. But George took her arm in a purposeful grip and began steering her firmly and rapidly towards his car. It seemed too undignified to struggle. Delphie's heart sank despairingly.

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Continuing

Voyage Out, Voyage Home

[from page 27]

was Pritchard, because she had heard people talking to him in the hotel. She remembered hearing one of the ski teachers say about him, "He is too reckless. He thinks he is better than he actually is. He does not have the technique for so much speed."

She glanced across at him and decided he did look reckless. He had a long nose—the kind that doesn't photograph well but that looks all right just the same, especially in a long, thin face. Twenty-five, Constance thought, twenty-six. No more. He was leaning easily against the bar, not holding on with his hands. He took off his gloves and fished a package of cigarettes out of his pocket and offered them to Constance. "They're English—I hope you won't hate me," he said.

"No, thank you," Constance said. She was sure that if she tried to light a cigarette she would fall off the lift.

He lit his cigarette, bending over a little and squinting over his cupped hands as the smoke twisted up past his eyes. He had long, thin hands, and ordinarily you had the feeling that people with hands like that were nervous and easily upset. He was tall and slender, and his ski pants were very downhill, Constance noted, and he wore a red cap and a checked scarf. He had the air of a dandy, but a dandy who was amused at himself. He moved easily on his skis, and you could tell he was one of the people who weren't afraid of falling.

"I never see you in the bar," he said, tossing the match into the snow and putting on his gloves.

"I don't drink," she said, not quite telling the truth.

"They have ice-cream sodas," he said. "Switzerland, the forty-ninth State."

"I don't like ice-cream sodas."

"Used to be one of the leading British colonies," he said, grinning. "Switzerland. But we lost it, along with India. Before the war in this town the English covered the hills like edelweiss. If you wanted to find a Swiss between 1st January and 13th March, you had to hunt with dogs."

"Were you here before the war?" Constance asked, surprised.

"With my mother. She broke a leg a year."

"Is she here now?"

"No," he said. "She's dead." I must be careful. Constance thought, avoiding looking at the man beside her, not to ask people in Europe about their relatives. So many of them turn out to be dead.

"It used to be very gay," he said, "the hotels swarming, and dances every night, and everybody dressing for dinner, and singing 'God Save the King' on New Year's Day. Did you know it was going to be this quiet?"

"Yes," Constance said. "I asked the man at the travel bureau in Paris."

"Oh. What did he say?"

"He said everybody was a serious skier here and went to bed by ten o'clock."

The Englishman glanced at her momentarily. "You're not a serious skier, are you?"

"No. I've only been two or three times before."

"You're not one of the delicate ones, are you?"

"Delicate?" Constance looked at him, puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"You know," he said, "the advertisements. Schools for delicate children. Swiss for TB."

Constance laughed. "Do I look as though I have TB?"

He regarded her gravely, and she felt plump and unattractive

and a little too bosomy in her tight clothes. "No," he said. "But you never can tell. Did you ever read 'The Magic Mountain'?"

"Yes," she said, feeling proud that she could show she was not completely uncultured, although American and very young, and remembering that she had skipped the philosophic discussions and cried over the death of the cousin. "I read it. Why?"

"The sanatorium it was written about isn't far from here," Pritchard said. "I'll show it to you some day when the snow's bad. Do you think this place is sad?"

"No," she said, surprised. "Why?"

"Some people do. The mixture. The pretty mountains and the healthy types wallowing down the hills, risking their necks and feeling marvellous, and the people with the bad lungs hanging on, watching them and wondering if they're ever going to leave here alive."

"I guess I didn't think about it," Constance admitted honestly.

"It was worse right after the war," he said. "There was a boom here right after the war. All the people who hadn't eaten enough or had been living underground or in prison and who had been frightened so long—"

"Where're they now?"

Pritchard shrugged. "Dead, discharged, or destitute," he said. "Is it true that people refuse to die in America?"

"Yes," she said. "It would be an admission of failure."

HE smiled and patted her gloved hand, which was clutching tightly the middle bar. "You mustn't be angry that we're jealous," he said. "It's the only way we can show our gratitude." Gently, he loosened her fingers from the wood. "And you mustn't be so tight when you ski. Not even with your fingers. You mustn't even frown until you go in for tea. The drill is—loose, desperate, and supremely confident."

"Is that how you are?"

"Mostly desperate," he said.

"What are you doing on this little beginners' slope, then?" Constance asked. "Why didn't you take the telepherique up to the top?"

"I twisted my ankle yesterday," Pritchard said. "Overrated myself. The February disease. Out of control and into a gully, with a great deal of style. So today I can only do slow, majestic turns. But tomorrow we attack that one once more—"

He gestured up towards the peak, half closed in by fog, with the sun a wet, pale ball above it, making it look forbidding and dangerous. "Come along?" He looked at her inquiringly.

"I haven't been up there yet," Constance said, regarding the mountain respectfully. "I'm afraid it's a little too much for me so far."

"You must always do things that are a little too much for you," he said. "On skis. Otherwise, where's the fun?"

They were silent for several moments, moving slowly up the hill, feeling the wind cut across their faces, noticing the quiet and the queer, fogged mountain light. Twenty yards ahead of them, on the preceding bar, a girl in a yellow parka moved evenly upwards like a bright, patient doll.

"Paris," Pritchard said.

"What's that?" He jumps around entirely too much, Constance thought, feeling heavy.

"You said you came from Paris. Are you one of those nice people who come here to

give us your Government's money?"

"No," said Constance. "I just came over on a—well, on a vacation. I live in New York, really. And French food makes me break out."

He looked at her critically. "You look completely unbroken out now," he said. "You look like the girls who advertise soap and beer in American magazines." Then he added hastily: "If that's considered insulting in your country, I take it back."

"And the men in Paris," she said.

"Oh! Are there men in Paris?"

"Even in the museums. They follow you. With homburg hats. Looking at you as though they're weighing you by the pound. In front of religious pictures and everything."

"Girl I knew, English girl," Pritchard said, "was followed from Prestwick, Scotland, to the tip of Cornwall by an American gunner in 1944. Three months. No religious pictures, though, as far as I know."

"You know what I mean. It's an impolite atmosphere," she said primly, knowing he was making fun of her in that straight-faced English way, but not knowing whether to be offended or not.

"Were you brought up in a convent?"

"No."

"It's amazing how many American girls sound as though they were brought up in a convent. Then it turns out they drink gin and roar in bars. What do you do at night?"

"Where? At home?"

"No. I know what people do at night in America. They look at television," he said. "I mean here."

"I—I wash my hair," she said defensively, feeling foolish.

"And I write letters."

"How long are you staying up here?"

"Six weeks."

"Six weeks." He nodded, and swung his poles to his outside hand, because they were neatening the top. "Six weeks of shining hair and correspondence."

"I made a promise," she said, thinking, I might as well let him know now just in case he's getting any ideas. "I promised someone I'd write him a letter a day while I was gone."

Pritchard nodded soberly, as though sympathising with her. "Americans," he said as they came to the top and slid out from the T-bar on to the flat place. "Americans baffle me."

Then he waved his poles at her and went straight down the hill, his red cap a swift, diminishing gay speck against the blue-shadowed snow.

The sun slipped between the peaks, like a gold coin in a gigantic slot, and the light got flat and dangerous, making it almost impossible to see the bumps. Constance made her last descent, falling twice and feeling superstitious, because it was always when you said "Well, this is the last one" that you got hurt.

Running out and coming to a stop on the packed snow between two farmhouses at the outskirts of the town, she kicked off her skis with a sense of accomplishment and relief. Her toes and fingers were frozen, but she was warm everywhere else and her cheeks were bright red and she breathed the thin, cold air with a mountain sense of tasting something delicious.

She felt vigorous and friendly, and smiled at the other skiers clattering to a stop around her. She was brushing the snow of the last two falls off her clothes, so that she

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m-m-m-m-m

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ripeness of strawberries
for your lips
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It's bright, fresh, luscious ! It's new ! Dreamed up by Cutex to enslave the man in your life — to keep him adoring — with the appealing softness of your lovely lips, colour kissed and strawberry sweet. Dress up your fingertips, too, with the shimmering, glowing richness of "Hot Strawberry" Nail Polish. Try it now — then something beautiful, something exciting and new, is sure to happen to you.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 8, 1958

P277

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DRESS SENSE

by Betty Keep

● The dress with an Empire-inspired scooped-out bodice-top and skirt bell-ing to the hemline is a pretty design for summer parties.

THE fashion item above answers a reader's query. Here is her letter and my reply:

"I have bought 4yds. of floral cotton, printed with an all-over rose design, and now I am seeking your assistance for a style and paper pattern. I want to make the frock for summer parties, nothing too formal, but something that looks cool and pretty and a bit new in design. I have a 32in. bust.

The design I have chosen in answer to your query is illustrated at right. It is a modified trapeze-line dress, and I think it is very pretty. Self-material creates the Empire banding below the bosom and the streamers.

I hope you will like the design well enough to order a paper pattern. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"COULD you advise me how I could make two large beach towels into a beach wrap? The towels are striped in red, pink, and green on a white background."

It would be quite a simple matter to convert two beach towels into a poncho beach wrap. Stitch the towels to form shoulder and underarm seams, leaving general slits for the neck and arm holes. The poncho can be pulled over

the head like a sweater. An alternative idea to putting it over the head is to cut the garment from neck to hemline and fasten it with buttons or self-material ties.

"I HAVE 6yds. of good quality white sharkskin to make an outfit and would like your advice. I want something really smart as it is to take on my annual holidays. A friend who is good at dress-making will be sewing it for me, so I don't need a paper pattern. I am in my teens and take a small fitting."

Sharkskin, because of its close weave, is an excellent material for tailored "separates," and I suggest this idea for the design. A middy top, self-banded at the hipline, and a knife-pleated skirt is new in current fashion, and would be an attractive fashion for a teenage holiday wardrobe.

"WOULD you please assist me with an idea for a dressy late-day coat? I always wear a style with a collar. The material is thin silk."

A pretty idea for a silk late-day coat would be a collar extending into a rounded back drape. The effect would be like a double cowl at the back. The front of the coat would best be single-breasted and fastened with shoestring-width, self-material ties.



DS304. — One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



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TISSUES

"Will she have me?" Nervous George sneezed, cut his face. No matter! He wipes nose — dabs at cuts, too, with hygienic, disposable Kleenex tissues!

"Will he ask me?" Night-long allure aids romance — clever Olivia sprinkles perfume on Kleenex tissue, tucks it into frock for lasting fragrance.

Party foods — and woe for George! Wipe sticky fingers at such moments (and any time) with soft, absorbent Kleenex tissues.

"Will you? . . . " "I will". Oh, happy moment! And now for soft Kleenex tissues to remove lipstick marks or tears of joy!

Watch for the next instalment of Olivia and George with Kleenex tissues . . . "They're engaged!"

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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"I HAVE just turned 17, I am a blonde, a quiet and homely girl. Recently I stopped my happy friendship with a very nice boy whom I had been friendly with for 15 months. A few weeks later, I went out with a group of teenagers and one boy became friendly with me. I told my parents and they asked him up for tea and to spend the evening. He accepted and has seen me quite a few times since. Just lately he has been cool towards me, but he says he still likes me. He told my friend that he doesn't want a steady girl, as he has to pay his car off and he is in a little debt. Do you think this is a good reason for his coolness? My parents don't like me going to pictures much except to the ones they think are worth seeing. I am also forbidden to go to dances and when a group of my friends go out at the weekend I am not allowed to go. I have very few occasions for meeting other teenagers apart from the usual group I mix with of about eight or ten girls and boys. Do you think my friendship with the boy I met has become cool because my parents fuss about him? I have asked my parents' opinion and I would like yours, too.

"Anxious," N.S.W.

I think the boy's coolness is simply his defence against going steady. I couldn't agree with him more. He has financial commitments, big ones, which would mean he has no spare cash for entertaining. He knows very well that girls expect to be taken out if they are seen often, so he is wisely adopting a cool or less possessive attitude. I know you will say that you would quite understand if he didn't take you out, but would you? I can see your letter to me, now. It would be something like this: "He comes to my place for tea every Sunday, but he never takes me out. What is the matter with me, is he ashamed of me?"

You must do as your parents wish as far as going out is concerned. I think perhaps you make them sound much more strict than they are. You tell me that they don't allow you to go to the pictures much, forbid dances or outings at weekends, and then you say apart from the usual group you go out with. I think you are having quite a good time even with the parental supervision you describe.

"I AM a pretty 17-year-old girl who is constantly harassed by the unwelcome attentions of a New Australian who is old enough to be my father. At first I was flattered by his attentions, but now I like a boy of my own age, who is good-looking and seems to like me. How can I stop the New Australian from paying attention to me?"

"Bewildered," S.A.

TELL him exactly what you have told me, that now you like a boy of your own age. I'm sure that will be sufficient.

"QUITE recently my grandmother (Father's mother) became very ill. Father is the only one in his family with the telephone on at home, and he naturally receives all the inquiries about Grandmother's health. Quite often I answer the phone to a cousin of my father's whom I have never met. He says, 'I'm Tom Jones, your father's cousin.' As I am only 18, and have never met him, is it

correct to call him by his first name, 'Tom' or address him as 'Mr. Jones'?"

"Ignorant," N.S.W.

Call him "Mr. Jones." It is better to be formal rather than familiar. First-name calling is regarded nowadays as almost obligatory by some people, but it is more becoming by behaviour to use a formal address until you are asked to use a Christian name.

"WE are two respectable girls of 15 and are very much in love with two boys of 15 and 16 who are very well behaved and nicely mannered. But our parents won't let us sit with them in the pictures or talk to them. They don't give any reason for this either. We think we are old enough to associate with boys."

"Unreasonable," S.A.

You are old enough to associate with boys but certainly not old enough to start the sort of association that goes with your statement that "you are very much in love with two boys. I quite agree with your parents."

DISC DIGEST

Like the little girl who had a little cur right in the middle of her forehead, mood music albums can be either very good or downright horrid. The title of MGM-02-7534, "Music For Tired Golfers," sounds dreadful. I thought it was really too freakish, but the disc turns out to be a real joy. Larry Clinton's Orchestra does the honours smoothly and in good taste, and even if you've never even seen a golf club you'll enjoy this platter. Here are some of the 12 melodies: "I Can't Get Started," "Tender Trap," "Little White Lies," "High on a Windy Hill," "Suddenly There's a Valley," and "Just Another Day Wasted Away."

With the fabulous success of their "M Fair Lady," Messrs. Lerner and Loewe seem to have put the team of Rodgers and Hammerstein temporarily in the shade. With "Lady" packing 'em in on Broadway, in London, and on U.S.A. tour, one might have expected the composers of "Brigadoon" and "Paint Your Wagon" to rest up for a while. But they've been smart to answer Hollywood's call, and their latest product is the score for the film "Gigi."

Although "Lady" is still restricted in Australia, nearly all keen collectors have heard it and they can make comparisons when they hear "Gigi" on MGM-02-7538. Although the new record stands way above most sound tracks, it must give way to the other disc which, after all, was inspired by George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion," whereas "Gigi" parentage (a novel by Colette) is not quite so top-drawer.

So far, the tunes I like best are "The Night They Invented Champagne" and "Thank Heaven For Little Girls," and repeated platings may win me over to "It's a Bore," "Remember It Well," and "I'm Glad I'm Not Young Any More." Maurice Chevalier carries the record, with the brilliant assistance of that inspired English comedienne Hermione Gingold, who is often tabbed as the funniest woman in the world. I'm still not sure whether or not the songs of the young lovers are sung by Louis Jourdan and Lesli Caron.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



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would look like a good skier as she walked through the town, when Pritchard came down over the last ridge and flicked to a stop beside her. "I see you," he said, bending to unlock his bindings. "but I won't tell a soul."

Constance gave a final, self-conscious pat to the icy crystals on her park. "I only fell four times all afternoon," she said. "Up there tomorrow" — he made a gesture of his head towards the mountain — "you'll crash all day."

"I didn't say I was going up there," Constance buckled her skis together and started to swing them up to her shoulder. Pritchard reached over and took them from her. "I can carry my own skis," she said.

"Don't be sturdy. American girls are always being sturdy about insensational points." He made a big V out of the two pairs of skis on his shoulders and they started walking, their boots crunching on the stained, hard snow of the road.

There was a booming noise far off in the hills and Constance looked up, puzzled. "What's that?" she asked.

"Mortars," said Pritchard. "It snowed last night, and the patrols have been out all day firing at the overhangs. For the avalanches."

There was another shot, low and echoing, and they stopped and listened. "Like old times," Pritchard said as they started walking again. "Like the good old war."

"Oh!" said Constance, feeling delicate, because she had never heard guns before. "The war. Were you in it?"

"A little," he grinned. "I had a little war."

"Doing what?"

"Night fighter," he said, shifting the yoke of skis a little on his shoulders. "I flew an ugly black plane across an ugly black sky. That's the wonderful thing about the Swiss — the only thing they shoot is snow."

"Night fighter," Constance said vaguely. It was like hearing about the graduating class two generations before you in school. People were always referring to names and dates and events that they expected you to recognise, but which you

Continuing . . .

could never get straight. "Night fighter. What was that?"

"We flew interceptor missions over France," Pritchard said. "We'd fly on the deck to avoid the radar and flak, and hang around airfields making the Hun miserable, waiting for planes to come in slow, with their wheels down."

"Oh, I remember now," Constance said firmly. "You're the ones who ate carrots. For night vision."

Pritchard laughed. "For publication we ate carrots," he said. "Actually, we used radar. We'd locate them on the screen and fire when we saw the exhaust flares. Give me the radar screen over a carrot any day."

"Did you shoot down many planes?" Constance asked, wondering if she sounded morbid.

"A couple," Pritchard said carelessly. "We shot down a couple. Should I tell you how brave I was?"

"You look so young," Constance said.

"I'm thirty," said Pritchard. "How old do you have to be to shoot down a plane? Especially poor, lumbering transports, running out of gas, full of clerks and rear-echelon types, wiping their glasses and being sorry the aeroplane was ever invented."

In the hills there was the flat sound of the mortars again. Constance wished they'd stop. "You don't look thirty," she said to Pritchard.

"I've led a simple and salutary life. Here," he said. They were in front of one of the smaller hotels and he put the skis in the rack and jammed the poles into the snow beside them. "Let's go in here and get a simple and salutary cup of tea."

"Well," said Constance, "I really —"

"Make the letter two pages shorter tonight, and more intense." He took her elbow gently, barely touching it, as he guided her towards the door. "And polish your hair some other night."

They went into the bar and sat down at a heavy, carefully

carved wood table. There were no other skiers in the bar — just some village men sitting under the chamois antlers on the wall, quietly playing cards on felt cloths and drinking coffee out of small stemmed glasses.

"I told you," Pritchard said, taking off his scarf. "This country is being overrun by the Swiss."

The waitress came over and Pritchard ordered in German. "What did you ask for?" Constance asked, because she could tell it wasn't only tea.

"Tea and lemon and black rum," said Pritchard.

"Do you think I ought to have rum?" she asked doubtfully.

"Everybody in the whole world should have rum," he said. "It will keep you from committing suicide in the twilight."

"You speak German, don't you?"

"I speak all the dead languages of Europe," he said. "German, French, Italian, and English. I was carefully educated for a world of inter-

changeable currency." He sat back, rubbing the knuckles of one hand against the palm of the other to warm them. His head was leaning against the wood-paneled wall and he was smiling at her and she couldn't tell whether she was uncomfortable or not. "Let me hear you say 'Hi-ho, Silver.'"

"What?" she asked, puzzled.

"Isn't that what people say in America? I want to perfect my accent for the next invasion," he said.

"They stopped that," she said, thinking, my, he's a jumpy boy; I wonder what happened to make him that way? "They don't say it any more. It's out of date."

"All the best things go out of date so quickly in our country," he said regretfully. "Observe the Swiss." He gestured with his head towards where the men were playing. "That game has been going on since 1910," he said. "Living among the Swiss is so placid. It's like living alongside a lake. Many people can't stand it, of course."

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM



You remember that joke about the Swiss in that film about Vienna?"

"No," Constance said. "What film?" This is the first time, she thought, I've ever called a movie a film. I must be careful.

"One of the characters says, 'The Swiss haven't had a war in a hundred and fifty years, and what have they produced? The cuckoo clock.' I don't know."

Pritchard shrugged. "Maybe it's better to live in a country that invents the cuckoo clock than one that invents radar. Time is nothing serious to a cuckoo clock. A little toy that makes a silly, artificial sound every half-hour. For people who invent radar, time is ominous, because it's the difference between the altitude of a plane and the location of the battery that's going to bring it down. It's an invention for people who are suspicious and are thinking of ambush. Here's your tea. As you see, I'm making a serious effort to amuse you, because I've been watching you for five days and you give me the impression of a girl who cries herself to sleep several times a week."

"How much of this stuff do I put in?" Constance asked, confused by the flood of talk, holding up the glass of rum, and carefully making sure not to look at Pritchard.

"Half," he said. "You have to have something in reserve for the second cup."

"It smells good," Constance said, sniffing the fragrance that rose from the cup after she had measured out half the glass of rum and squeezed the lemon into it.

"Perhaps —" Pritchard prepared his own cup. "Perhaps I'd better talk only on impersonal subjects."

"Perhaps that would be better," Constance said.

"The chap who receives all those letters," Pritchard said. "Why isn't he here?"

Constance hesitated for a moment. "He works," she said. "Oh. That vice." He sipped

his tea, then put down his cup and rubbed his nose with his handkerchief. "Does hot tea do that to you, too?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to marry him?"

"You said impersonal."

"So. The marriage is arranged."

"I didn't say that."

"No. But you would have said so if it wasn't."

Constance chuckled. "All right," she said. "Arranged. Anyway, approximately arranged."

"When?"

"When the three months are up," she said, without thinking.

"Is that the law in New York?" Pritchard asked. "That you have to wait three months? Or is it a private family taboo?"

Constance hesitated. Suddenly, she felt that she hadn't really talked to anyone in a long time. Why not, she thought, selfishly and gratefully. Why not talk about it, for once?

"It's my father," she said, twisting her cup. "It's his idea. He's against it. He said wait three months and see. He thinks I'll forget Mark in three months in Europe."

"America," Pritchard said. "The only place left where people can afford to act in an old-fashioned manner. What's the matter with Mark? Is he a fright?"

"He's beautiful," Constance said. "Melancholy and beautiful."

Pritchard nodded, as though noting all this down. "No money, though," he said.

"Enough," said Constance. "At least, he has a good job."

"What's the matter with him, then?"

"My father thinks he's too old for me," Constance said. "He's forty."

"A grave complaint," Pritchard said. "Is that why he's melancholy?"

Constance smiled. "No. He was born that way. He's a thoughtful man."

"Do you only like forty-year-old men?" Pritchard asked.

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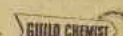
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VE17-406

Continuing

Voyage Out, Voyage Home

from page 42

"I only like Mark," said Constance. "Although it's true I never got along with the young men I knew. They — they're cruel. They make me feel shy — and angry with myself. When I go out with one of them — I come home feeling crooked."

"Crooked?" Pritchard looked puzzled.

"Yes, I feel I haven't behaved like me. I've behaved the way I think the other girls they've gone out with have behaved. Coquettish, cynical, amorous. Is this too complicated?"

"No."

"I hate the opinions other people have of me," Constance said, almost forgetting the young man at the table with her and talking bitterly and for herself. "I hate being used just for celebrations, when people come into town from college, or from the Army. And my father's opinion of me."

She was getting it out for the first time. "I used to think we were good friends, that he thought I was a responsible, grown-up human being. Then when I told him I wanted to marry Mark I found out it was all a fraud. What he really thinks of me is that I'm a child. And a child is a form of idiot. My mother left him when I was ten and we've been very close since then, but we weren't as close as I thought we were. He was just playing a game with me. Flattering me."

"When the first real issue came up, the whole thing collapsed. He wouldn't let me have my own opinion of me at all. That's why I finally said all right to the three months. To prove it to him once and for all." She looked suddenly, distrustfully, at Pritchard to see whether he was smiling. "Are you being amused at me?"

"Of course not," he said. "I'm thinking of all the people I've known who've had different opinions of me than I've had of myself. What a frightening idea." He looked at her speculatively, but it was hard for her to tell how serious he was. "And what's your opinion of yourself?"

"It's not completely formed yet," she said slowly. "I know what I want to be. I want to be responsible and I don't want to be a child and I don't want to be cruel — and I want to move in a good direction." She shrugged, embarrassed now. "That's pretty lame, isn't it?"

"Lame," Pritchard said, "but admirable."

"Oh, I'm not admirable yet," she said. "Maybe in ten years. I haven't sorted myself out completely yet." She laughed nervously. "Isn't it nice," she said; "you're going away in a few days and I'll never see you again, so I can talk like this to you."

"Yes, he said, "very nice."

"I haven't talked to anyone for so long. Maybe it's the rum."

Pritchard smiled. "Ready for your second cup?"

"Yes, thank you." She watched him pour the tea and was surprised to notice that his hand shook. Perhaps, she thought, he's one of those young men who came out of the war drinking a bottle of whisky a day.

"So," he said, "tomorrow we go up to the top of the mountain."

She was grateful to him for realising that she didn't want to talk about herself any more and switching the conversation without saying anything about it.

"How will you do it — with your ankle?" she asked.

"I'll get the doctor to put a

shot of pain-killer in it," he said. "And for a few hours my ankle will feel immortal."

"All right," she said, watching him pour his own tea, watching his hand shake. "In the morning?"

"I don't ski in the morning," he said. He added the rum to his tea and sniffed it appreciatively.

"What do you do in the morning?"

"I recover, and write poetry."

"Oh!" She looked at him doubtfully. "Should I know your name?"

"No," he said. "I always tear it up the next morning."

She laughed, a little uncertainly, because the only other people she had ever known who wrote poetry had been fifteen-year-old boys in prep school. "What sort of poetry do you write?"

"Lyric, elegiac, and athletic," he said. "In praise of youth, death, and anarchy. Very good for tearing. Shall we have dinner together tonight?"

"Why?" she asked, unsettled by the way he jumped from one subject to another.

"That's a question that no European woman would ever ask," he said.

"I told the hotel that I was going to have dinner up in my room."

"I have great influence at the hotel," he said.

"Besides," Constance said, "what about the lady you've been having dinner with all week — the French lady?"

P RITCHARD smiled. "So you've been watching me, too."

"There are only fifteen tables in the whole dining-room," Constance said uncomfortably. "You can't help . . ." The French lady was at least thirty, with a short, fluffed haircut and a senselessly narrow waist. She wore black slacks and sweaters and very tight shiny belts, and she and Pritchard always seemed to be laughing a great deal together over private jokes in the corner in which they sat every night.

Whenever Constance was in the room with the French lady she felt young and clumsy.

"The French lady is a good friend," Pritchard said. "Her husband is arriving tomorrow."

"I think I'd rather stick to my plan," Constance said formally. She stood up. "Are we ready to go?"

He looked at her quietly for a moment. "You're beautiful," he said. "Sometimes it's impossible to keep from saying that."

"Please," she said. "Please, I do have to go now."

"Of course," he said. He stood up and left some money on the table. "Whatever you say."

They walked the hundred yards to their hotel in silence. It was completely dark now, and very cold, and their breath crystallised in little clouds before their mouths as they walked.

"I'll put your skis away," he said at the door of the hotel.

"Thank you," she said in a low voice.

"Good night. And write a nice letter," he said.

"I'll try," she said. She turned and went into the hotel.

In her room she took off her boots, but didn't bother changing her clothes. She lay down on her bed, without putting on the lights, and stared at the ceiling, thinking, nobody

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Continuing

ever told me the English were like that . . .

"Dearest," she wrote, "Forgive me for not writing, but the weather has been glorious and for a little while I've just devoted myself to making turns and handling deep snow . . . There's a young man here, an Englishman," she wrote conscientiously, "who's been very nice, who has been good enough to act as an instructor, and, even if I say it myself, I'm really getting pretty good. He was in the R.A.F. and his father went down with the Hood and his mother was killed in a bombing."

She stopped. No, she thought, it sounds tricky. As though I'm hiding something, and putting in the poor, dead, patriotic family as artful window dressing. She crumpled the letter and threw it into the wastebasket. She took another sheet of paper. "Dearest," she wrote.

There was a knock on the door and she called, "Ja."

The door opened and Pritchard came in. She looked up in surprise. In all the three weeks he'd never come to her room. She stood up embarrassed. She was in her stocking feet and the room was littered with the debris of the afternoon's skiing—boots standing near the window, sweaters thrown over a chair, gloves drying on the radiator, and her parka hanging near the bathroom door with a little trickle of melting snow running down from the collar. The radio was on and an American band was playing "Bali Ha'i" from an Armed Forces station in Germany.

Pritchard, standing in front of the open door, smiled at her. "Ah," he said, "some corner of a foreign room that is forever Vassar."

Constance turned the radio off. "I'm sorry," she said, waving vaguely and conscious that her hair was not combed. "Everything's such a mess."

Pritchard went over to the bureau and peered at Mark's picture, which was standing there in a leather frame. "The receiver of letters?" he asked.

"Yes," Constance said. She found her moccasins and put them on, and felt a little less embarrassed.

"He looks serious," Pritchard moved a box of tissues to get a better view.

"He is serious," said Constance. In all the three weeks that she had been skiing with Pritchard she had said hardly anything about Mark. They had talked about almost everything else, but somehow, by a tacit agreement, they had avoided Mark.

They had skied together every afternoon and had talked a great deal about the necessity of leaning forward at all times, and about falling relaxed, and about Pritchard's time in public school in England, and about his father, and about the London theatre, and American novelists.

They had talked gravely about what it was like to be twenty and what it was like to be thirty, and they had talked about Christmas-time in New York and what football weekends were like at Princeton, and they had even had a rather sharp discussion on the nature of courage when Constance lost her nerve in the middle of a steep trail late one afternoon, with the sun going down and the mountain deserted. But they had never talked about Mark.

Pritchard turned away from the picture. "You didn't have to shoe yourself for me," he said, indicating her moccasins. "One of the nicest things about skiing is taking those damned heavy boots off and walking around on a warm floor in wool socks."

Voyage Out, Voyage Home

[from page 43]

"I'm engaged in a constant struggle not to be sloppy," Constance said.

They stood there, facing each other in silence for a moment. "Oh," Constance said, "sit down."

"Thank you," Pritchard said formally. He seated himself in the one easy chair. "I just came by for a minute. To say goodbye."

"Goodbye," Constance repeated stupidly. "Where're you going?"

"Home. Or at least to England. I thought I'd like to leave you my address," Pritchard said.

"Of course."

He reached over and picked up a piece of paper and her pen and wrote for a moment. "It's just a hotel," he said, "until I find a place of my own." He put the paper down on the desk, but kept the pen in his hand, playing with it. "Give you somebody else to write to," he said. "The English receiver of letters."

"Yes," she said.

"You can tell me what the snow's like," he said, "and how many times you came down the mountain in one day and who got drunk at the bar the night before."

"Isn't this sudden?" Constance asked. Somehow, after the first few days, it had never occurred to her that Pritchard might leave. He had been there when she arrived and he seemed to belong there so thoroughly, to be so much a part of the furniture of the place, that it was hard to conceive of being there without him.

"Not so sudden," Pritchard said. He stood up. "I wanted to say goodbye in private," he said. She wondered if he was going to kiss her. In all the three weeks he hadn't as much as held her hand, and the only time he had touched her had been when he was helping her up after a particularly bad fall.

But he made no move. He stood there, smiling curiously, playing with the pen, unusually untalkative, as though waiting for her to say something. "Well," he said, "will I see you later?"

"Yes," she said.

"We'll have a farewell dinner. They have veal on the menu, but I'll see if we can't get something better in honor of the occasion." He put the pen down carefully on the desk. "Until later," he said, and went out, closing the door behind him.

Constance stared at the closed door. Everybody goes away, she thought. Unreasonably, she felt angry. She knew it was foolish, like a child protesting the end of a birthday party, but she couldn't help feeling that way. She looked around the room. It seemed cluttered and untidy to her like the room of a silly and careless schoolgirl.

She shook her head impatiently and began to put things in place.

They didn't talk much during dinner. It was though he had already departed a little. Once or twice, Constance almost started to tell him how grateful she was for his patience with her on the hills, but somehow it never came out, and the dinner became more and more uncomfortable for both of them. Pritchard ordered brandy with the coffee, and she drank it although it gave her heartburn. The three-piece band began to play for the evening's dancing while they were drinking their brandy, and then it was too noisy to talk.

"Do you want to dance?" he asked.

"No," she said.

"Good," he said. "I despise dancing."

"Let's get out of here," Constance said. "Let's take a walk."

They went to their rooms to get some warm clothes, and Pritchard was waiting for her outside the hotel door when she came down in her snow boots and the beaver coat her father had given her the year before. Pritchard was leaning against a pillar on the front porch, and she stared at him for a moment before he turned around, and she was surprised to see how tired and suddenly old he seemed when he was unaware that he was being watched.

They walked down the main street, with the sounds of the band diminishing behind them. It was a clear night, and the stars shone above the mountains, electrically blue. At the top of the highest hill, at the end of the telepherique, a single light glittered from the hut there, where you could warm yourself before the descent and buy spiced hot wine and biscuits.

They walked down to the bottom of the street and crossed over on to the path alongside the dark skating rink.

They stopped at a small, snow-covered bridge, and Pritchard lit a cigarette. He put his head back, with the smoke escaping slowly from between his lips, and gestured up towards the light on top of the mountain.

"What a life," he said. "Those two people up there. Night after winter night alone on top of the hills, waiting for the world to arrive each morning." He took another puff of the cigarette. "They're not married, you know," he said. "Only the Swiss would think of putting two people who weren't married on top of a hill like that. He's an old man and she's a religious fanatic and they hate each other, but neither will give the other the satisfaction of taking another job."

HE chuckled as they both looked at the bright pinpoint above them. "Last year there was a blizzard and the telepherique didn't run for a week and the power lines were down and they had to stay up there for six days and nights." He stared reflectively at the faraway high light. "It will do as a symbol this year for this pretty continent," he said softly.

Suddenly Constance knew what she had to say. "Alan"—she moved squarely in front of him—"I don't want you to go."

Pritchard flicked at his cigarette. "Six days and six nights," he said. "For their hardness of heart."

"I don't want you to go."

"I've been here for a long time," he said. "I've had the best of the snow."

"I want you to marry me," Constance said.

Pritchard looked at her. She could see he was trying to smile. "That's the wonderful thing about being twenty years old," he said. "You can say things like that."

"I said I want you to marry me."

He tossed away his cigarette. It glowed on the snow. He took a step towards her and kissed her. She could taste the fumed grape of the brandy faint on his lips. He held her for a moment, then stepped back and buttoned her coat, like a nurse being careful with a little girl. "The things that can happen to a man," he said. He shook his head slowly.

"Alan," Constance said.

"I take it all back," Pritchard said. "You're not at all like the girls who advertise soap and beer."

"Please," she said. "Don't make it hard."

"What do you know about me?" He knocked the snow off the bridge railing and leaned against it, brushing the snow off his hands with a dry sound. "Haven't you ever been warned about the young men you're liable to meet in Europe?"

"Don't confuse me," she said. "Please."

"What about the chap in the leather frame?"

Constance drew a deep breath. She could feel the cold tingling in her lungs. "I don't know," she said. "He's not here."

Pritchard chuckled, but it sounded sad. "Lost," he said. "Lost by an ocean."

"It's not only the ocean," she said.

They walked in silence again, listening to the sound of their boots on the frozen path. The moon was coming up between the peaks and reflecting milky off the snow.

"You ought to know one bit of information," Pritchard said in a low voice, looking down at the long shadow of the man cast on the path ahead of him. "I've been married."

"Oh!" Constance said. She was very careful to walk in the footprints of the others who had tamped the path down before her.

"Not gravely married," Pritchard said, looking up. "We were divorced two years ago. Does that make a difference to you?"

"Your business," Constance said.

"I must visit America some day," Pritchard said, chuckling. "They're breeding a new type."

"What else?" Constance asked.

"The next thing is unattractive," Pritchard said. "I don't have a pound. I haven't worked since the war. I've been living off what was left of my mother's jewellery. There wasn't much left, and I sold the last brooch in Zurich last week. That's why I have to go back, even if there were no other reasons. You can see," he said, grinning painfully, "you've picked the prize of the letter."

"What else?" Constance asked.

"Do you still want to hear more?"

"Yes."

"I would never live in America," Pritchard said. "I'm a weary, poverty-stricken, grounded old R.A.F. type, and I'm committed to another place. Come in." He took her elbow brusquely, as though he didn't want to talk any more. "It's late. We'd better get to the hotel."

Constance hung back. "You're not telling me everything," she said.

"Isn't that enough?"

"No."

"All right," he said. "I couldn't go with you to America if I wanted to."

"Why not?"

"Because they wouldn't let me in."

"Why not?" Constance asked, puzzled.

"Because I am host to the worm," Pritchard said.

"What are you talking about?"

"Swiss for delicate," he said harshly. "They kicked D. H. Lawrence out of New Mexico and made him die along the Riviera for it. You can't blame them. They have enough diseases of their own. Now let's go back to the hotel."

"But you seem so healthy. You ski—"

"Everybody dies here in the best of health," Pritchard said. "It goes up and down with me. I almost get cured, then the next year"—he shrugged and chuckled soundlessly—"the next year I get almost uncured."

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The doctors hold their heads when they see me going up in the lift. Go home," he said. "I'm not for you. I'm oppressed. And you're not oppressed. It is the final miscegenation. Now shall we go back to the hotel?"

Constance nodded. They walked slowly. The town on the hill ahead of them was almost completely dark now, but they could hear the music of the dance band, thin and distant in the clear night air.

"I don't care," Constance said as they came to the first buildings. "I don't care about anything."

"When I was twenty —" Pritchard said. "When I was twenty I once said the same thing."

"First we'll be practical," Constance said. "You'll need money to stay here. I'll give it to you tomorrow."

"I can't take your money," "It's not mine," Constance said. "It's my father's."

"England is forever in your debt," Pritchard said. He was trying to smile. "Be careful of me."

"What do you mean?" "I am beginning to feel as though I can be consoled."

"What's wrong with that?" "It can prove to be mortal."

Pritchard whispered, taking her clumsily and bulkily in his arms, "for those of us who are inconsolable."

When they woke in the morning, they were solemn at first, and disconnectedly discussed the weather, which was revealed through the not quite closed curtains to be grey and uncertain. But then Pritchard asked, "How do you feel?" and Constance, taking her time and wrinkling her eyebrows in a deep attempt to be accurate, said, "I feel enormously grown-up."

Pritchard couldn't help roaring with laughter, and all solemnity was gone. They lay

Continuing

there comfortably discussing themselves, going over their future like misers, and Constance was worried, although not too seriously, about scandalising the hotel people, and Pritchard said that there was nothing to worry about—nothing that foreigners could do could scandalise the Swiss—and Constance felt more comfortable than ever at being in such a civilised country.

They made plans about the wedding, and Pritchard said they'd go to the French part of Switzerland to get married, because he didn't want to get married in German, and Constance said she was sorry she hadn't thought of it herself.

Then they decided to get dressed, because you could not spend the rest of your life in bed, and Constance had a sorrowful, stinging moment when she saw how thin he was, and thought, conspiratorially, eggs, milk, butter, rest. They went out of the room together, bravely determined to brazen it out, but there was no one in the corridor or on the stairway to see them, so they had the double pleasure of being candid and being unobserved at the same time, which Constance regarded as an omen of good luck.

They discovered that it was almost time for lunch, so they had some kirsch first, and then orange juice and bacon and eggs and wonderful, dark coffee in the scrubbed, wood-panelled dining-room, and in the middle of it tears came into Constance's eyes and Pritchard asked why she was crying and she said, "I'm thinking of all the breakfasts we're going to eat together." Pritchard's eyes got a little wet then, too, as he stared across the table at her, and

she said, "You must cry often, please."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because it's so un-English," she said, and they both laughed.

After breakfast Pritchard said he was going up the hill to make a few runs and asked if she wanted to go with him, but she said she felt too melodious that day to ski, and he grinned at the "melodious."

She said she was going to write some letters, and he grew thoughtful. "If I were a gentleman I'd write your father immediately and explain everything," he said.

"Don't you dare," she said, meaning it, because she knew her father would be over on the next plane if he got a letter like that.

"Don't worry," he said. "I'm not that much of a gentleman."

She watched him stride off between the snowbanks with his red cap and his skis, looking boyish and jaunty, and then went to her room and wrote a letter to Mark, saying that she had thought it over and that she was sorry but she had decided it was a mistake.

She wrote the letter calmly, without feeling anything, cosy in her warm room. She didn't mention Pritchard, because that was none of Mark's business.

Then she wrote a letter to her father and told him that she had broken off with Mark. She didn't mention Pritchard in the letter to her father, either, because she didn't want him over on the next plane, and she didn't say anything about coming home. All that could wait.

She sealed the letters, then lay down dreamily to nap, and slept without dreaming for more than an hour. She dressed for the snow and went

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to the post office to mail the letters and walked down to the skating rink to watch the children on the ice, and on her way back to the hotel she stopped at the ski shop and bought Pritchard a lightweight yellow sweater, because soon the sun would be very hot all day and the clothes of winter would be too warm.

She was in the bar, waiting unhurriedly for Pritchard, when she heard that he was dead.

Nobody had come to tell her, because there was no particular reason for anybody to come to tell her.

There was an instructor with whom Pritchard had sometimes skied talking in the bar to some Americans, and he was saying, "He was out of control and he miscalculated and he went into a tree and he was dead in five minutes. He was a jolly fine fellow" — the ski teacher had learned his English from his British pupils before the war — "but he went too fast. He did not have the technique to handle the speed."

The ski teacher did not sound as though it were routine to die on skis, but he did not sound surprised. He himself had had many of his bones broken, as had all his friends, crashing into trees and stone walls and from falls in the summer-time, when he was a guide for climbers, and he sounded as though it were inevitable, and even just, that from time to time people paid up to the mountain for faults of technique.

Constance stayed for the funeral, walking behind the black-draped sled to the churchyard and the hole in the snow and the unexpected dark color of the earth after the complete

white of the winter. No one came from England, because there was no one to come, although the ex-wife telegraphed flowers. A good many of the villagers came, but merely as friends, and some of the other skiers, who had known Pritchard casually, and as far as anyone could tell, Constance was just one of them.

At the grave the ski teacher, with the professional habit of repetition common to teachers, said, "He did not have the technique for that much speed."

Constance didn't know what to do with the sweater, and she finally gave it to the chambermaid for her husband.

Eight days later Constance was in New York. Her father was waiting for her on the pier and she waved to him and he waved back, and she could tell, even at that distance, how glad he was to see her again. They kissed when she walked off the gangplank, and he hugged her, very hard, then held her off at arm's length and stared at her delightedly, and said, "My dear, you look absolutely wonderful! See," he said, and she wished he hadn't said it, but she realised he couldn't help himself.

"See—wasn't I right? Didn't I know what I was talking about?"

"Yes, father," she said, thinking. How could I ever have been angry with him? He's not stupid or mean or selfish or uncomprehending — he is merely alone.

Holding her hand the way he used to do while they took walks together when she was a little girl, he led her into the Customs shed, to wait for her trunk to come off the ship.

This story is one of a collection of Irwin Shaw's short stories entitled "Tip on a Dead Jockey," and published by Jonathan Cape.



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the time I get back to Baronof. Won't you?"

"I suppose so. Oh, Ross!"

"I've got to go. Can you make it to the airport all right?"

"Of course."

"Fascinating ethnological fact. In the Eskimo language there's no word for goodbye."

He ran swiftly towards the waiting plane.

Letter from Czar Kennedy to Dave Husack

Dear Dave—

I am writing this long hand and mailing it to the house instead of the office, because this letter is for you and Louise both. It was mighty kind of you both to offer to take my Christine in to live at your beautiful house during her first year at the University at least, and I want to thank you for this again and tell you I won't forget it. I would have liked that fine and it would have been a wonderful thing for Christine, but Christine says she wants to live in a college dorm.

The thing is to come to the point. I have got that old Thor to let Christine come to Seattle a little early before school really starts so she can get settled and look at a place to live and get some clothes she needs and kind of get settled in and comfortable and I would like to bring her down myself about August 25. I can only stay about two days and I will be at the Olympic as usual but if Christine stays on like we plan then I would be mighty thankful to you if she could visit at your place just till we get things set up for her.

I won't beat around the bush, another reason why I want to come down I want to get a look at the Buccaneer. I know she made that trial trip in good shape and I understand she will be tied up at the Seattle docks waiting to go into dry dock for stripping for next season. I sure have to laugh when I think of those big fine brocade saloons and cabins and decks and all covered with fish. I have only seen pictures of her, she sure must have been a humdinger of a beautiful yacht in her day, well her champagne and caviare and Riviera days are over, they strip her down in dry dock, get the excess weight off her, why I bet she can carry more fish out of Alaska and into the hoppers than any twenty tenders and that's a fact. Christine would like to see her too, I bet, so

we will make a kind of party of it, my treat. Let me know if this visit I mention is inconvenient and I will make plans otherwise.

Faithfully yours,
Zebedee (Czar) Kennedy.

"They're good," Louise Husack announced at the end of what Dina termed the Style Show, "but they're dowdy."

Dowdy, Christine had never actually heard this old-fashioned term used before, and certainly never as applied to her own clothes. As she stood now in her good black nylon slip edged with sturdy black lace her face reflected a shocked disbelief. This adjective was used to describe her Baranof-bought college outfit. Instinctively, protectively, her bare arms hugged herself, a palm cupping either elbow. The narrow black line of the slip's shoulder strap accented the firm fine beauty of her arms. Her hair, as the result of having had dresses and blouses and pullovers dragged over its lavish golden mass, now tumbled in confusion that enhanced her lushness. Her face had taken on a flush unusual in that clear peach-colored skin.

Dina Drake, staring pitilessly at this girl standing before her in Louise Husack's overstuffed rose-colored bedroom, realised that here was a human structure as nearly flawless in youth, health, intelligence, beauty, and artlessness as such an example can be. She felt a sudden sharp stricture as though an unseen needle had darted a stitch through her heart.

Chris remembered now what Czar had said before she had left Baranof for Seattle. "Listen, Bridie. I want Christine to have the best. Dresses and coats and so on. None of this parka and mukluk stuff. That's fine for Alaska, but Seattle is different."

Now standing before her two Seattle inquisitors, Chris flung her arms out in a gesture of explanation and protest, mingled. "But Bridie and I bought them just before I came here, we get the new autumn styles early in Baranof."

The brocade rose-colored bed, the satin chairs, the handsome inlaid fruitwood tables were tumble with dresses, sweaters, blouses. No hats.

Dina looked at the girl's hair. Her eyes narrowed, she smiled amusedly, though her tone was kind. "Poor kid,

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you'll have to chop that stuff off, to begin with."

"Chop what?"

"That floor mop. Honestly, child, I haven't seen anything like that since they stopped reading me 'Goldilocks' or whatever her name was, and the 'Three Bears.'"

Louise Husack, who had been examining a pink silk party dress (Chris' absolute best) that lay in her lap, turning it inside out to inspect the seams and shaking her head over the crude finish, now looked up at Christine as though actually seeing her for the first time and then, slowly, her gaze turned towards Dina and that gaze, too, had in it a quality of new vision.

"Why, Christine's hair is lovely. Just lovely." She spoke deliberately. "Don't you let anybody cut it, Christine. It's the kind of hair you don't see now, it's the kind of lovely long hair a man would like to choke himself with winding it around his neck — if he had the chance."

DINA stood up. She pulled herself up very high from the waist. She adjusted her waistline and stretched her neck from side to side as though bored and finished with it all.

"Let me know if I can help. Most of the good shops and the department heads and so on know me. I get a professional discount, you know. From when I was in pictures and"—one of those little models with the patent-leather hat-box. She turned away with a small properly stifled yawn, then turned back to face the girl. "But if you're going to buy some things that aren't tacky you'll have to take off some of that fat, first."

"Fat! I wear size twelve!"

"I'm an eight."

There came a discreet knock at the closed door. "It's the coffee," said Louise Husack. "Come in! I sure need it."

Christine Storm covered her face with her two hands in what was to her an unprecedented feeling of inferiority.

"What's going on here! The trial of Joan of Arc?" Bayard Husack leaned against the doorway. Dina walked towards him, she just placed her fingers against his cheek, gently, as a wife might greet a husband home from a day at the office. "What timing, Bay!"

Louise Husack was scandalised. "Bayard Husack, get right out of here!"

"Why?"

"Because Chris is trying on clothes, that's why."

Christine did not cringe or wrap herself in her arms on being viewed by male eyes while wearing a black nylon lace-trimmed slip. She was cross and upset. "Hi, Bay," she said, spiritlessly.

Bay remained negligently leaning against the doorway. Dina now put a hand on his shoulder and, just as negligently, leaned against him.

A dull unbecoming flush now suffused Louise Husack's cheeks. "Barging into my bedroom and staring at a young girl!"

"Ladies," Bayard Husack said, "pardon my mom. The truth is, Christine—or should I say Miss Storm—I'll take that up later — anyway, the truth is that girls in slips and girls in those strapless evening jobs and even girls in bikinis simply don't attract me. But just let me see a girl who's wrapped up from head to foot like a laundry bundle! That brings out the beast in me."

From the pile of garments on the bed Christine now dug out a bulky navy-blue chain-knit sweater with a turtle-neck collar. This she pulled over her head, thrust her arms into the thick sleeves, and jerked its folds well down over her hips.

"I brought three parkas with me from Alaska," she announced.

"Looks to me as if one would do it."

Dina gave a definitely bad performance of an indulgent laugh.

"Don't pay any attention to him, Chris. He's just a sheep in wolf's clothing."

"And don't think," Bay added, genially, "that when Lucrezia died the whole Borgia line passed out."

Dina turned her head, already so near his own, their faces were now an inch or two apart. "You're getting to be as catty as a woman."

He reached up and gently took her hand from his shoulder.

"What's going on here!" demanded a bewildered Louise.

"Here's your coffee, Mom," Bay said. The maid bumped her inept way into the room. "Here, I'll take that."

He looked about him at the burdened tables, Chris cleared a low stand and dragged it with some effort to the side of Louise's chair. "My!" Chris said, red-faced and surprised.

Bay set the tray down. "Teakwood. Good girl! Weighs a ton."

"Who wants coffee?" But even as she asked, Louise Husack poured herself a cup and drank half the steaming beverage without the ceremony of cream or sugar or hostess.

Chris had learned something of the ways of the elderly in her almost twenty years of life. "Would you like me to pour it? Would you like a cup, Dina?"

"No, but I'd like a drink. I'll stop on my way downstairs. I'm late. Coming down, Bay?"

"Nope."

Dina had turned to leave. Now she stood a moment, arrested in the doorway. Louise Husack picked up a sandwich, she opened one of its thin flaps and peered in, cautiously.

Then, with a smile of purest anticipatory pleasure she took a large semicircular oozing bite. "Coffee, Chris dear? Try one of these." Thickly.

"No, thanks, but I'd love an orange juice. I'm thirsty after all those clothes."

"It's an act," Dina Drake said, cryptically. She was off down the stairway.

"Orange juice." Bay Husack repeated it, paternally, almost fondly. "Come on, kid. I'll get it for you."

Louise called after them, "Remember you've got to be dressed and ready by six, your Grandpa and Mr. Husack are meeting us at the dock, and then dinner at the Olympic. You coming down with us just this once, Bayard?"

"Why not?"

Christine picked up an armload of the rejected dresses. "I'd better not bother about the drink, thank you."

"Here, give me those. You pick up another load. What is all this stuff, anyway?"

"They're my clothes—they were my clothes—for the winter. And now they're tacky."

He looked at her over the pile of garments. "As far as I'm concerned you're wearing a parka this minute."

Laden, they staggered down the hall to her bedroom.

"Where do you want these?" "Just throw them on the bed."

"She's all right, great friend of the family and kind of social secretary for both Mom and Dad. But you're not taking her seriously, are you?"

"I was, just for a minute there. Not now. She's a real old-fashioned girl, the kind I used to read about in the novels in Grampa Czar's bookcase. She ought to have a rose in her teeth and a knife in her garter."

He dumped the dresses on the bed. "Say!"

"She's going to marry you, isn't she?"

"Look, infant, you're supposed to answer the questions, not ask them."

"I've asked questions all my life. I was brought up that way."

"Get into one of the tacky dresses and drive down to the dock with me, how about it?"

"I'm going down with Aunt Louise—she told me to call her Aunt Louise—and the others, whoever you are."

"More fun with me."

"Look, I'm here in Seattle to go to school, I'm just here as your guest for two weeks—and mighty nice of you as Grampa Czar says—but please don't get me mixed up, would you, please?"

"Do you always talk like this?"

"Like what?"

"Like a kind of verbal prize fighter. Do the Alaska boys like it?"

"They love it. Ask anybody."

NOW he was leaning against her doorway as he had in his mother's room. Chris was hanging the despised garments neatly in her closet, jabbing the clothes hangers into the sleeves with more force than was necessary.

"Why don't you stay on here at the house. Heaps of room. Mom and Dad would love it."

"I'm dying to try living alone."

"Sounds ideal as preparation for married life."

"I've always lived with Grampa Thor or Grampa Czar. They've been wonderful to me. But living alone must be dreamy. Uh, thanks for lug-ging the dresses in here."

He stood a moment longer in the doorway, he took a handful of keys from a pocket and jingled them in his palm and thrust them back. "We'll be leaving about quarter of six. The boat's going to be slimy and the Olympic dining-room dressy, so that poses a nice question for you. Maybe one of your medium tacky numbers." He turned away. "See you." He closed the door behind him.

On the drive down to the docks she found herself seated beside him. This rather surprised her. She had meant to be with Mrs. Husack in the back seat. Now Dina was

there. Dina had demurred, certainly, though sotto voce, and Bay had said with what Chris considered very bad manners, "Stop wrestling and do as I say or we'll be late. I hate being late."

There was silence in the car as they sped down the twisting hill road. She felt vaguely uncomfortable, but her desire for information always had been stronger than her caution.

"The Buccaneer—tell me a little about her, will you? I know she was a beautiful yacht—one of the biggest in the world. Grampa Czar says they're going to gut her and use her for a fish carrier."

"That's it. She was the finest privately owned ship in the world, in her day. Nobody wants a ship like that these days. It costs millions to build. She's been lying around useless for years."

"Do you think we can go for a little ride on her tonight, before dinner?" Chris asked. "I'd love it."

"No you wouldn't. Wait till you see her. They took her out on a trial trip for capacity, before they started to strip her. She's a real mess now."

"I don't see how they could do it."

"Oh, it's simple. Knock down partitions, all that fancy woodwork, the saloon and bedrooms were lined with satin brocade—"

"I don't mean that. I mean I don't see how anyone who cares about ships—I mean a ship that was the most beautiful yacht in the world—"

"Fish companies aren't quite that sentimental."

The ship lay at the dock—the once bustling colorful docks over which the glinting aeroplanes now flew so tauntingly, so derisively, with their roar or screech or piercing whistle. Those docks had known ships from India, from China, from Japan, from exotic islands and tropical seas, but Seattle was no longer host to these strange craft.

The Buccaneer lay at the docks. Neglected and idle for years, scabrous now and dirt-dimmed, deposited and degraded, the bone structure and the lines were still there, the breeding and distinction persisted.

The four occupants of the Husack car—Louise Husack, Bayard, Dina, Christine—had a glimpse of the ship from the hilltop. As they drove down to the docks and into the Company pier itself two rubber-booted figures came towards them down the gangway. Czar Kennedy and Dave Husack, grinning, jubilant, waved a greeting and called out to them before the others had descended from the car.

"You'll have to wear boots," Dave yelled. His color, always roseate, had the purplish tinge of excitement. Jumbled in his arms were miscellaneous articles of foot-gear. "Here. We scrounged some boots and stuff, it's pretty mucky."

Dina looked with disdain at the clumsy dirty boots. "I wear fours. And I'd rather ruin my pumps than get into those horrors."

Chris stuck out her foot. "Six and a half."

Cradled in one arm Czar Kennedy carried a dark-green gold-topped bottle. He held it up now. "Champagne. Domestic, but champagne all right. We'll have the real stuff at dinner, to celebrate, but you're going to break this over the bow, Christine, for luck."

Something in Christine was outraged at this. "You only do that when the boat is young and—and beautiful!"

"She's better than young," Czar said. "She's old and rich, she rates a bottle of champagne, she's worth her weight in gold—or silver salmon, anyway."

"Come on, folks," bellowed

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Continuing . . . Hey Ho The Maypole!

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As the car flashed past the group by the urns she managed a hurried wave, and saw Robin's jaw drop in disbelief.

"My clothes!" Delphie said in a choked voice. "They're up at the Manor."

"No doubt." George's tone was freezing. "They can stay there until our solicitor gets in touch with this Melrose." So he had been making inquiries.

A policeman flagged them at the end of the village street, and George halted unwillingly. "Well? What is it?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but I'll have to charge you with making off with parish council property unless you let the young lady go. That dress she's got on belongs to the village."

"For pity's sake!" said George furiously. "We'll send it back—registered, express, anything you like."

"Can't allow that, sir," said the policeman stolidly. Delphie thought there was a flicker of sympathy for her in his eye.

"You'll have to take it off, then," George said to her coldly. "Mother will lend you her coat."

"I shall do no such thing—" Delphie was beginning, when Robin and a weather-beaten

man swept up alongside on a motor-cycle combination.

"What do you mean by kidnapping our May Queen?" Robin began mildly, but there was a dangerous glint in his eye.

"You're the chap, are you?" George's tone was ugly. "How about lifting my cousin's library off her without paying her a penny? I'm going to get you for this."

"Hardly, I think," said Robin cheerfully. "Our friend here is from the East Kent News, by the way. Miss Banning has in her possession a receipt for a collection of books, including several first editions, worth at least five hundred pounds, which I am storing for her temporarily. I've already arranged to have them insured. I understand you had a friend who was offering her ten pounds for the lot? Very convenient."

George's defiance suddenly collapsed completely. "How was I supposed to know about that?" he said, giving his mother an angry glance. The man from the East Kent News was scribbling happily in his

notebook. Delphie seized the opportunity to wriggle out of George's car.

"I'll come back with you and change if I may. I don't think I shall have any more trouble from my cousin," she said to Robin. And indeed, George and his mother seemed only too anxious to be off.

Robin and Delphie strolled back along the village street hand-in-hand in the dusk. The strains of Hey Ho the Maypole filled the air, and people were beginning to dance on the grass.

"Have you paid performing rights for that tune?" Delphie asked idly.

"Don't need to. I wrote it myself. Now, you must be famished, so why don't you come up to the house and change, and get a bite to eat. When we left I stuck a casserole in the oven."

Delphie burst out laughing. "Robin! Do you cook, too? Is there anything you don't do well?"

"Well," he said, "there's one thing I haven't tried yet."

Standing still, he turned her face up to his, and it turned out that he did that well, too.

(Copyright)

Dave. "We'll take a look around and then over to the Olympic, I'm so hungry. But first you're going to bust this bottle over the bow, Christine."

Clumping along in the clumsy misfitting boots Christine protested mildly. "I don't know how. I wish somebody else—"

"Don't look at me. Thanks." Dina linked an arm through Bay's.

He extricated his arm, apparently to remove a handkerchief from his pocket. "Here, we'll have to wrap a couple of handkerchiefs or something around the bottle and tie them. Somebody give me another. Dad?" Dave snatched a fine linen square from his pocket. For a moment the fishy dock smell was lost in a wave of spicy eau-de-Cologne. "I don't want any broken glass making hamburgers of Christine."

The little party stood now looking up at the scrofulous bow of the old ship. Gingerly, Chris took the bottle in one gloved hand.

The others were grouped around her. As she swung towards them they instinctively drew back a little. She swung her arm forward then, the loosely knotted handkerchiefs fluttered to the ground, the big bottle slipped in her gloved hand and fell with a smart smack into the waters of the bay below.

"That's bad luck!" Dave Husack shouted.

Czar's voice. "Easy now, Dave. Easy."

Chris closed her eyes a moment, opened them wide and wet. "I'm so sorry." She set her jaw a little, she looked at Dina. "I'm sure you could have done it beautifully."

"Forget it, Christine," Czar said, shortly. "Good thing it was only domestic, at that."

Louise Husack seemed relieved to the point of happiness. "I'm glad it's over, it was a silly notion anyway. I'm getting cold in this damp place, if we're going over the boats let's go and get through with it and have dinner."

Christine stood a moment staring down into the water.

An arm, friendly and protective, brushed across her shoulders. She looked around at Bay. "You did that purposely."

"I did not!"

"I don't mean you did it purposely on purpose. I mean you wanted to do it and you couldn't help it. It was done when Czar first gave you the bottle."

"Oh." Did he think she was a little idiot who knew nothing about Freud and Jung and everything after two years at Baranof College? "Oh, that. Psychologically . . . Yes, I suppose so."

"You get cuter by the minute."

"Oh, do shut up." Suddenly she felt older and wiser than he—than anyone in the group now plodding up the gangway.

"Is that the way you talk to the Baranof boys?"

"I'm not in Baranof."

"But you wish you were."

She glanced quickly around, they were at the foot of the gangway, the others were ahead of them, Dina turned to wait for them, studiously.

"No, I don't. I thought I would. I did, for a little while. But now I don't."

Czar turned at the ship's rail, he made a gesture of urging to the two loiterers. "Come on, come on, Chris!"

"Can we go for a ride?" Christine asked as she stepped on deck.

They laughed tolerantly at this. Dave Husack thrust one great paw forward and pinched her cheek. "Listen to the kid! The Buccaneer's going out at eight o'clock, headed for dry dock, but we're not going out on her. We'll be eating a good thick steak at the Olympic, I hope." He stuck his head in at the door of the great saloon. "Heh, boys, I brought you company. Ladies."

The wreckers were working overtime. They hacked with hammers and crowbars and drills and acetylene torches and they had almost finished stripping this once magnificent room down to its aged bones. It had been gutted. The saloon and smoking-room and cabin partitions had been torn

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away to make room for the millions of fish that would bring millions of dollars to the Husacks and the Caswells and the Kennedys and the Kleets and the men at the directors' tables in Washington and New York and San Francisco. Already the white enamel, the teakwood, the mahogany, the satin and brocade hangings, the deep-pile carpets were unimaginable. The rooms reeked of the fish that had piled up on that first mildly successful trial trip. The men in hip boots slid and slipped on the slime of the floor.

NOW and then the ship seemed to quiver as with a chill. "It's the blowtorches," Bay exclaimed as his mother looked around, nervously. "I don't think they ought to use them until they're in dry dock."

Dave Husack corrected this with a hoot of derision and triumph mingled. "No it isn't, dopy boy. This machinery in this little skiff was built like a watch, like one of those fine Swiss watches. That's why it cost the old boy about a million a minute to run her. Well, our fish ain't so delicate. We yanked out the delicate works first thing and we put in some good serviceable secondhand junk that will make the old tub go."

His heavy hand descended now on Czar's hunched shoulder, he did not notice the little flame of dislike that flicked out at him from Czar's deep-set eyes.

"Give in, Czar?" He was at his most jovial. "I been telling you all along, and the other boys have, too, there's no sense in carrying a spoonful at a time in little tubs when an old pro like this can load ten times as much. She'll pay for herself in two three trips, like I said."

Dina's skirts were lifted high above the slime of the decks, she had picked her way so fastidiously from place to

place that her pretty black pumps were spotless, her lovely silken legs unblemished.

"Uncle Dave, you're just a wizard." She placed one hand on his shoulder as though to balance herself.

Czar's cold voice, "You familiar with the cannery business, Miss—uh—?"

Dave's laugh boomed out somewhat hollow in tone. "Say, she ought to be by now, she's handled enough correspondence and heard enough gab about it."

Louise Husack sometimes surprised you. "Enough's enough. I'll take my salmon at the Olympic with a nice martini cocktail on the side."

Bay grinned, he tucked her hand under his arm. "That's telling 'em, kid." He steered her towards the gangway, he threw a glance over his shoulder at the others. "Come on, you young fry."

"Right!" Dave bellowed. "Anyway, they're pushing off for Spruce in another hour, we'll find ourselves in the middle of Elliott Bay if we don't watch it."

The head waiter at the entrance to the handsome main-floor dining-room was a name dropper. Good evening, Mr. Husack. We have your table, Mr. Husack. This way, Mr. Husack. There were red roses in a bowl on Mr. Husack's table, two dark green bottles, wire-capped, stuck their necks just above the wine bucket's bed of ice. A round table laid for six. Pink-shaded lights. Though its circular shape did not provide for a head or foot, Dave Husack gave the effect of being at the head of the table. Louise at his right, Christine at his left, Bay, Dina, Czar, in a neat ring.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

"If there's one thing I like," Dave boomed, "it's a great big steak that thick. How about it, Emil? Say, take away those roses, will you, boy? They always give me hay fever."

Two deep lines extending from nostrils to chin seemed carved in the grey-white of Czar Kennedy's face. His eyes were flat, grey, expressionless as oysters. He lifted one forefinger, he stared at Emil the head waiter. Czar did not raise his voice.

"You. Come here." The man skirted the table, he stood at Czar's side. "Kennedy," he said, "is my name. I am giving this dinner. I ordered it this morning."

"Yes, Mr. Kennedy. Certainly, Mr. Kennedy, I wasn't here at the time, but when I saw Mr. Husack—"

"Listen to me, Mrs. Husack, I have taken the liberty of ordering the dinner, I find scattered ordering unsatisfactory, but if there is anything you do not approve, it can and will be changed. I have ordered imported caviare, black—and I don't mean salmon roe . . . martinis or vodka, though I'm taking bourbon and so can anyone else . . . Three-inch steaks, so there'll be plenty even for you, Dave, rare, medium, or well done. Those baked potatoes the way they do 'em here, mixed up with chives and little bits of bacon and brown on top. Mushrooms and peas. A big salad with Roquefort dressing. And for dessert of course—he looked around the table, he suddenly turned on them his winning smile like a light flashed on a dark room—"a baked Alaska."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Kennedy," Emil agreed, smoothly.

Well, Chris thought, that's telling 'em, Grampa Czar.

Czar looked at the girl, he spoke casually. "When our drinks arrive we'll have a toast—"

"—to the Buccaneer!" Dave finished for him.

Smoothly Czar continued as though Dave had not spoken "—to our most gracious friend, Louise Husack. And after that I'll be glad if perhaps you, Bay, will propose a toast to our little student here."

A moment of somewhat eerie silence fell upon the table.

"I love a man who can order a delicious dinner," Dina said. Czar, seated at her left, did not turn his head. He seemed to be carefully considering—and rejecting—certain replies to this, none of which were flattering.

Emil put a tentative hand on the rose bowl, with an inquiring glance at Czar. Czar nodded, wordlessly. "Too bad," Louise Husack said, with a somewhat poisonous glance at her husband. "I bet you don't see roses like that up in Alaska."

Christine's low charming voice seemed to clear the air of embarrassment. "Not like those, Aunt Louise. Such dear little things. That's the trouble with all our Alaska flowers, I suppose, except the tiny ones that grow on the tundra. The cabbages are as big as bushel baskets, the strawberries are three inches across, and the delphinium grows nine feet high."

Bay said, "I hope the Husack family knows when it's licked."

The cocktails, the caviare, the steak, the champagne—an hour—two hours had gone by. The company was relaxed now, and without rancor. The orchestra that had been playing what is known as dinner music now broke its tempo into fragments suited to dancing. Bay now asked Chris to dance. This rather surprised her, she rose with alacrity, whisked to the tiny dance floor, his arm came round her. She said, "I've been simply dying to dance, I haven't had a—"

Bay said, "Sh-sh-sh-sh." They danced the remainder of the number in silence and returned to the table.

Now the vast dessert arrived, a ceremony, almost a ritual, with three waiters and Emil as acolytes and priest. Baked Alaska, golden, mountainous, at once hot and cold in some miraculous way.

"This is Alaska, all right," Czar said as his fork went into the rich confection. "Layer of cold and layer of hot. Cold

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and sweet, hot and sweet. Ice-cream and cake. People Outside think it's all cold. Well, let 'em. We know better, don't we, Dave!"

But before Dave could agree to this with more than a preliminary chuckle, a boy in hotel uniform crossed the great room and stopped beside Dave's chair.

"Telephone for you, Mr. Husack."

"How's that? Oh. Take the number."

"They said very important, it says." He glanced down at the slip of paper in his hand.

"Oh, now, David!" Louise Husack turned protective. "You finish your dinner and tell them to call the house later."

"Go away, boy."

Czar Kennedy viewed this power performance with detachment. Smoothly, he picked up the table talk as though the bellboy had not interrupted. "My little Christine isn't used to champagne."

Surprisingly, Dave was receptive to this. "Me neither. Filthy stuff. It never did agree with me. Stick to whisky. Champagne is for chorus girls."

"Chorus girls of your day, Dad. They don't go for stuff like that now. They're like you, they stick to scotch."

"My son's quite a stage-door Johnny."

"What's a stage-door Johnny?" Chris asked.

A laugh went round the table in which Chris found herself joining ruefully. "Did I say something?" But even after it was explained she seemed puzzled. "Just goes to show how far away Alaska really is," Dave said. "Far away and out of step."

The bellboy was at Dave's elbow again and this time he was fortified by Emil. "There are two or three gentlemen—that is, men from the newspapers—out there to see you, Mr. Husack."

"Do you want me to go for you, Dad?"

"Nah."

Dina pushed her chair back. "Let me, Uncle Dave. It's probably Washington. They said tomorrow."

"I'll go, I'll go."

"A liqueur, anybody?" Czar inquired, grandly. "How about a nice cream de mint, Louise?"

She laughed plumply. "Now, Czar, I guess you think you're with one of those chorus girls."

Dina was glancing towards the great doorway. She turned back now to the table. "I think I'll just have a brandy, Mr. Kennedy."

"Brandy, eh? Anybody else want to keep Miss—uh—company?"

"I'll try one, Grampa Czar."

"No you won't, my girl. You've never tasted brandy."

"Grampa Thor would say this is a good time to try it, then."

The little white flame leaped from his eyes. "Thor has had his day. This is mine."

"I'm sorry, Grampa. I didn't think you'd be cross about it. You asked."

But now Dave Husack came swiftly towards the table and behind him like a comet's tail, Emil. Dave's hand on the chair back was shaking, his face was dangerously purple, his eyes stood out from their sockets.

"You keep those reporters out of this room or I'll sue the hotel, hear me . . .!" He sank into the chair.

"David! David! What's happened!"

He glared at them. "She's gone. The ship is gone."

"Gone where, David?"

"The Buccaneer. She sank just like that, Sank."

Czar leaned across the table, his face was halfway across it, he pushed aside the pink-shaded lamp with a gesture that rocked it. "Collision?"

"Here," Dina said. She thrust towards Dave the brandy that the waiter had just placed discreetly at her place.

Dave pushed the glass bubble aside, it overturned and rolled

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a bit, the amber liquid spread on the cloth. "She just went down, I'm telling you. No reason. Daylight. August. Nothing in sight. They say she gave a heave, like, and shivered once, and went down. They saved two men, maybe three. She's gone, absolutely gone. Listen to this."

He unfolded a crumpled wad of newspaper in his hand. "They been trying to get me. The paper. Listen to this."

"David Husack!"

" . . . She moved out into Elliott Bay, the last rays of the setting sun revealed cruelly every line and bruise and wrinkle and flabby peeling skin of this degraded old hag, once so beautiful, so magnificent, so queenly. Then, quietly, smoothly, calmly, like the great lady she was, she staggered once, righted herself, fell forward like a Victorian grande dame in a faint, and slipped into the watery depths with a softly hissing sigh of relief. Or was it scorn?"

HE looked up now. The table was silent.

"Millions," Czar said quietly. "She was going to bring in millions. . . . Let's be sensible. It was the machinery. Built like a Swiss watch. That's what you said. And you put in cheap junk engines. You try putting a hunk of iron in a Swiss watch. . . . Those men'll sue. And the dead ones' wives."

"Let's go home, David. Let's go home."

Husack's bloodshot protuberant eyes found Christine's shocked face and rested there. "Bad luck. I told you it would be. When that bottle slipped out of your silly hand. Bad luck."

Meeting Thor Storm on Gold Street, or dropping in at the "Northern Light" office with a bit of news, or to insert an ad, his Baranof townsmen would say, "What's the news of Chris? She's given us old sourdoughs the go-by for good? I hear she's going to marry Dave Husack's son."

"Christine hasn't written me about that. Nor Bridie. She writes each of us a long letter twice a month. You know Christine. She makes up her own mind what she wants to do, and she usually does it."

"Yeh, well, pretty girl like that, all the money in the world—or will have when Czar kicks off—she'd be a fool to stay here in this icehouse the rest of her life."

From its days of almost utter isolation, Baranof—and all Alaska—had retained its love of gossip. It was not so much gossip, perhaps, as its love of local news, its pioneer curiosity in the small private details of its neighbors' lives.

"Drove past your place the other day. Thor. See you're making some improvements in your cabin. You fixing to get married, now Chris is off your hands?"

"Oh, sure, sure. I figure it's about time for a young fellow like me to settle down."

The town was curious about it. Chris had been away well over a year and in all that time she had not once returned to Baranof. At the end of her first year at Washington University she had gone to Europe for three months with a guided student group.

"That old shack of yours must be about the oldest house in Baranof, they tell me. How old is it, anyway?"

"Only about fifty years. That isn't old, really. Of course Baranof itself isn't much older than that. But in this country—uh—I mean to say, fifty years isn't old for a good sound building."

He was deft and clever with his hands and he went to work

on his log cabin, situated there so near the water with a pleasant bit of land around it. He left the exterior weather-blackened logs much as they had been in actual appearance, though he treated them with a preservative. He added a bedroom, a bathroom, and a kitchen. He installed a furnace. The little bathroom was tiled and it shone with stainless metal. The kitchen was fitted with modern appliances. One small space that had been his sleeping room and living quarters—little more than a shed, really, at the rear—he kept as it was, untouched. Except for his battered and dated typewriter the room might have been—was, in fact—exactly as he had occupied it, the young blond earnest giant of half a century ago.

But the main room—that was a different matter altogether. For this he had removed a partition and turned two rooms into one. He scraped and sandpapered and rubbed and waxed the old blackened interior logs until they shone with a mellow golden glow, walls and rafters.

"Taffy," Addie Barnett said, "what in the world did you put into that waxing formula. Thor? Molasses and melted gold and a few strands of Chris' hair? It's like—like—it's almost apricot, like."

"Like Chris," Ross Guildenstern said. He sometimes came in and helped Thor with certain mechanical jobs.

Ott Decker, too, got into the way of dropping by, ostensibly to see what progress Thor was making, and to admire his handiwork. Usually he took off his coat and fell to work. Thor was, in fact, rather embarrassed by the number of Baranof young men who seemed suddenly to take an interest in his handiwork.

"Chris coming back?" they asked, casually, as they drove home a nail, painted a bedroom wainscoting. "You're fixing this up for her, aren't you?"

"No sign of her coming back," Thor replied. "I'm planning to live here myself until somebody else moves in. Live here as I always have, in that one room there at the back. I'll move out altogether if—when—someone else takes over."

"You will! That'll seem funny. Where?"

"There's a one-room cabin down by the water. I bought it a couple of years ago."

Paul Barnett said, one evening when the late-summer daylight still lingered in the midnight sky, "Furniture. Addie and I wondered where the furniture was coming from to go with all this Devonshire cream."

"Blue, don't you think?" Addie suggested. "The couch and cushions blue, or maybe a pair of chairs. Blue against all this golden wood. Heavenly! And Chris being so blond."

Surprisingly, Paul Barnett disputed this. Usually he was too wise to battle the ironclad Addie. "She isn't a blonde at all. She's tawny, like a leopard, like a lioness."

"Like an apricot," Ross Guildenstern said again. He was down on the floor tinkering with an electrical outlet. "Blue is too washy for Chris."

Thor was installing bookshelves on either side of the fireplace. He spoke, now, over his shoulder, quietly. "Christine is in Seattle, and likely to stay there. So don't fight about whether she's flora or fauna. I'm the one who's living in this log house."

Czar, learning of these changes, came by to see for himself, driving at his accustomed twenty-five miles an



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hour. He passed, staring, turned and came by again. The seaman's keen blue eyes had seen him. Thor came to the door.

"Come in, old pardner, come in!"

"I hear you're fixing to be married," Czar called.

Chattily, Thor leaned against the doorjamb. "That's interesting. Anyone we know?"

"Might be." With apparent reluctance he left the car and walked leisurely up the path.

"Could be. Bridie, say. She always was struck on you."

"I thought it was you, according to the old story."

"Must be fixing it up for some woman. Look at it! Who're you fooling? Not me. I'm smarter than you are, always was." His face was angry.

"You're fixing this place up for somebody besides yourself."

Thor went on with his polishing, methodically, lightly, the wood shone like pulled taffy.

"To tell you the truth, Czar, I may do some travelling, later, Outside. Outside the Territory."

"Uh-huh. You going to pay a visit to those royal relatives you spun that tale about! Up there in Norway, in the Swen-sky country? Valhalla, you used to call it. Valhalla. Old Thor, the god from Valhalla."

"I might at that. Valhalla. That's just about the idea, Czar. You've just about hit it."

Czar's fine grey eyes were almost wide. The color drained from the cheeks, leaving them clay.

"Listen to me, old crack-pot! You're fixing up this place for Christine. You think she'll come back here to live."

Well, stop kidding yourself. She isn't coming back. Not yet, anyway. She's marrying Bay Husack and she may come back to Alaska at that, for a spell, but she'll be the wife of the Governor of Alaska. And then the Senator from the State of Washington. And then the First Lady of the Land. The wife of the President of the United States maybe twenty years from now, maybe even less. So you can stop rubbing that old kindling wood and making out like you're fixing up this shack for rental."

Thor straightened his big frame, he glanced meditatively out of the window to the water beyond. "Little Christine in the White House. First Lady. She'd be refreshing, but she wouldn't fall in with the ideas of your crowd."

Czar turned to leave. "Gabble on, gabble on. Half the time I don't know what you're talking about and I don't think you do, either."

"Could be. Could be, Czar. But it's cheap at the price. Outside I'd have to pay a psychoanalyst fifty dollars an hour to sit and listen to me gabble. I don't pay you a cent. Franks, pardner. And when I gabble to myself it comes even cheaper. In fact, I gain by it, if the truth were known."

Christine Storm was the Fashion. No matter what she said now, they laughed uproariously, admiringly. "Did you hear Chris Storm's crack?"

Certainly Christine had not meant this to be. In the beginning she had merely been

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honest. She had had no intention of startling them with her replies to questions. A strange new world. Only a few hours' plane distance from Baranof, this city of Seattle, this city of New York, this city of San Francisco, Paris, London, Rome. But a world lay between. And especially, in the beginning, Seattle.

At a dinner party, or a dance, or in a college group:

"Baranof? Where's that? Russia?"

At first Chris would wait a moment before replying because she found herself possessed by an emotion rare in her. Anger. Behind her teeth the little silent voice cautioned her to remember what Thor had said. "Just be honest and polite, the way you are here at home. If they ask questions, answer them. Remember, they don't really know you there as everybody knows you here from the day you were born—and before."

So she waited a moment before answering.

What language do they speak in Alaska?

Do they live in igloos?

They eat raw fish and guts and whale blubber—that right?

They get sewed up in bearskins for nine months in the winter, don't they?

Mostly Eskimos up there, aren't they?

How did you happen to live up there, Chris? Your father Army?

Born there! Look, Chris was born up there, she says.

It was at that time, the beginning of her Seattle experience, that she had got into the habit of giving them what Bay Husack called the old caribou routine. I was born in a caribou in a blizzard up in the Wood River country. Her hearers' faces would register incredulity.

"Quit kidding. I'd like to go to Alaska some time, all those Eskimos and stuff. I really would."

"I'm Eskimo."

"Yeah, and I'm an Arab chieftain."

"My grandmother on my father's side was one quarter Eskimo. So my father was one-eighth Eskimo. That makes me one sixteenth, if I'm any good at arithmetic—which I'm not. And of course I only eat raw fish and seal oil and muktuk. I'm sewed in for the winter, too, as you see."

She might be wearing, at the time, a strapless, white faille dance dress in which she looked so appetizing that her male interrogator had to caution himself not to take a bite.

"Look, Chris, let's start again from the beginning. Baranof, you said. If it isn't Russia where is it?"

"It's a town in the Territory of Alaska, and Alaska is part of the United States, though it isn't a State. Not yet. By the way, what language do you speak here in Seattle?"

"What do you mean—what language! English, of course."

"Oh. Well, we speak it better in Alaska, if my ear is correct."

But she had a splendid time, for the most part. Certain things shocked her unpleasantly; most things stimulated her pleasantly. The standards of many of the young men and women of her own age startled her. She was genuinely horrified at the mild amusement and even disrespect with which her generation Outside regarded old people. They sneered openly or they were tolerant with an obvious patience which was more galling than uncontrolled impatience.

Bay Husack, for example, who was almost ten years her

senior. His attitude towards Louise Husack was that of an adult towards a not very bright little girl. Towards his father and his father's associates he displayed a quizzical contempt. Chris, sensing this, criticised it by saying to him, "In Alaska the old pioneers are respected. They're considered valuable citizens. The three most important and beautiful people in Alaska are over seventy."

"You're like Queen Victoria, brought up by a bunch of greybeards. So far as I can figure it these two grandfathers of yours you're always quoting and this Juliet's Nurse—Bridie or Bridget or whatever it is—anyway, you're all in love with one another, and each of you is in love with Alaska. I never saw such a bunch of Oedipus wrecks. You're out of stir now, you're living alone, doesn't that put ideas into your head?"

"There are about fifty other girls living in my building. Why don't you try ringing doorbells?"

"They don't go around telling everybody about the toothsome sourdough pancakes they make for breakfast, but I'll come."

"Do. And bring your fiancée, Miss Drake."

"She isn't my fiancée."

"She told me she was."

"That's odd. I thought you were."

"You talk like Louis the Sixteenth."

"You're going to be an old maid if you're not careful—you and your frozen north ways. Don't say Uncle Bay didn't warn you."

"Bitter boy, you hate the world."

"Maybe I do."

"But why? It's wonderful!"

"You tell me about it some time."

"I can tell you now."

"All right. Let's sit down here, real cosy, and I'll put an arm around you, and you talk and I'll listen."

"You're afraid to listen. You're afraid to talk."

"I know it. But I'll listen to you. There now. Isn't that comfortable? Now talk. Or don't talk. It's soothing just sitting here like this. Maybe soothing isn't the word, exactly."

She had been asked to dinner at the Husacks'. She often came to dinner at the Husacks'. Just the family, Louise Husack said. You're like one of the family, Christine dear. I wish you'd come to dinner every night. We all love having you—Bay and all of us."

Not Miss Dina Drake, Chris thought. Any dinner now I expect to find arsenic in my soup. I must write Bridie about her.

Bridie had written in reply. " . . . That girl had clear sailing with him till you came along. Like they say, if you can't fight her join her. She won't know what you're up to."

Oh, won't she though! Chris thought. You don't know Dina, Bridie dear. Besides, I'm not up to anything. I just don't like to be patronised.

Suddenly now, as she sat with Bay in the dim handsome Husack library, so rich in shelves and shelves of lovely leather whose contents no one read, she suddenly felt relaxed and at ease with this rather frightening young man. His arm was about her, her hand was in his. It was surprising.

"For the first time in all these months I feel comfortable and cosy with you, Bay."

"Women always have to talk about their emotions. All right. You feel that way because you think you're going to say something that will help me. Women

love that. Gives them a warm glow."

"You're an upset person. You came home from the War, upset. And angry at a stupid horror and you decided to stay that way. That was ten or eleven years ago. I know lots of men in Baranof who are like that."

"You been around a lot, Miss—uh—?"

"And you don't like your father, lots of people don't like their fathers. And you're bored with his business. If you cared more about people—I mean if you knew what's going on. Here in Seattle you're all so old-fashioned!"

"That's a refreshing one. I'll have to tell that to Pop."

"Please do. He's the most old-fashioned of all of them. It's the middle of the twentieth century—past the middle—and they're still behaving as if it were the nineteenth. Robber Barons! It couldn't be more old-fashioned."

"Like your Grandpappy Czar Kennedy—who's paying your bills at Washington, I understand."

"Yes. Like him, too. And don't think I don't feel guilty. I don't know what to do. But at least Grampa Czar lives in Alaska and loves it and does things for it."

"Such as what?"

"Newspapers. And banks. And shops. And coal. And the Ice Palace."

"What's that?"

"A building. An apartment hotel. Fourteen stories."

"You babe! You kill me!"

"At least he isn't an absentee millionaire. The first Alaska

absentee millionaire was Peter the Great—and then Catherine the First. There've been lots of absentee millionaire landlords since then, and your father is one of them."

"Yet you come here to dinner!" His tone was mock horror.

"I know. Aunt Louise has been so good and kind."

"Are you sure it isn't me? I'm not good and kind, but I'm interesting."

The honest merry eyes regarded him searchingly. "I've thought of that. You're a kind of challenge. Like converting a drunkard."

"Better be careful. You might get seriously involved in the process. You know—like the woman who tries to cure him by taking a drink every time he does. The next thing she's right down there in the gutter with him."

"I'm stronger than you are."

"Sugar, you'll never get a husband if you talk like that."

"I'm not worried."

"Are you bespoken, ma'am?"

"Not at present, sir."

"You might be any minute if you'll forget that high-school chatter."

Very stiffly, "Oh, I neglected to tell you. That challenge I mentioned doesn't really interest me."

He began to laugh, and he pulled her closer to him. "Dear sweet kid, I don't care about those things. Don't try to make a noble character out of me, I'm really no good. I think the world stinks and I want no part of it. I'm a rich

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man's son and I enjoy it in my own way. But no responsibility, thank you very much. Like a clerk in the shipping department — I only work here."

The library door opened; Louise Husack came in. The two sat facing her, Bay's arm about Christine, Christine's golden head so close to his. They did not move, they did not appear embarrassed because they weren't.

"Hi, Aunt Louise! I'm leading your son astray."

All the wattles and lines in Mrs. Husack's face seemed to melt into one radiant smile. "That's nice." She cast about the room a cursory glance that would not have discovered a packing case. "I thought I'd left my glasses—but no." She stepped hastily back into the outer hall, she closed the double doors gently.

"Mom's up to something," Bay observed.

Dreamily, as though thinking aloud, she said, "I suppose it's too easy here. Everything that's difficult in Baranof is easy here, and taken for granted. Keeping warm. Dressing in winter without being buried in layers of fur and wool. Food. A place to live. Getting from place to place. You can't imagine how wonderful it seems to me to be able to get into a car and just drive. Drive anywhere!"

"What's so wonderful about that?"

"There are no roads in Alaska—at least, none to speak of, considering how big it is. From town to town, I mean."

"If you want roads why don't you build them?"

"With what?"

"Why don't you yell for them?"

"Because your crowd chokes us if we try to yell."

"Now listen, honey, you're really a little queer about all this, aren't you? A nice attractive girl, but a little tetch in the head."

"I know it sounds foolish to you. But we can't get a word of publicity, we really can't. There's so much money — so much Outside money spent to keep everything very, very quiet. My Grampa Thor described it to me and I'll never forget it. He said the thing the Big Boys want is No Publicity. Every other person and every other organisation and every other business set-up in the whole country seems to be yelling for publicity, but Grampa said that's exactly what these men don't want."

"So every Alaska bill and every Alaska measure and every Alaska voice is killed killed killed. Quietly killed. Alaska, just let it lie there, everything quiet and frozen. Then he said, you've never seen a bear fishing. They sit for hours and hours, so quiet they don't seem to be breathing, watching the water, watching the water. Then, so quick your eye can hardly see it, one big paw goes in up to here—snatch—and up the paw comes with a big fine salmon. Quiet. Quiet. That's the Boys Outside. Grampa Thor said."

"He must be quite a boy himself."

"I wish you could see Alaska. Though you'd probably hate it. Lots of people do—even people who live there. Even people who've lived there for a long time."

"But not you, h'm?"

"You're laughing at me, but I don't care. It's heavenly and luxurious here, and it's rough and pretty uncomfortable there, sometimes. But everything is still to be done there, but that's what makes it exciting for me."

"Ho, ho," laughed Bay. "All that wise old philosophy you've been brought up on."

"Go on—sneer! But I wish you could meet them."

"Meet who? Oh, your—the one you call Grampa Thor, and that old nurse of yours?"

"Yes. Yes. I wish you could — I love them—" She stopped jerkily as she looked, wide-eyed, at the dry cynical eyes regarding her. And then she was weeping. "I'm sorry. How idiotic. Homesick — at my age! And I was going to keep a stiff upper lip."

"No, don't. A stiff upper lip never gets kissed." His other arm came round her. He kissed her as one would kiss a weeping child, tenderly, to comfort her.

With an unerring sense of the dramatic Dina Drake came into the dim quiet room. She did not apologise.

"Bay, you bad boy, what are you doing to that poor kid?"

"Kissing her," Bay said.

"Very nice, too."

"I should think it might be. But hardly fair—an old gent like you."

"Clever girl."

"No wonder Aunt Louise sent me in here on some fool errand about her glasses. I suppose she thought it was time somebody interrupted this little snuggle."

She pretended to be searching for the mythical glasses, ignoring Christine as though she were a child.

Chris lifted her head, extracted a handkerchief from Bay's pocket, wiped her eyes with it, blew her nose, and stared at Dina Drake with a look surprisingly baleful for a girl ordinarily so sunny.

"Oh, go away, Dina," she said. "I'm not trying to steal your gent. But I could if I put my mind to it."

"Isn't that darling, Bay? If she put her mind to it. I love the way you Alaskans talk."

"Yes-s-s!" And now she was being very Oxford English, unconsciously, as Thor Storm was when he was very angry. "So quaint. So different from you Kansas City girls."

"Not worthy of you, dear," thus putting Chris directly in the wrong, "and I'm sorry," Dina said. "I guess Aunt Louise was just worried, that's all. She knows that Bay sometimes — I don't mind because I'm used to it, I let him smooch around with other girls if he wants to, I don't have to be jealous, but I think he ought to pick people his own size, who can protect themselves."

Bay stood up, he shook himself a little, a kind of shrug into his coat collar. "This is getting kind of sordid." He shook his head as Chris mutely offered him his somewhat used handkerchief. "Laundry. Listen, Chris. Mom tricked her into coming down here—good old dumb Mom—so she'd see that I've fallen for somebody—a little stumble of a fall, anyway—if I ever could fall for anyone. Which I doubt. Well, you gals clobber it out between you. But watch out, Chris, she won't fight fair, no holds barred with that rasser." He was gone.

The two women stood facing each other only for a moment. Dina Drake's tone was friendly, almost casual, like that of one imparting self-evident information. "I think you ought to know that Bay Husack and I are going to be married. It was arranged long before you came."

"I think you ought to tell him, then. He denies it."

The resourceful Dina tried another tack. "It's easy enough for you. You've had those rich people all your life in Alaska, and now here, cuddling you up and handing you around. I haven't anybody. Leave him alone, won't you!"

"That's what Bay meant when he said no holds barred. You don't fight fair. Listen. I'm going to finish my time here and get my degree and then I'm going back. And I think it's sickening to see two grown women snarling over a man like two huskies over a chunk of muktuk."

"Huskies—mu—"

Continuing . . . Ice Palace

from page 50

"Never mind." She turned at the door. "Don't forget Aunt Louise's glasses. She had them up on the top of her head when she came in."

Chris had seen various Alaskans occasionally as they flew up to or through Seattle. Czar had flown in twice, Bridie once, Thor never. She had seen Ross twice when he had managed to wangle the flights. She had Louise Husack and Bridie to lunch. She was delighted to see that the two women got on marvellously together, dissimilar though they were. They discussed Chris, approvingly, in her presence.

"Do you notice any change in our Christine?" Mrs. Husack's question was accompanied by a possessive glance.

"She looks a little thinner to me. Chris, you getting enough sleep?"

"Loads."

"Or maybe," Mrs. Husack simpered, "she's in love."

"I am," Chris said. Bridie jumped noticeably. "I'm in love with Seattle and Alaska and life and the world." Bridie relaxed.

"I want to invite you to my home, Mrs. Ballantyne," Louise Husack said, spaciouly. "We've loved it all these years—anyway, Mr. Husack has, he's a man loves his home—and I'd like you to see it while I'm still there."

"Aunt Louise!"

"My goodness, where you going!" Bridie demanded.

"Oh, I don't mean what you mean. The truth is, I'd like to travel. Let Bayard and Christine take over the house."

"Aunt Louise, what in the world are you talking about?"

"You know perfectly well Bay's crazy about you."

"He isn't crazy about anybody."

"That's just his way. You don't know him the way I do. A sweeter more loving child doesn't live than—"

"He isn't a child."

Bridie had heard enough. "Now just a minute. If you please. Is this some kind of royal marriage or something that's being fixed up between you Husacks and Czar?"

Chris laughed, but not very mirthfully. "No, Bridie darling. You're just sick of house-keeping, aren't you, Aunt Louise?"

"I am. I've been keeping house for almost forty years and I'm good and sick and tired of it, and that's the truth. Let Bay live here. The girl that marries Bay won't need a thing. Not a thing. There's linen and silver and china and glass enough to set for a hundred. We have set for a hundred, many's the time. You and Chris come to dinner tomorrow and I'll show it all to you."

Crisply Christine said, "Can't come to dinner tomorrow night, thanks, Aunt Louise."

I'm going to the sorority dance, it's the big dance of the year."

"With Bay?"

"I did ask him. Just to hear what he'd say. He said he didn't go to children's parties."

"What did he mean?"

"Nothing. He invited me to drive out to Spruce with him and eat dinner at Fishermen's Wharf."

"You going?"

"Ross Guildenstern's going to be here." Now Bridie looked up, sharply. "I've invited him, I wired him, I haven't seen him in months and months and months."

"I'd think," Bridie suggested, "there'd be plenty of nice boys right here in Seattle, wouldn't have to be imported."

Ross Guildenstern telephoned from the airport five minutes after his plane had landed.

"Chris!"

"Ross! I don't know why I even speak to you. I haven't heard from you for months. That's why I started running after you."

"See, the guy was right, absence does make them come whimpering."

"Eight o'clock, and some of the kids are meeting here for a drink first, so come early."

"I had my tux pressed—"

"Don't call it tux."

"Dinner clothes, Seattle. Dinner clothes. Anyway, it makes no difference because I tried it on, I haven't worn it in four years, and I'd be arrested. Inches too small."

"Rent one. You have to wear dinner clothes, it's the one very important party—"

"I won't disgrace you. I hope. I'll rent one with stripes down the side of the pants and everything."

The rented suit looked frightful on him, though Chris did not say so. He was too muscular, too stockily built, too square-shouldered to look his best in evening clothes; rented evening clothes. But he turned out to be a hit. The young men and women, clustered around him, seemed to find in this olive-skinned smiling young man a certain frankness and freshness that had attracted them to Christine.

At the end of the evening, "You going to stay here, Chris?"

"I'm going to finish, of course."

"I mean stay."

"I don't know what I'm going to do."

"In Baranof they say you're going to marry him."

"Ross, I don't know what I'm going to do. I feel so mixed up."

"Fly back with me tomorrow. You don't need a college degree."

"You have one."

"I wasn't mixed up."

"I'm going to Washington next week. Washington, D.C., I mean."

"Alone?"

"Oh, no! With Uncle Dave and Aunt Louise, and Bay, and Dina Drake's going, too—she's his secretary—Uncle Dave's I mean—the Alaska bill is supposed to come up, it's so exciting—a lot of Alaska people will be there. Maybe this time Alaska will make it. Oh, Ross, wouldn't it be wonderful?"

They flew across a continent. Christine was accustomed to flying, certainly, yet now as she passed over a mighty land she was as elated as though she never had flown before.

Their hotel was jammed. Dave Husack seemed to know everyone from the doorman to the hearty bellowing men who thronged the lobby. Christine was introduced to many men at the hotel, in the Senate luncheon, in the halls of Congress. The men Dave knew seemed to be divided into three kinds only. There were the big

bellowing kind like Dave Husack himself, usually they were middle-aged or older, they were jovial and they laughed a lot even when nothing very amusing was going on.

Then there were the quiet crafty secret ones. Like Sid Kleet, she thought. He was there, too. These talked in a low voice, their eyes were turned to the corner with a listening look.

The third sort was made up of younger men, they looked a good deal like Bay Husack; disillusioned, Christine decided, and striking but not as handsome as Bay. They were well dressed, not sloppy at all, but not sharp, either. Serious, pleasant, agreeable.

In the three days of their stay in Washington Chris tried not to complain about the heat and the breathlessness. "I find myself trying not to breathe," she said to Bay. "I feel exactly as if I were walking under water."

"That's practically what you're doing, considering the humidity in this town. And you're in over your head in a lot of other ways, too — I hope."

She had showered Baranof with post cards of the White House, the Capitol, Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial, the Senate, the Mint. But to Thor and to Czar and Bridie and the Barnetts she sent telegrams.

Alaska Bill coming up seventeenth am here everything wonderful hardly wait will telegraph you result love—Christine.

They sat in the first row of the visitors' gallery — she had Bay and Dina and Louise and Dave. To the others the imposing room, the men seated like outside schoolboys at desks, was not a novel sight, but to Christine it was breathtaking. It was dramatic, it was history. She sat leaning well forward, her eyes were shining enormously.

"When are they going to bring it up, Uncle Dave?"

"Any minute now."

Bay said, "Don't expect too much. You're here to see Washington, not for Alaska politics. Take it easy."

He turned to his father and said something, low-voiced, as though in remonstrance. "... a dirty trick." At least, it sounded like that. Dave Husack leaned well towards her then, he spoke with earnestness.

"It was your Grampa Czar Kennedy suggested this visit to Washington, you know, Chris. For you, I mean. I was coming anyway, we thought it might make a nice jaunt. But Czar suggested you come. I guess he thought you might learn from seeing things in the — in the making, politically speaking."

Chris' face was sparkling, radiant. "I'm so glad he did. Thanks, Uncle Dave—"

But now there was a sound of scuffling and startled voices from the dignified chamber of government below. The men at the desks and the man on the raised platform stared, startled, their faces reflected unbelieving shock. Chris, leaning far forward, saw suddenly, terribly, the giant figure of Thor Storm striding down the aisle while other smaller men clung to him, impeding his desperate progress.

One great arm was upraised like that of a prophet of the Bible, he spoke in a voice of thunder, but then the clinging men succeeded in confining and twisting his arms, and they turned him around like a bundle and rushed him up the aisle. They disappeared with him. In the midst of the melee a man rose in the House and said something above the uproar as though he had been waiting for this moment. You

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Fashion

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If you could get an under-water view of washing-up you'd see how lazy suds from soaps and foaming detergents really are. . . . They just don't get down to work where the dirty dishes lie. They float idly on the top of the water.

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Trix is thick . . . it goes twice as far as ordinary detergents
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just caught the word Alaska. There was a mumble. The man sat down. That was all.

Chris scrambled wildly out of her seat. "Grampa Thor! Grampa Thor!"

"Sh-sh-sh! Sit down!" "That was my Grampa Thor! What did he—what are they doing. I'm going down to him. I'm—what are they doing to him!"

Dave Husack yanked her into the seat. "He's all right. Sit still. I've tended to that. They'll let him go. That's all. That settles Alaska for two more years, anyway. That's all."

"You knew about this! You—Grampa Czar—that's why—"

"Come back here, and keep out of it. He's all right, I tell you. The delegation's with him. Serves 'em right. After lunch you can—say, how about lunch, anyway! What d'you all say, lunch?"

Chris pressed both hands flat to her stomach as though she were about to be sick. "All!" she cried, her voice so high and clear that the gallery turned to stare at her even as they began to move out and up through the exits. "All! No! No!" She fought her way forward, she leaned far over the balcony, she flung out both arms in a gesture that seemed command or supplication or both.

"Listen to him! Listen to him! That's my grandfather, Thor Storm! You men! Listen! Alaska must be free! Alaska! Alaska!" Like the old-day suffragettes.

She was, of course, hysterical. Dave Husack gathered her up with one great paw and pulled her down into the seat. She felt his moist soft palm clapped across the mouth, stifling her. She could not dislodge the hand, she heard Bay say quit that Dad or I'll sock you, she managed to work her lips back somewhat from beneath the pressure and she bit the hand hard so that she was gratified to feel the bone as her

teeth crunched into it and she heard his howl of pain and rage as he jerked his hand away. Then he slapped her.

There were eighteen for dinner, Christine had planned for ten only. At the last minute she had had to serve buffet fashion a dinner which had not been designed for this informality. Even the after-dinner conversation around the fire, usually so stimulating at Territory dinner parties, turned out to be rambling, aimless, what with the entire company's efforts to work over Bayard Husack, who, according to rumor, was incredibly slated to be the next Governor of Alaska.

"There'll be ten for dinner," Chris had said, "not counting Grampa Thor, he's just coming in for a minute after dinner."

"He'll come in for a minute and speechify all night. What's got into him? The way he behaved this noon with the General there and all those Seattle Big Bugs. They've always said we're nothing but wild Indians here in Alaska. They'll use it against us. The way they did that Washington fracas."

"Bridie, I'm worried about him. He does all those spectacular things, I spoke to him about it after the luncheon and he said there isn't time any more to be just patient and polite. And he looks so thin, so almost wasted. Today when I took hold of his arm—it's always been like a column of iron—there just wasn't anything there."

"He's just getting older. Aren't we all? What're you having for dinner? Here it is, middle of the afternoon, how are you going to scabble food together for a crowd?"

"Addie's coming in to help." "I'll pitch in. I'll dress early and get over here. What time did you say?"

"Eight. Bay and Dina are used to late dinners. Anyway, I can't help it."

"What you having?"

"An all-Alaska menu."

"They'll hate it."

"Not this. Alaska smoked salmon first, with the drinks. Then a caribou broil, parsley and butter sauce—"

Continuing . . . Ice Palace

[from page 53]

"Tough." "The steaks are marinating now in oil and vinegar."

"I want to see that Dina Drake's face when she hears it's caribou."

"Home-grown Alaska potatoes, Harvard beets, rhubarb-and-cranberry relish, salad, ice-cream with frozen strawberries. Every bite of it grown right here in Alaska. Coffee around the fire."

"All that to do between now and eight! Why you want to run yourself ragged cooking for those two I can't see."

"Bay's my friend—or was. And his mother was so good to me—she still writes me to come and visit—as though nothing had happened, poor dear."

"I suppose that Drake's a poor dear, too."

"If he's going to marry her at last, why, good for bad old Dina."

FROM what I hear, she's earned it. My opinion, she never cared a hoot about him. Old Dave, now, he's more her cup of tea, old as he is. It's a wonder she didn't slip something into Louise Husack's food long ago. Maybe she did, maybe that's why Louise's been so ailing.

"You've been seeing too many TV shows, Bridie."

"Where're the men eating—Dave Husack and that Distelhorst and Kleet and those?"

"Grampa Czar's having them at home, I'm having my guests at home, it's pleasanter. There are things I'd like to talk about here, too. It's a chance to tell Bay the facts of life—Alaska life, I mean."

"If they're flying up to Nome and Oogruk tomorrow, like they've planned, and maybe going to Kotzebue and Barrow, this time of year, they'll learn the facts of Alaska life, all right. Sixty below, and that wind off the Arctic, she's sure going to be surprised how thin that mink coat can be.

Who's mustered as Public Relations escort?"

"I was. I'm not going."

"Well, I should say not! They try to say you had to go?"

"I'm not going."

"Christine Storm, I bet you could marry Bay Husack today, if you wanted to. And what a Governor's wife you'd be! Maybe he's changed, maybe he's just going to show old Dave he can't—"

"I was sort of planning to be Governor of Alaska myself, twenty years from now. They don't call them governors, do they . . .? I think I'll have the potatoes baked, though it's a lot of work. I mean baked and stuffed, mashed up with butter and milk and stuffed back to brown in the oven, they look delicious."

"Who you punishing?"

Christine always found it amusing to see the expression in the faces of guests entering her house for the first time. The cabin's weathered exterior had prepared them for the worst. Over the entrance doorway branched the graceful curves of a great moose antler. Visitors were prepared for splintered wood floors, smoke-blackened beams, knobby chairs, and, for decoration, yellowed photographs of early gold-rush citizenry in derby hats and whiskers.

The gleaming golden walls and beams looked down upon a soft golden carpet. A great curved cushioned couch could seat ten before the fire. Lamps shone upon the soft green of Alaska jade and mellow ivory carvings. A Polar bearskin rug. Paintings, books, books, books.

"Why, Chris!" they always exclaimed. "But this is lovely!" As though they had expected a pine table and iron stove.

Dina, entering the room (wool dinner dress, deep crimson), said the expected, "Chris! But this is lovely!"

Bay stood a moment in the doorway, quite quiet. He looked about the soft golden room. "Whoever did this loves you."

"He still does, I hope. Grampa Thor Storm. He did it while I was at school in Seattle. Isn't it strange! As though he knew—"

"He knew you better than any of us."

"Here it was when I came back. Waiting for me. Grampa Czar wouldn't speak to me . . . You've met Mrs. Ballantyne . . . Mr. and Mrs. Paul Barnett, they publish the 'Northern Light'—with Grampa Thor, of course . . . Ross Guildenstern you've met, too . . . oh, of course, you met them all at the airport . . . Mrs. Gannon and Judge Gannon . . . Isabel and Matt Berg, they have the most wonderful bookstore in Alaska . . . Ott Decker, of course . . . Professor Derwent of our Baranof College . . . Mrs. Cale Korf and Cale Korf, Arctic Circle Air Lines Chief, you're going up in one of his planes tomorrow . . . Mead Haskell, he's a flying missionary . . ."

Bridie, determined to get things off to a good start, said, "That's a handsome red you got there, Miss Drake."

Dina glanced about her. "I hope the things I've brought aren't too formal. I thought with Bay in the public eye—"

Bridie threw her good intentions to the winds. "Oh, they expect Dave Husack's secretary to be a snappy dresser. Anyway, you can't be too dressy for Alaskans. We dress for dinner on the planes."

Dinner was not a success. Caribou steaks and baked potatoes are not fare to be eaten buffet style. Bridie's prediction about the caribou had turned out to be true. The beets were somewhat woody, the strawberries gigantic but watery, Ott Decker spilled red wine on the golden carpet and for the moment the tears came to his eyes, or seemed to as Chris tried to reassure him.

"Salt," Chris ordered, cheerfully. "We'll pour a lot of salt on it, it makes red-wine spots vanish. Don't ask me why.

Think no more of it, Ott dear." He wished she wouldn't call him Ott dear. She didn't call Ross or that Husack Ross dear or Bay dear. In public, anyway.

An evening of talk, Chris thought wildly, was what I'd planned, so genteel. Talk about what! Bay had sat next her, a plate teetered precariously on a small side table.

"When are you planning to be married, Bay?" She had not meant to ask this. There it was.

"Whenever you say."

"Same old Bay, never a dull moment."

"Don't play dumb. You know about this charade."

"No. No, I don't."

"I don't know what I see in you, you're just a Girl Scout. Wouldn't it be a joke on me—and some others—if I really did end up just another White House captive, all because it might soften you up!"

"You can't want to be Governor. Anyway, it's too ridiculous, even for the Seattle crowd."

"I haven't anything else to do, it might be fun."

"These people won't stand for it. Not when they know. You are absolutely ignorant of Alaska, you think this is just one of your cynical perverted jokes."

Dinner was finished, they were concentrating on him.

"Mr. Husack . . ."

"Mr. Husack . . ."

"Mr. Husack . . ."

"Call me Bay."

Chris knew that he was grinning inside at his own imitation of the homy politician he despised.

They were talking at him and to him.

Dina Drake did not talk. She sat, glowing in her crimson dress, and glowering, though becomingly. Once she brightened expectantly at the sound of new footsteps at the door, but the figure that entered, wistfully, was that of the redundant Wilbur K. Distelhorst.

"Say, this is more like it!" he shouted. "I snuk out and

To page 67

With important things like baby powder . . .

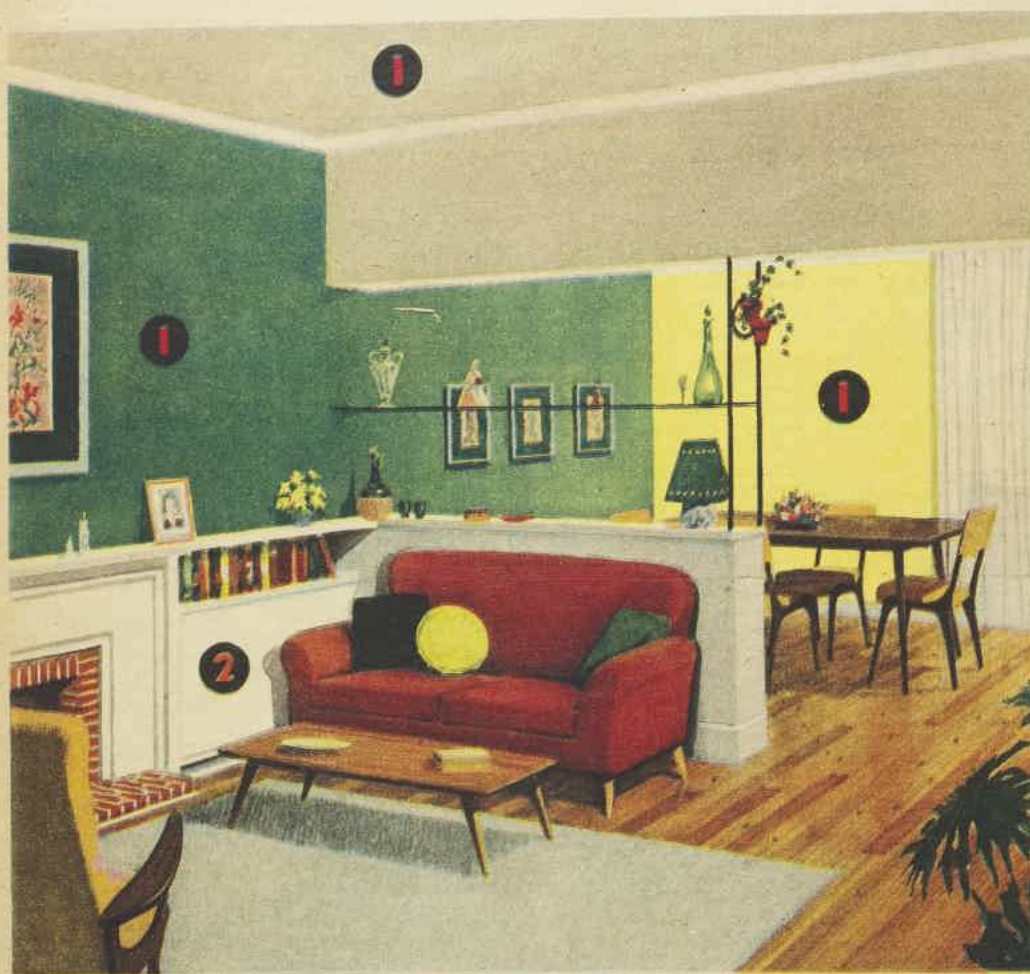
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Taubmans Revelite for inside

SEASIDE HOMES and WEEKENDERS



● In this section we feature attractive beach homes and weekenders that cost much less than their appearance implies and are fitted for easy upkeep. There is also a plan for a weekender and a page of recipes for picnic meals.

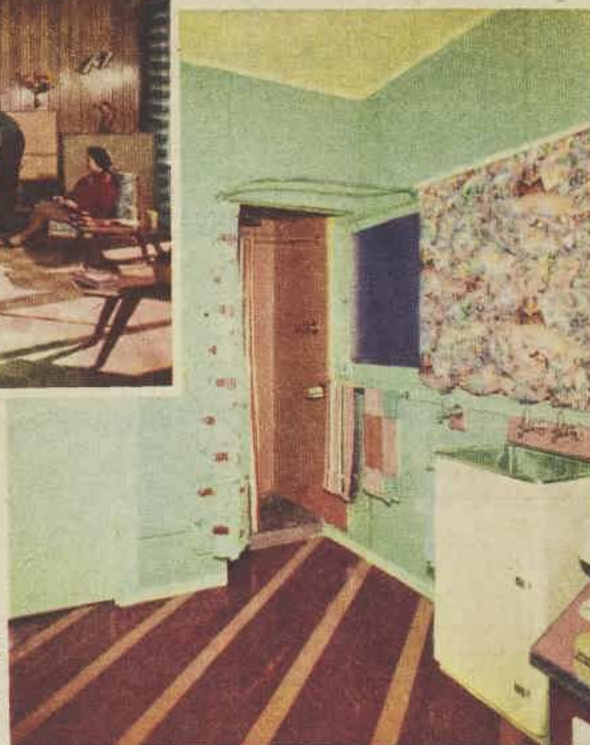
IN SUNNY WEATHER the McLennan family relaxes with friends on the terrace across the front of their home, overlooking the view at Portsea, Victoria. Mr. McLennan made and laid all the concrete paving slabs.

● Australian banjo star Hector McLennan built the attractive beach house shown on this page as a permanent, year-round home for himself and his family. The house, which faces the view and has a wide sun-deck, is at Portsea, a popular Victorian holiday resort.



ABOVE. Spacious living-room in this year-round beach house has walls and floor of hardwood, plasticised for easy upkeep. Kitchen is separated from living-room by an open snack-bar fitting.

RIGHT. Utility and toilet section opens off the main bedroom and also the main lobby. The extra curtain in front of the shower recess forms a separate dressing alcove so that more than one person can use the room at a time.



MR. McLENNAN is currently appearing on a TV musical show in Melbourne. He and Mrs. McLennan have three children, two of them grown up. They are Kay, the eldest, a third-year theology student; Ian, who as Rod McLennan comperes a Melbourne TV show; and Donald, the youngest, who is at school.

ends, he built the house in about eight months. During the early stages of the work a caravan provided temporary accommodation. Later his wife, Margaret, helped with painting and finishing and made curtains and bedcovers. The house is built of timber, with a front northern wall entirely of glass, and is roughly rectangular in shape. There is a gabled roof of corrugated asbestos-cement, but over the two new bedrooms the roof is flat with a low wrought-iron and canvas protective wall round it, so it can be used for sunbathing.

Mr. McLennan built the entire house from foundations to roof, except the brick fireplace, plumbing, and electric wiring.

He also made all the furniture except some wrought-iron stools.

The cost of materials for the house was approximately £2500. Now Mr. McLennan has added two extra bedrooms, but estimates the total cost will still be under £3000.

The site he chose is a superb one on a high ridge overlooking Portsea Back Beach, with panoramic views of land and sea.

Working mainly at week-

ends, he built the house in about eight months. During the early stages of the work a caravan provided temporary accommodation.

Later his wife, Margaret, helped with painting and finishing and made curtains and bedcovers. The house is built of timber, with a front northern wall entirely of glass, and is roughly rectangular in shape. There is a gabled roof of corrugated asbestos-cement, but over the two new bedrooms the roof is flat with a low wrought-iron and canvas protective wall round it, so it can be used for sunbathing.

It's an easy-on-the-housewife home. All interior surfaces were selected for easy maintenance and durability. All furniture is plasticised, with a clear finish for interior pieces and colored weatherproof finish for outdoor furniture.

Chair upholstery is plastic, and bedcovers and curtains are washable cotton.

Beach Houses

DESIGNED for added LEISURE:



Contemporary plan:

● This small, compact house, designed specially for holiday and weekend living, is attractive to look at and requires a minimum of attention to keep in apple-pie order.

THE house was built by Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Challice at Palm Beach, N.S.W. The patio is furnished with colorful chairs, a table, and iron seat painted white.

From the front patio it commands a splendid view of Pittwater through trees in the distance.

Designed on contemporary lines with a slightly pitched roof of aluminium foil, the house combines an air of comfort and relaxation with ease of maintenance.

"What we particularly like about our beach home, apart from the fact that it's a wonderful place for quiet weekends, is that we have so little work," said Mr. Challice.

"By the time I've done the dishes in the morning, my wife has finished the rest of the housework. Then our time is our own."

The plan at left shows that the design is simplicity itself. The interior is just one long

room with the kitchen, dinette, and bathroom at one end, and the living and sleeping area at the other.

The ceiling is lacquered baltic pine. Washable fabrics and brightly painted walls give a sunny appearance to the interior and also serve the very useful purpose of breaking up the whole space.

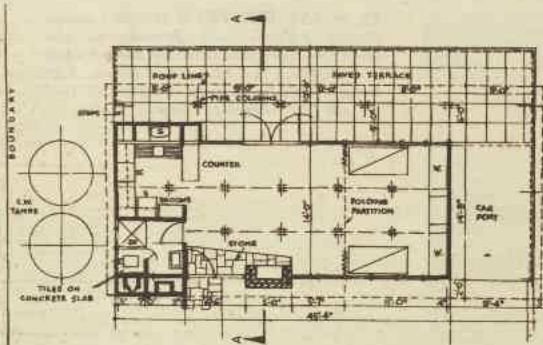
Mr. and Mrs. Challice mixed their own paints and did all the painting.

Well-designed outdoor living space on the view side of the house makes the most of the open planning and construction.

The weatherboard house is set in brick foundations and has areas of glass to admit the sun as well as show the scenery. A row of bamboo blinds helps to keep the house cool in summer.

Materials to build this house cost about £1500.

ABOVE: View side of the holiday house of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Challice at Palm Beach, N.S.W. The patio is furnished with colorful chairs, a table, and iron seat painted white.



ABOVE: Plan of the house shows its simple layout. LEFT: The kitchen-cum-dining end of the house is separated by a divider fitment. The bathroom is glimpsed at the left of the picture.



LEFT: The divan sleeping area. Tailored bedspreads in tangerine shades mix agreeably with walls of solid blue-green, and yellow chairs add a comfortable note to the end of the room.



RIGHT: The front entrance, facing the road. Notice the four windows opening from the inside. The brick area at the left is the chimney; the cedar front door is glimpsed just next to it.



Economical to build and easy to run

Built up on stilts:

● On this page is shown a beach house built on stilts — a type of holiday home that is becoming increasingly popular at South Australian resorts, especially on the hilly south coast.

THE fact that the house elevated on stilts enables its occupiers to peep over a neighbor's view-obstructing house, if need be, could be the reason for its popularity.

The house on this page is "Rolling Seas," situated on the cliff front of Christies' Beach, 16 miles south of Adelaide. It has magnificent views on all sides because of its elevation and its extensive view windows.

It is owned by Mr. and Mrs. A. Burton, of Glen Osmond Road, Parkside, Adelaide, who began spending weekends there as soon as it was finished.

"It is designed for a maximum of comfort and a minimum of housework, and a minimum of cost to erect," said the builder-designer, Mr. A. C. Renwick, of Christies' Beach.

"It is 8.28 squares and its price was £2750 to build. On ground level, without the steel pylons, cost drops to £2490."

"Rolling Seas" took four Dutch New Australians four weeks to build.

"That is one reason why the price is so reasonable; labor costs are at a minimum," Mr. Renwick said.

Built on the ground and without its steel under-structure it would have taken only three weeks to build.

The house is actually a square box. Its contemporary appearance is due to the wall angles and coloring.

The lounge-kitchen occupies practically half of the house.

There are two bedrooms, a corridor, and bathroom.

"A man could build a house like it and save himself quite a lot of money,"

Mr. Renwick said. "Every bit is pre-planned for prefabrication where possible. It could not be simpler."

The area under the house could be filled in for a rumpus-room. It can shelter two cars.

Christies' Beach has been in the news as the site chosen for an oil refinery and associated industries. The refinery will be beyond the bay and, it is understood, will not be visible from the township.



Beach
Houses



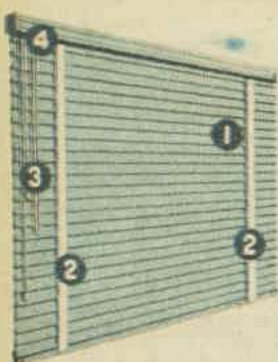
WIDE WINDOWS IN THE LOUNGE at "Rolling Seas" give beautiful vistas of the sea on two sides. Red and yellow are the predominant colors in this comfortable lounge, which, like all other rooms in this holiday house, were designed to cut housework to a minimum.

ABOVE: "Rolling Seas," the holiday home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Burton, at Christies' Beach, sixteen miles from Adelaide, is built up on stilts to overlook the magnificent view on all sides.

BELOW: Looking from the lounge into the kitchen, where the color scheme is very gay and in keeping with the holiday atmosphere. Counter-cupboards divide the two rooms.



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Trapeze-line home



A 646

● A trapeze-line roof gives character and charm to this unusual weekender or holiday home that a handyman could build himself for less than £600 total cost.

OUR home plan this week is this strikingly different tent-like structure that makes interesting use of economical building materials and shows an entirely new conception of opening up a house for outdoor living.

Although the house is most unusual in appearance, its construction is strong and simple, so it can be built by the owner.

An elaboration of the tent-flap idea allows one side of the building to lift up to extend the living area. This section is fitted with movable wire screens that can be lifted up and the flap closed down for security when the house is unoccupied.

The flap-pole is not merely decorative, but is fitted with a pulley-lock to facilitate raising and lowering the flap section.

The carefree holiday spirit is the theme of the planning, so there is practically no housework. The floor is a concrete slab, and there is no internal lining.

This interesting plan is available to readers for £7/7/- per full set, complete with specifications. It can be bought, or ordered by mail, from our Home Planning Centres established at the stores listed below.

MELBOURNE AND GEELONG: The Myer Emporium.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's. Also at the Master Builders' Bureau, Miranda.

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

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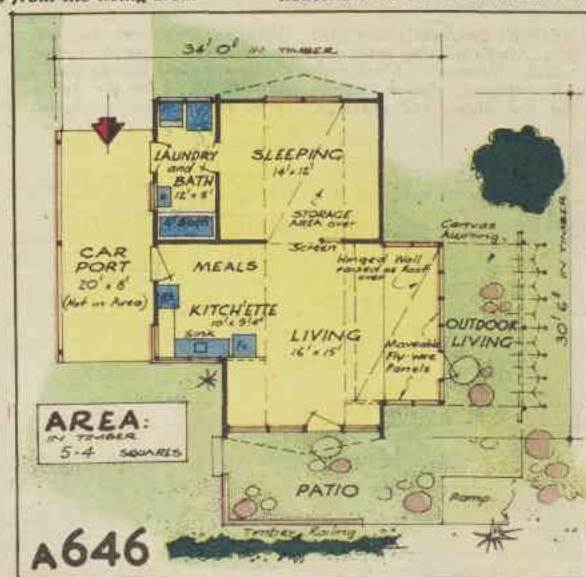
OUR HOME PLAN No. A646 is an unusual holiday house or weekender in which all the essentials for comfort are contained in 5.4 squares. It is strong but simple, so the owner could build it himself.



A 646

ABOVE is the interior, showing the timber ladder that screens the bunks from the living area.

BELOW is the floor plan of the holiday home, designed so that housework is cut to a minimum.



AREA:
IN TIMBER
5.4 SQUARES

A 646



THE KITCHEN (above) has sink, stove, and refrigerator grouped under corner windows. A meals bar could be fitted on to the rear wall.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 8, 1958

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And here's the 2-minute way to make an economy mayonnaise: Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ tin Nestlé's sweetened condensed milk into a mixing bowl, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Holbrook's vinegar and 1 teaspoon Keen's Mustard; mix thoroughly until mixture thickens; allow to stand a few minutes before serving.

Keen's Mustard makes the meal!

V134

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DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS



M14

Cottage has color and comfort



ABOVE: Sunlight pours into Mrs. King's striking sunroom, which features black-and-white-striped denim covers for the divan and curtains.

BELOW: Slipcover in red-and-white-striped cotton changes an old lounge into a suitable piece for the living-room of this attractive home.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 8, 1958



EXTERIOR of the colorful beach house of Mr. and Mrs. Clem King. It is situated at Main Beach, just a few minutes' drive from Surfers' Paradise, Qld. Built as a vacation cottage, it has since become the owners' permanent home.

● Four years ago, when the boom was well under way at Queensland's Gold Coast, Mr. and Mrs. Clem King built a holiday house there. Then they decided to make it their permanent home.

THE house, of 10 squares, is in Mountbatten Avenue, Main Beach, just five minutes' drive from Surfers' Paradise. Mr. and Mrs. King planned it to be as they believed the ideal holiday home should be—gay, informal, and easy to care for.

Mr. King, an engineer, did most of the building himself. He used asbestos cement sheets for exterior walls, and found the fixing so simple he decided to line all the rooms with the same material.

Meanwhile, Mrs. King was busy making curtains, cushions, bed-covers, choosing color schemes, and shopping round for washable floor rugs and informal cane furniture.

When completed, this attractive home cost less than £3000.

It was a direct contrast to their luxurious 26-squares home with a swimming pool and formal garden at Pymble, in New South Wales.

But when work was over and they had lived in their holiday home for only two weeks, Mr. and Mrs. King

decided to sell their Sydney house and move in permanently.

Both husband and wife agree there has never been one moment's regret.

"However, there was one real problem," said Mrs. King. "We had a beautiful antique twin lounge in the Sydney home that I could not bear to part with. Everybody said we simply could not bring it here to mix with cane furniture and cotton furnishings. But we did."

She pointed to the little red-and-white-striped twin lounge standing in the living-room.

"Remove the upholstery and cotton covers and I have my antique back in five minutes."

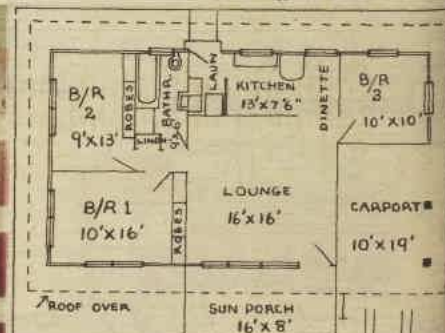
Cool, crisp, and easy-to-laundry cottons and furnishings are used everywhere throughout the home.

"There's literally no drudgery in housework here," Mrs. King said.

Interior walls are of cool blues, greens, and greys.

Neat timber mouldings give pattern to the asbestos cement ceilings. Wall joints are covered with special paper tape.

The low-pitched gable roof is corrugated fibro.



PLAN shows the simple and effective layout of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clem King, near Surfers' Paradise, Qld.



Former boatshed

ABOVE: With more charm and style than most everyday houses, this waterside home is an example of how to transform a building.

• Originally a three-room weekender built over a rough-stone boatshed, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stan Ralph, of Gray's Point, Port Hacking, N.S.W., is now a local showplace. Mr. Ralph did all the work himself at weekends, used asbestos cement on interior walls and fine timber mouldings on exteriors. Building materials cost approximately £1850.

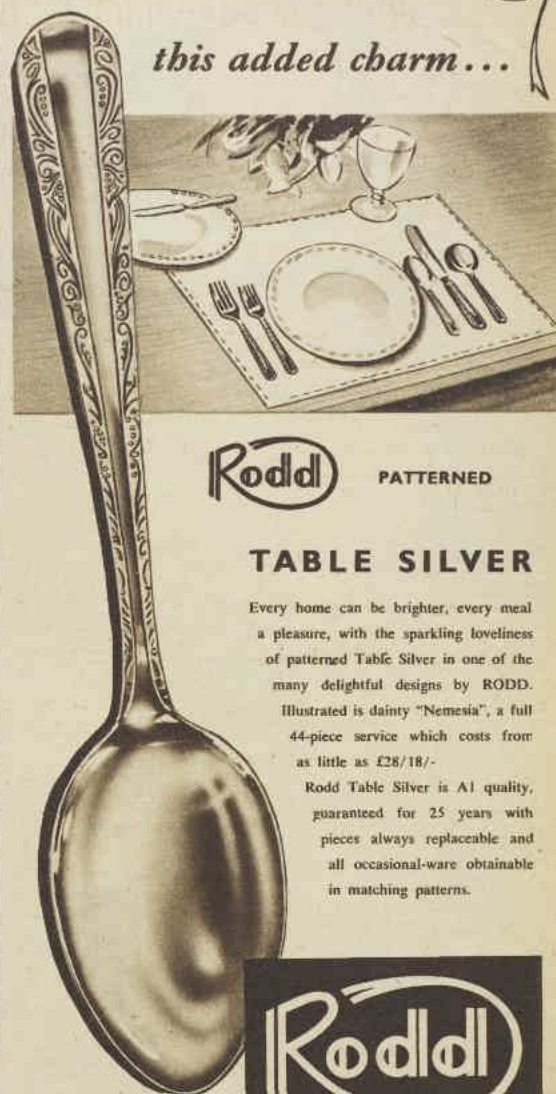


LEFT: Mrs. Ralph ascending the stairway from downstairs lounge-sleeping area. This section was originally the boatshed. Upstairs is the living-room and kitchen.

ABOVE: Small, attractive bar is at one end of the lounge-room. Here are seen Mrs. Ralph and Mrs. E. W. Webster, a family friend from Wangaratta, Victoria.

give your home

this added charm...



Rodd PATTERNED

TABLE SILVER

Every home can be brighter, every meal a pleasure, with the sparkling loveliness of patterned Table Silver in one of the many delightful designs by RODD.

Illustrated is dainty "Nemesia", a full 44-piece service which costs from as little as £28/18/-

Rodd Table Silver is A1 quality, guaranteed for 25 years with pieces always replaceable and all occasional-ware obtainable in matching patterns.

Rodd

AT ALL JEWELLERS AND DEPARTMENT STORES

Watch every week for news about your baby's care, feeding, growth and fun.

Baby's first real smile



In his first month, those dimples at the corners of his mouth don't make a smile. That's true! That big, unmistakable grin usually appears in his second month. About the fourth month, things strike baby as being so funny he just has to laugh out loud! Laugh right along with him and show him you've a sense of humour, too!

WHEN BABY JABBERS his own private "jibberish" — any time from 10 to 18 months — he seems to ask himself questions

and then supply the answers. His conversation makes sense to him, but he wonders why grown-ups can't understand. Actually, this delightful babble is a sure sign he'll be talking soon.

MAKE TIME FOR BABY'S DAILY WALK. It's good for you, too. You'll have time for walking if you serve him Heinz Strained Pears with Heinz Chocolate Custard for lunch. You've saved yourself half-an-hour's preparation and baby has an energy-rich meal fit for a little king!



HEINZ Baby Foods

Over 40 Varieties of Broths, Soups, Meats, Vegetables, Sweets, Puddings for Young and Older Babies.

PICNIC TREATS GO TO SEA



● Given good weather on a sparkling day of early summer, pleasant company, and lots of appetising food, you have all the elements of a first-rate picnic where everybody can be sure of having the time of their lives.

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**, Our Food and Cookery Expert

A PICNIC may be a seagoing affair like that pictured above, or it may take place at the beach, in the mountains, or anywhere else you choose.

But no matter what the venue, the same set of requirements still holds good.

Meals for picnickers can be plain, but need not be just a package of sandwiches. Instead, serve delicious hot food from wide-necked vacuum containers; these can also be used to transport crisp, cold salads and ice-cream.

For regular picnic-goers, plastic containers, serving-dishes, and pepper, salt, and sugar holders, and such things as milk and mayonnaise in tubes are all a good investment.

Try the recipes on this page if you are looking for some slightly different ideas for picnic catering. All spoon measurements are level.

SAVORY TOWERS

One loaf white bread, 1 loaf brown bread, butter.

Fillings: Sweet corn and mayonnaise, cream cheese and gherkin, sliced ham and pineapple, prawns, minced beef and tomato.

Cut bread into slices, and for each tower cut the slices into 4in., 3in., 2½in., 2in., 1½in., and 1in. rounds. Butter each slice and spread with a different filling. Arrange in tower fashion, piercing with a wooden skewer to hold layers in position.

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ABERDEEN ROLL

One pound minced topside or round steak, 4oz. chopped bacon, 1 cup white bread-crumbs, salt and pepper to taste, 1 finely chopped skinned tomato, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 teaspoons chopped onion, 1 egg, browned crumbs.

Put steak, bacon, white breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, tomato, sauce, and onion in basin, mix well. Bind with beaten egg. Shape into a roll on floured pudding cloth, roll up, and tie the ends securely. Cook for 2 hours in boiling water. When cool, remove the cloth and toss the roll in browned breadcrumbs. Allow it to become quite cold before slicing.

For variation, arrange hard-boiled eggs down centre of roll when shaping.

ITALIAN PIZZA

Three cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. yeast, 1 teaspoon sugar, ¾ cup milk, 3 eggs, 3oz. butter, 1lb. ripe tomatoes, ½ cup tomato paste, ½lb. Mozzarella or Gruyere cheese, 2 tins anchovy fillets, little milk, 1 tablespoon olive oil, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 1 teaspoon oregano or similar herb.

Sift flour and salt into warmed basin. Crumble yeast, mix with sugar and add to warmed milk and beaten eggs. Stand 10 minutes, mix all the liquid into the flour, knead well or beat until smooth. Cream butter and work it in the dough, then cover and stand basin in warm place for 40 minutes.

Meanwhile, prepare filling ingredients: Re-

move skins from tomatoes and cut in slices; slice cheese or shred coarsely; and soak anchovy fillets in a little milk. Heat olive oil in pan and lightly cook the onion and oregano for 2 to 3 minutes.

Press dough into large piedish and fill with layers of tomato, tomato paste, cheese, onion, and oregano. Arrange a criss-cross pattern of drained anchovy fillets on the top. Set aside 10 minutes, then bake in hot oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serve cut in slices.

Individual pizzas can be made in small piedishes and cooked for 15 to 20 minutes.

SPICY APPLE PIES

One pound sweet shortcrust, 2 cups cooked sweetened apples, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 egg-white, 2oz. sugar.

Roll pastry ¼in. thickness and cut sufficient rounds to line 6 individual piedishes. Fill two-thirds full with apple mixture that has been flavored with the spices. Glaze pastry edges with egg-white, cover with pastry "tops," pinch edges together. Prick lightly, glaze over, and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce to moderate and cook further 15 to 20 minutes.

FRUIT SALAD JELLIES

One packet lime, pineapple, and strawberry jelly crystals, sliced or diced pineapple, peaches, cherries, or apricots.

Make jellies with ¾ instead of 1 pint boiling water, allow to become cool. Pour into individual plastic or cardboard containers and, when almost set, arrange pieces of fruits in patterns in the jelly. Refrigerate well before packing.

STUFFED FRENCH LOAVES

Two French loaves, 2 cups chopped celery, butter, ½lb. cream cheese, little milk, seasoning, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 2 tomatoes (sliced).

Cut the top off the loaves at a slight angle. Scoop out some of the inside to make plenty of room for the filling. Mix celery with the butter, cream cheese, milk, and seasoning. Pile into loaves, top with slices of egg and tomato, replace tops. Serve in slices.

HAM COLE-SLAW

One cup slivered or diced cooked ham, 2 cups finely shredded cabbage (½ small head), ½ cup chopped celery, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped red pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ¼ teaspoon paprika, ¼ cup salad oil, 2 tablespoons vinegar, lettuce leaves.

Place ham, cabbage, celery, green and red peppers in serving bowl. Combine seasonings, salad oil, and vinegar. Just before serving, pour on dressing, toss lightly, and pile into cupped lettuce leaves.

RASPBERRY WHIRL

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon sugar, ¾ cup milk, 1 cup raspberry jam.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in butter, and sprinkle over the sugar. Add sufficient milk to form a soft dough, turn on to board, knead lightly, and form into a long, thin roll. Spread liberally with jam and arrange in spiral fashion in a greased 8in. sandwich-tin. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes.



Peter enjoys a hearty dish of his favourite Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce. Beaut at any time of day — terrific when topped with an egg!

John knows what's good for him, votes for tasty new Heinz Baked Beans in sugar-cured ham sauce. With a sausage, some bacon, it's a real man's meal!

Stick 'em up, pardner!

LET'S SHOW EVERYONE THEY'RE **HEINZ** . . . THE BEST BEANS YOU CAN BUY!

Here's a hold-up that's packed with excitement! Just look at that prize! These smart hombres know Heinz Baked Beans are an energy food, full of the goodness growing youngsters need. 'Course, that's not all! They reckon Heinz flavour is unbeatable — and how right they are! Heinz Chefs drench their beans with sauces prepared just

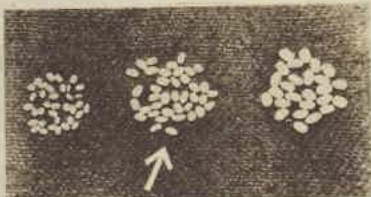
the way everyone likes 'em — two kinds, too! When time's short at your ranch-house, rustle up breakfasts, lunches, school sandwiches, outdoor meals of money-saving Heinz Baked Beans. All hands (girls and grown-ups too) agree that Heinz are the best beans you can buy!

THE BEST BEANS ARE **HEINZ**

HERE'S WHY



QUALITY COMES FIRST and Heinz shop where the world's best beans are grown—Chile. Here they select the pick of the crop . . . ship them to Australia's most modern kitchens.



SIZE IS IMPORTANT. Big, small or marked beans aren't Heinz Beans. Top quality beans of uniform size bake to perfection: they're the only kind Heinz Magic Eye Bean Selector chooses.



EVERY BEAN IS PERFECT Heinz experts check for quality before the tangy sauce is added. Not a blemish, or a broken bean mars the fact that the best beans are Heinz.





Yes Madam, there is a difference! ACTIL have no dressing

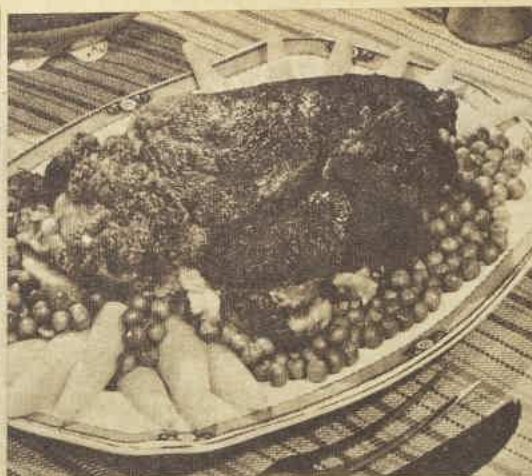
No dressing in Actil sheets and pillow cases means firm, closely woven sheeting of fine, strong cotton to wear well through countless washings. While Actil's full 99" hemmed size ensures extra comfort and secure tuck under.

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QUALITY
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AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED



ROUND OF BEEF which is marinated then pot-roasted and served with an unusual gravy makes an interesting variation for a Sunday dinner. See recipe this page.

Prizes awarded for recipes

● A recipe for spicy round of beef wins the main prize of £5 in this week's contest.

THIS prize recipe has two interesting features — the method given for tenderising cheaper cuts of roasting meat, and the spicy gravy with which the dish is served.

A consolation prize of £1 is won for a recipe for simple, tasty muffins which are specially suitable for school and office lunch packages.

All spoon measurements are level.

SAUERBRATEN WITH GINGER-SNAP GRAVY

Four to five pounds round of beef, 1 cup water, 1 cup vinegar, 2 bay leaves, 1 teaspoon peppercorns, 12 cloves, 1 onion, dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 4 ginger-snap biscuits.

Wipe meat thoroughly with a damp cloth; place in basin with bay leaves, peppercorns, cloves, and sliced onion. Pour over water and vinegar mixed together. Allow to stand 2 or 3 days in cool place, turning meat occasionally. Drain meat from liquid, place in large saucepan containing a small quantity heated dripping. When meat has browned on all sides, slip a wire rack under meat to prevent it from sticking to pan. Pour over 1 cup of the pickling liquid (strained), cover with a tightly fitting lid, and simmer 2 to 2½ hours or until meat is

tender. Remove meat from saucepan, add 1 tablespoon blended flour, mix well. Lastly stir in ginger-snap biscuits which have been broken into pieces. Stir over heat until sauce thickens and biscuit pieces soften. Serve meat on large platter with any cooked vegetables. Serve ginger-snap gravy separately.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Black, 24 Leo Street, Waikiki Beach, Auckland, N.Z.

APPLE FANTANS

Two cups sifted flour, ¼ cup sugar, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup finely chopped pared cooking apple, 1 beaten egg, ¼ cup salad oil, ¼ cup milk, 3 tablespoons extra sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 cup thinly sliced pared cooking apple.

Sift flour, sugar, baking-powder, and salt; stir in finely chopped apple. Combine egg, salad oil, and milk; add to dry ingredients, stirring until mixture is just moist. Fill into greased muffin or patty tins to 2-3rd full. Mix extra sugar, cinnamon, and nutmeg together; coat apple slices. Press apple slices into top of each muffin to form strips. Bake in a moderately hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Carr, 77 Enoggera Terrace, Red Hill, Brisbane.

FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish is a fish mould made with cape cod fillets or haddock. Other cooked or tinned fish can be used to make this tasty dish, which costs 8/- and serves five or six.

BAKED FISH SHAPE

One and a half pounds cape cod fillets or haddock, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, 2 eggs, 1½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon grated onion.

Cook fish in usual way; drain, remove skin and bones and flake. Combine with breadcrumbs, parsley, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper. Beat egg with milk, add to fish mixture with grated onion. Mix thoroughly. Fill into greased basin or steamer which has been coated with extra breadcrumbs. Cover with piece of greased paper and bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Turn out on to heated serving-dish. Coat with white sauce flavored with grated cheese, using 2oz. to 3oz. grated cheese to ½ pint sauce.

If you're always
Irritable...



your Nerves need Sanatogen

If you are easily irritated and always worried, when your nerves are bad and you're continually tired, it's a sign that your body and nerve cells are not getting enough of the essential nutrients, particularly protein and phosphorus.

This "malnutrition" of the nerve cells is the basic cause of nervous exhaustion. It leads inevitably to a run-down condition with all the symptoms of depression, worry and irritability.

SEDATIVES ARE NOT ENOUGH. It isn't enough to try "calming" your nerves with sedatives. Sedatives merely "dope" the nerves; and their action is only temporary. What your body and nerve cells need if you are run down, over-fatigued, depressed

and worried, is concentrated protein combined with essential phosphorus. Sanatogen provides both. A course of Sanatogen nourishes your physical and nervous system back to full health.

THERE IS NO OVER-NIGHT CURE. Just as nerve tension develops gradually, so must your system be nursed gradually back to health. But from the first day you take Sanatogen, your body will begin to respond to its strengthening effect. From then on you will feel a progressive lightening of your mental load. You will find it easier to relax and you will feel calm and un-worried in your daily life. Sanatogen is recommended by doctors the world over, and is available from all chemists.

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THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC

• Sanatogen supplies large amounts of protein together with essential phosphorus. Its vigorous tonic action on both body and nervous tissue helps to build up a strong stable nervous system and restore full mental energy.



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PORTRAIT DESIGN

This brilliantly styled Key-in-Knob Front Door set is ideal for centre door mounting. DEXTER Lifetime Locks give you absolute security.

— key changes are practically unlimited, and they can be installed on any standard door. All exposed parts are solid brass, in a wide choice of modern finishes. Sets may be master keyed. DEXTER Locks carry a lifetime guarantee.

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walked over here, I just remembered you could steer your way by the Ice Palace, they call it."

"You all know Mr. Wilbur Distelhorst. Mrs. . . . Mr. . . . Mrs. . . . Mr. . . ."

The sound of heavy footsteps in the entrance, a door closed gently. Chris thought, without being aware of her own thinking, He walks more heavily than he used to, though he weighs less. Thor came in. A little greeting gesture of the hand and the head, quiet, almost self-effacing. No matter what he wore, he always, somehow, appeared neater and cleaner than most men, perhaps merely because of the fine pink skin. You could see the path of the careful comb through the once golden hair, silver now. He was wearing a prim blue-and-white polka-dot bow tie. The boyishness of this sent a sudden pang through Christine's heart.

"Grampa Thor, you know everyone here."

"Everybody sure knows you," Distelhorst brayed.

Thor seated himself near the group, but not quite of it.

"I had some of that caribou steak myself for my supper," he said. "I wish to apologise to the guests, in the name of Alaska. Tough as a blacksmith's apron."

They laughed a little then at his frankness and at the almost archaic figure of speech, the laugh united the company for the first time. His head cocked a little to one side he sat listening to the talk now, his calm appraising gaze went from this face to that, he listened without speaking.

Hydrogen . . . old stuff now . . . Russia . . . shabby genteel old England . . . that so! The most courageous people in the world . . . Hungary . . . Poland . . . Czechoslovakia . . . Israel . . . Egypt . . . Russians are settling their Far North region with forced slave labor forcibly transplanted . . . well, say, maybe that's what we ought to do . . . we are already, aren't we! But not enough of us . . . You going to be a stooge Governor, Mr. Husack . . . ?"

There was a little shocked silence. In that silence Thor Storm began to speak in that low vibrant voice which Christine had so fortunately inherited from him. It seemed to cut under and through the more plangent vocal sounds. It was almost as though he were ruminating aloud.

"It will soon be finished unless a miracle happens. I believe in miracles. Perhaps it will come from the women. If women ever realise their power and true strength they will govern the world, there will be another matriarchy. We have reached a depth of degradation such as the world has never known. Millions and billions of people are working like dumb slaves to pay for weapons which will destroy them. Every nation is armed against every other nation. Every country's economic stability is based on the destructive apparatus of war."

"War is a business greater than the steel business greater than the foolish automobile business greater than commerce food clothes education health life itself. War is Death and we bend our necks to it and our backs to it, slaves. Men in the courts of law and decent women in the schoolrooms try to combat with words or with punishment the gangs of children all over the world, boys and girls, armed with knives and clubs and bottles and small guns and bits of metal, fighting against one another. But the example is a world—the entire planet Earth—one huge gangland in a race to be armed with weapons deadlier than the mind of man has ever before dreamed of in its most hideous nightmares."

"Now the greatest minds in the world, the magnificent brains of the scientists and the

Continuing . . . Ice Palace

from page 55

minds of inventors and of men of business and of teachers and politicians and writers and rulers and manual workers are concentrated on creating more and more deadly instruments of war. They insist that these are not instruments of war—they are instruments to prevent and forestall war. As well place a box of matches and a stick of dynamite in the hands of a child to keep him quiet. This is childish, this is madness, this isn't proper behaviour for Man, the highest form of animal life, the one creature endowed with the thing called the spirit."

He rose with effort. "I must be maundering a little, I find I do occasionally, now." He walked through the room as though no one were there. "What a lovely world. The loveliest. We've had it, a gift, for a million million years, and now we're throwing it away. A pity." He went to the doorway, almost blindly. "Alaska, the arsenal. It should be free."

AS Christine rose swiftly to go to him there was a heavy knocking at the door, then the outer door slammed, heavy footsteps in the entrance. Thor had disappeared through the doorway, now he reappeared, he was strangely alert again, and incisive. And at that moment the telephone rang with that strange note of urgency with which the insensate instrument seems to presage a message of importance.

"There are a couple of Territorial Police outside, they want to take you back to the Ice Palace right away, Bayard Husack," Thor said.

Ross Guildenstern had answered the telephone, he turned to the room now. "It's your father, Bay. It sounds very—"

"What—!" He picked up the telephone, he heard, he hung up. "My mother."

"Bay!" Chris cried. He nodded. One of the Territorial Police stood in the doorway. "Excuse me, sir. We're taking you to the Ice Palace, Mr. Husack. They're trying to connect with a plane and a pilot, but this time of night—"

"I'll get the plane," Gale Korf said. "Come on, let's get going."

Ross Guildenstern came forward. "I'll take it—if you need a pilot."

"Let's get going," Korf said.

Half an hour later Bridie, the guests gone, cushions plumped, a shtrays emptied,

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to The Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

glasses rinsed, was limping her way in too-high heels out to the car in which the faithful Ott Decker had returned to take her home. Her arm rested on Chris's.

"He said," Ott reported, not happily, "that they'll be back this spring, probably April or May. That's what he said. So I guess they mean business."

"That girl's look!" Bridie said, settling herself in the seat beside Ott. "I was looking straight at her when the news came. It was like a candle had been lighted behind her face. Radiant. That's the only word for it. Radiant. Governor's wife, me eye!"

Through the open door the sound of the telephone again.

Chris ran up the icy path and into the golden room and snatched the receiver.

"Chris!"

"Yes, Bay."

"Wait for me."

All through the spring Thor spent odd moments working on his new boat. It wasn't a powerboat, it was nothing at all modern. It was an old-fashioned square-ended skiff such as fishermen in the old Scandinavian countries and fishermen in the new world New England sat in hopefully, peacefully in the middle of a flat body of water, the line and the flat-bottomed boat both moving almost imperceptibly.

Both Chris and Bridie, as the long, hard Baranof winter drew to a close, both these women who loved him developed and followed a plan of campaign.

Chris interrupted his boat-building.

"But what are you going to do with it? You've got boats as good as that. You're just wasting your energies."

"I thought I wouldn't fish this year—with the tender, I mean, and crew. You're earning money. I don't need much myself—just the few dollars for food and tackle and my little jaunts around the Territory."

"That's what I mean. You could come with me to California. Or perhaps Honolulu. We could stay away for a month. Until the middle of May. Until the ice goes out. Just sit in the sun on a beach."

"You're not a girl for sitting in the sun on a beach."

"I can try it, can't I? So can you. I'd like, just once, to stand treat. Darling Grampa Thor, you've paid my way all my life, until these last two years. You and Grampa Czar."

"You run along, dear child. Or take him."

"You're already sorry you said that, aren't you? What are you going to do while I'm gone?"

"I could take this new little skiff, and some grub, and just skirt along the shore, very easy, pretend I'm Steller just discovering Alaska, and looking for new greens and birds and creatures."

She could not say, But you look too thin and almost feeble, you're too old for that sort of thing now. Alone.

Bridie, in her new spring tweed topcoat for which the Baranof temperature was still far too low, came occasionally to argue with Thor as he went about his boatbuilding task there by the waterside so near his one-room cabin.

"You're in this world now, Thor Storm, and I'm here to ask you why you don't plan a holiday for yourself. With Chris, or with Chris and me, or alone or whatever. You could go to the Old Country where your folks are, man like you a prince or a duke or whatever it was you were then. Imagine their faces when they see you, like the prodigal son in the Bible."

"They're probably all dead by now, Bridie."

"You ain't, anyway."

"It's an idea. As you say, they might be glad to see me."

"Oh, no use talking to you. You and Czar both. Stiff in the mind as you are in the joints, both of you. Why'n't you stay elastic like me?" She was off, with a jerk at her new spring hat. Now she turned for a parting question. "What's in that big tin box in your cabin? You got your money or bonds or whatever laying around on the floor like an old miser, when there's banks in

To page 69

Serve these Tempting Summer Treats

HARPER'S PIONEER JELLY
SEALED-IN FLAVOUR

HARPER'S instant DESSERT COCONUT

HARPER'S Custard Powder VANILLA

HARPER'S KOLD KUP RASPBERRY

Harper's PIONEER JELLY

with special sealed-in fruit flavours. It sets in any weather! Delicious!

Harper's INSTANT DESSERT

It's creamy-smooth and so easy to prepare. All the family will love it!

Harper's CUSTARD POWDER

with the ice cream flavour. Smooth, satisfying—and extra economical. Try it!

Harper's KOLD KUP

In five fruity flavours. 50 refreshing drinks for less than 1d. each!

HARPER'S

Summer treats for the whole family

HURRY! LAST DAYS!

IN
VELVET SOAP'S

Happy Holiday Contest

Contestants can win a holiday at the
place of their choice with
all expenses paid.

1st PRIZE

A dream holiday to the value of

£1,200 *

With this kind of money the
winner can take a trip to
London, Paris, Rome, Tokyo or
New York.

2ND PRIZE

A glorious holiday worth

£500 *

This is a chance for some
lucky person to visit New
Zealand or perhaps the Pacific
Islands.

3RD PRIZE

An Australian holiday worth

£250 *

It could be a skiing vacation
at Kosciusko or sunseeking at
fabulous Surfer's Paradise.

CONSOLATION PRIZES
Seven Hanimex "Holiday" Cameras valued at \$29/10/- each
will be awarded as consolation prizes.

* If preferred, major
prizewinners may take
their prize in cash.

ENTRY FORM

Contestants are required to number (from 1 to 8) the
following points about Aunt Jenny's favourite soap in what
they consider to be the correct order of importance to the
housewife:

- ☐ Velvet-washed clothes last longer.
- ☐ Gentle Velvet keeps hands soft and pretty.
- ☐ Velvet Soap is so economical.
- ☐ Velvet Soap is 100% pure.
- ☐ Only Velvet has those famous "extra soapy" suds.
- ☐ Nothing gets dishes so clean so easily as good, pure Velvet.
- ☐ Velvet cleans thoroughly but gently.
- ☐ A few light finger rubs with Velvet remove even the most stubborn dirt.

(The correct order has been established by Consumer Research.)

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE
(BLOCK LETTERS)

SIMPLE RULES — ENTRIES UNLIMITED

- Prizes will be awarded according to the skill and judgment shown by contestants in placing the points given in the correct order of importance. Neatness will also be taken into consideration.
- Entry is free and contestants should write their answer, with their name and address, on the entry form or on a plain sheet of paper.
- The name J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd., cut from a Velvet packet or wrapper, should be enclosed with each entry (except in States where the law prohibits their inclusion).
- Entries should be addressed to "Happy Holiday" Contest: Box 1448T, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 7061, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 4299, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 224C, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 1000, P.O., North Fremantle. Box 95D, G.P.O., Hobart.
- Entries must arrive not later than 17th October.
- Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.
- Prizewinners will be notified by mail and a full list published in leading capital city morning papers on Tuesday, 11th November.

Velvet
PURE SOAP

**Clothes last longer washed in good, pure VELVET —
hands stay smooth and pretty, too!**

AS I READ the STARS

By **EVE HILLIARD**

For week beginning **October 6**



ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

* Lucky number this week, 8.
Lucky color for love, green.
Gambling colors, green, white.
Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
Luck in a new friendship.

* A new acquaintance looms on your horizon, and a new element in your social or business life. This is going to change your interests, hobbies, activities. If a homemaker, you could have a new neighbor; for many, a romantic friendship. Do not rush this, let it develop naturally and gradually, since it may become a permanent, happy relationship.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

* Lucky number this week, 4.
Lucky color for love, orange.
Gambling colors, orange, brown.
Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
Luck in new clothes.

* This is a favorable time for acquiring new clothes, renovating old ones, or having a new haircut. Study color schemes; choosing accessories is well expected. You can face the world with confidence that you are looking your best. Play up to your new self, and your family, friends, and best beloved will cast admiring glances towards you.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

* Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, mauve.
Gambling colors, mauve, grey.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
Luck in parties, good times.

* You're in demand and enjoy pleasant contacts, accept invitations, return hospitality, attend concerts, the theatre, play games, indulge in sports. Misunderstandings are a danger, so be punctual in keeping appointments, be clear about time and place. The man in your life is attentive and falls in with your wishes. Try to include others in your plans.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

* Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, blue.
Gambling colors, blue, black.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sat.
Luck in the family circle.

* The visit of a relative or old friend from a distance, could bring a ray of sunshine into your home. Talk over plans and ambitions with the family, who may be willing to contribute suggestions and practical help. Household budgets may need an overhaul. Set your house in order now, for soon you will be busy elsewhere with new activities.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

* Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, grey.
Gambling colors, grey, yellow.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Luck in adjustment to change.

* Meet situations which arise suddenly with gaiety and commonsense. Concentrate on the matter in hand, then quickly turn your attention to the next problem. You can work through a crowded schedule and accomplish more than you hoped if you turn a deaf ear to interruptions and people who waste your time. If in love, you share a project.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

* Lucky number this week, 8.
Lucky color for love, black.
Gambling colors, black, green.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Thurs.
Luck in the morning.

* Whatever you plan to do, make an early start. Whether you wish to complete a piece of work, go shopping, book seats, or make an appointment for an interview, the morning is your most fortunate period. Conditions in the afternoon are likely to be deceptive, nor will judgment be as sound. Daytime social events are better expected than evening ones.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

* Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, red.
Gambling colors, red, navy.
Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
Luck under your hand.

* Don't imagine that faraway pastures are greener; your best chance is close by. Scorn a nice boy you meet every day in favor of a more romantic stranger and you find yourself without a partner at social affairs. If a voluntary worker, don't accept an office beyond your capabilities. In business, hang on to present advantages.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

* Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, navy.
Gambling colors, blue, gold.
Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.
Luck in independence.

* You tend to lean on people who have plenty of problems of their own. Vague promises are easily broken; new conditions arise, people forget. Take charge of your own affairs and dis-appointments vanish. Laziness or day-dreaming are a big danger to you. Plan your course of action; keep to it. Your emotional nature must be kept steady.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

* Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, brown.
Gambling colors, brown, green.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Thurs.
Luck in hobbies.

* Your ability to inject drama into everyday doings is now invaluable. Put your creative talent into spare-time interests. Demonstrate your ability along original lines. These may bring you in contact with new, delightful companions who add zest to your life. Be your own best critic; there is the temptation to be cocksure of yourself.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

* Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, violet.
Gambling colors, violet, orange.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.
Luck in ambition.

* Aim high; don't be satisfied with second best in love, occupation, or social circle. The choice you make for lack of something better will bring no happiness. If the man in your life does not conform to your ideals, be glad you found it out before you marry him. If your job is dull or gives you little scope, qualify for a better one.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

* Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, rose.
Gambling colors, rose, silver.
Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
Luck through study.

* If a student, study is well expected this sign and it a good time to acquire knowledge. The homemaker steps up her cooking repertoire, skill at domestic crafts, works out ways of improving her surroundings. It is a time to be helped by expert advice, textbooks. Proceed slowly with instructions; use patience.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

* Lucky number this week, 2.
Lucky color for love, white.
Gambling colors, white, red.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Luck in a little windfall.

* There is a gift sitting on your doorstep. It may not be quite what you want or what you expected, but if you make the best of it, it could turn out to be a wonderful asset. Its form may vary from a job nobody wants to a trinket from a relative or the one you love, but since a sparkle of lucky stardust goes with it, accept it as a talisman.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

plenty in Baranof? I tried to open it, but it's locked." He laughed then, throwing back his fine old head in a roar of amusement such as she had not heard from him in years. "Bridie, Bridie, we should have married those years and years ago, I'd have been as successful as Czar and Dave Husack combined, and you'd have been Queen of Alaska."

"Maybe I am now, there are folks that think . . . What's in that box, Thor Storm?"

"It's my book."

"Finished? You mean the book you've been writing on all these years? Finished?" "No book is ever really finished, I suppose. If you care enough about what you're writing—or too much—you keep picking at it and picking at it, trying to write better than you can. But now I think I won't try any more to make it perfect. I've said what I had to say as best I could."

"You don't sound any too gay about it. My land! About fifty years writing it, first and last."

"Yes. There's a little note of explanation in the front of it. I want Chris to read it someday soon. I want Chris to be the first to read it."

Regretfully, Christine bade him goodbye and went off for the first Outside trip she had had since her return to Baranof following the abruptly terminated Seattle experience.

"I'll be away four weeks, but if I don't like it I'll just come home."

"Don't do that. Finish what you start."

"Grampa Thor, I wish you'd live in my house while I'm away."

"An old fellow like me wants to stay in his own lair, like the woods' creatures. It's going to be kind of restful, both you and Bridie gone. Nobody to nag me about food and temper and my howling editorials and my bad behaviour."

"We love you."

The square-ended skiff was finished. It was a strange-looking craft, in some small details. It had, for instance, a plug in the bottom which could be pulled out by a linked metal chain, almost like a bath-tub plug. On a brisk flawless May day he hauled the skiff down to the water's edge and stood surveying it with the eye of a craftsman and a boatman and a fisherman born. For a full half century and more, from the day he had left his native Norway he had loved the sea, he and his father and his grandfather and generations before them.

During the month he and Ross had mixed cement and skilfully laid a new floor for Christine's garage. He now weighted the boat with some of the residue of this mixture, but not too much. The boat was new and shining. Nobody has ever sat in it before, he thought with satisfaction. He himself, eager and alert, was neat and fresh and clean as the boat into which he now stepped as it lay on the water.

Leisurely, with a look of utter anticipation and enjoyment, he rowed out to where he could see the mountains white-topped, the almost heartbreaking blue of the Alaska sky, the pines, the glistening water. It was lovely, it was complete. Now he rested his oars and he lashed himself firmly to the boat, pulling the ropes he had brought with him around his ankles, his knees, his waist. It was his favorite time of day, sunset came late now, later and later, soon the daylight days and the daylight nights would meet and bleed. The sun was not streaming in bold brassy shafts, it shone golden and warm like Christine's hair.

Now was the time. The handy old hand reached out, it pulled the plug with one firm jerk. The concrete-weighted boat sank so that for

one brief instant he was standing upright in the water, he saw the mountains the sky the trees the water—the elements and objects he so loved. The water slid over him—ankles—hips—shoulders—head—like a soft silken shroud.

Though she rebelled at first in an agony of tears and self-recrimination, Chris understood after she had read his letter.

Until now, Christine my dear child, I always have had a mild contempt for people who leave Last Notes. They are like those who stand and stand at the door, saying goodbye, long after they should have left and done with it. But now I think I understand them a bit.

I have gone on that journey we spoke of. My increasing thinness (or should that be decreasing?) was, as you suspected, illness. It would have been a long business still, and the pain was becoming too much for me. I thought of you and good Bridie nursing me nursing me through the months. Your money would be spent, and hers, and your precious energies and time. How foolish, how wasteful. This is better and cleaner and more civilised.

My work is done. The book is finished. But my work in my beloved Alaska is not finished. You must carry on with that. Not must. I wish to recall that word. I never should have said must to you.

You are the most dear and lovely thing I have had in my life—you and freedom. I leave

Continuing . . . Ice Palace

from page 67

yachts and cars and the private planes and the girls and the three-hundred-dollar suits. The laugh would be on them when he died and they opened his will and saw that he had millions and . . . But he wasn't going to die. He felt strangely light and potent. He felt he could do anything. He felt free and young and powerful.

He had won. He had survived. He, Czar Kennedy, was alive. And Thor Storm was dead.

After Thor's death he had solemnly told her of her grandfather's Norwegian background. He had told Dave Husack, too. The lawyers had opened the box in the Seattle bank, and there it all was, sure enough, in the documents.

Czar had told Christine the details, she had been shown the documents, she had stared in disbelief. But then, when she heard Czar say, "You're probably a kind of countess or something, your children would be sprung from nobility"—she broke into laughter—vexed merriment, really. "How quaint and old-timey." Then, in a sudden panic, "You haven't told anyone! Please! I hope you haven't told anyone."

"Person would think you were hiding a crime or something."

"They'd kid the life out of me. I'd never know another peaceful moment. Poor won-

were one. "I could take the train," he said, "or go on the regular Tuesday plane."

"I'll fly you. I'd love to. It's nothing. An hour or less."

Buzzing along contentedly in the little plane, she asked, above the drone of the engine, "Is there anything wrong at the mine?"

"Not what you'd call critical."

"It can't be too bad if you can fix it in one day."

"It's management. Management. If you don't watch it all the time the costs go up and the profits dwindle, you've got to be on the job yourself. That new fella from Outside, he's supposed to know coal mining—machinery—engineering—loading—the works. He couldn't run a kiddy-car. He's overloading, parts wear out quicker than we can replace them. Next thing they'll be bringing coal in from Outside cheaper than I can sell it right here in the Territory."

"Don't let things like that upset you too much, Grampa Czar. They're not worth it."

"What d'you mean, not worth it? What's more important than you get your work done right and run your business in first-class shape?"

"Well—" and she pointed to the vast world below. "That, for example."

"What about it?" Certainly this particular region was not the spectacular Alaska of mountain peaks and great grey waters. It was flatlands that they were approaching. Coal lands.

"It's so exciting."

"What's exciting about it?"

"Being alive, for one thing. And knowing that all this used to be forest once upon a time."

"Who says so?"

"The historians, the geologists. Books."

"Oh—books." He rejected this feeble source. "Thor talk."

"Don't," she said, sharply. Then, reminding herself that this was an old man, this vital inwardly seething Czar Kennedy was an old man, "They say all this was tropical once upon a time. Millions of years ago. Enormous forests of trees. Because of course coal is just hardened trees and stuff. Carbonised trees."

"I remember that," he admitted, grudgingly. "It's interesting to think about, like you said."

They glided expertly down to the runway and the somewhat apprehensive mine manager from Outside who was awaiting Czar.

"You want to come down in the mine, Christine? I'm going on down before lunch. That's what I'm here for."

"Sure, sure," the manager said, nervously. "Come on down, Miss Storm, everything's going swell, Mr. Kennedy."

"I won't go down now," Christine said. "I don't like coal mines much. I'm going over to have a little chat with Mrs. Boone at the store. I'll meet you at twelve-thirty at Boone's."

Czar turned abruptly with a gesture to the man. He would look, he had decided, he would just say nothing but he would look into everything, he would be calm and quiet and ask this and that, pleasant as you please, and then when he had the whole story he would blast. Who did they think they were fooling!

An hour in the company of office figures. Statistics. "Maybe it's a little too late to go down now before lunch, Mr. Kennedy. Maybe you'd better wait with that till after your lunch."

"Lunch! I'm here to work, not eat. I don't need food to keep me going. I've got a perpetual-motion machine rigged up inside of me, young fella."

"Yessir! You sure have."

"You go on, eat your lunch. I'm going down."

"Oh, no, Mr. Kennedy."

"I knew coal mining before you were out of diapers. I want to ramble around alone. Scat!"

He was enjoying himself, really. This was wrong, that was wrong. By two o'clock he'd have it all in line, he'd give them the big or-else and buzz back with Chris in time for dinner in Baranof. What a world. Like Christine said, the kid was right. Exciting. I bet I was one of those Roman emperors.

He watched the chunky heavy-laden coal cars coming down the grade like fat old ladies cautiously descending a hill in San Francisco. He laughed to himself, rather fancying this mental figure of speech. Then he thought, they're not being cautious enough. Look at that! Too fast. So that's how they been wearing them out, and the machinery, too. Why don't they brake them like I always used to. I'll jump one of the cars, go down and give them the works right from the coal pile.

He waited tense at the side of the narrow track, poised ready to jump as the laden car passed him, to jump aboard as he had a hundred times in his younger days. The car reached

him, he jumped, but the muscles had lost their elasticity, they pulled him up but he was short of the goal, he fell under the car with its iron wheels and its tons of coal, the merry little wheels jolted over him and he rolled again and again and again. The coal car scurried on smugly as one who had done a thorough job.

There were no telephones from town to town. Alaska's natural barriers and vast distances had thus far defied this bridgine.

Alaska communications service, then. Baranof Baranof. Paul Barnett. The "Lode" office. Bridie Ballantyne. Ott Decker. Territorial Police. Judge Gannon . . . Ross Guildenstern . . .

"He's a pilot. If he can get hold of a plane. If he's in. In Baranof. I mean. My little plane won't do, it won't carry—no, I won't fly back without Grampa Czar . . . if Ross can get a plane . . ."

His reply came so quickly that they scarcely had had time for more than two or three messages.

"Leaving. Can do about half hour. Paul and Gannon with me. Don't try. Be brave. Watch sky. Wait for me. Ross."

END

(The complete novel is being published in Australia by Victor Gollancz Ltd.)

OUR NEW SERIAL IS BRILLIANT THRILLER SET IN LONDON

• Our new serial, which begins in next week's issue, is the latest novel by leading crime writer Margery Allingham. Entitled "HIDE MY EYES," it is a brilliant psychological thriller with a London setting—a setting redolent of fog, wet pavements, and shabby terraces of houses.

A murder has been committed, and there are only two witnesses, an old man and an old woman who were seen sitting in an old-fashioned bus on the rainy night near the spot where the murder took place. But not all the efforts of the police can trace the couple nor the bus.

Miss Allingham's favorite detectives, Albert Campion and Charles Luke, have plenty of theories . . . but not one morsel of evidence.

"Hide My Eyes" takes readers on a thrilling chase through the byways of London into its down-at-heel clubs and seedy Soho restaurants, from the ugly streets of its dockland to innocent garden squares in quiet little suburban districts.

Don't miss this first instalment which begins next week.

you all I have to leave. My book. My love of Freedom. My belief in the Dignity and the Spirit of Man, as long as the Human Race shall persist, and in spite of the power and purpose of the Men of Destruction.

Czar Kennedy felt enormously light and exhilarated. He had felt that way for weeks, for months. He couldn't account for it. It wasn't even that he and Chris had come together again, grandfather and grandchild, and he had forgiven her—or as good as forgiven her—for her crazy outburst in the visitors' gallery that time in Washington. Of course she hadn't married Bayard Husack yet, or even said she might. But once he was set up in the Governor's Mansion in Juneau, safe and soft, she'd fall into line without even knowing it, smart as she was—or thought she was. He, Czar Kennedy, was smarter.

He was smarter than anyone in Baranof. Smarter than anyone in Alaska. Smarter than those big windbags in Seattle, yes, and in San Francisco and New York and Washington, too. Let them have the cashmere coats and

derful Grampa Thor, how right he was!

"You ought to be proud of your background."

"I am. I was born in a caribou in a blizzard up in the Wood."

"Stop that!" he yelled.

But the two got on together more equably than they had before Thor's death. They even took little trips together.

Once or twice he had even consented to having Chris fly him in the little two-passenger bug which she had purchased out of her own savings. He had a kind of pride in his granddaughter's ability to handle a plane, in her reputation for skill and reliability and safety.

Stoutly Czar would say, "I'm as modern as the next one. You got to keep step with the times while you're alive, or you might as well lay down. And I'm sure alive, all right. Nothing to piloting any more than there is to driving a car. Easier, if anything, I'd say."

"That's right," Christine agreed, looking gingerly down at the mountain range past which they were soaring.

On the trip to the Kennedy coal lands Czar himself had suggested that Christine fly him up in her little Moth. It was summer, night and day

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TV's Charmer coming here

(from page 3)



PERRY MASON
(Raymond Burr),
star of TV's popular
"Perry Mason Show," and secretary
Della (Barbara Hale). Della carries
a torch for Perry,
but never gets him.

RIGHT: Lawyer
Perry and Della
chasing clues in
"The Case of the
Crooked Candle."
Each case in the
hour TV show ends
in a court trial.



ABOVE: "The Case
of the Vagabond
Vixen" brings Paul
Drake (William
Hopper). Perry's
private eye and leg-
man, on the scene to
interview a client.

RIGHT: Blondes are
Perry's weakness; all
the bad girls in his
show are fair. In
"The Case of the
Hunted Husband,"
Perry seems to have
seen the ghost.



TV AND YOUR CHILDREN

TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

● With television beginning its third year in Australia, it has become more and more fashionable to deplore its effect on children. TV is often made the scapegoat for juvenile delinquency, youthful misdemeanors, and low school marks.

DUBBED this century's "electronic Pied Piper," TV has been accused of luring children away from outdoor activities, their reading and their homework, and turning them into unthinking, withdrawn beings who sit like stunned fish before the TV screen.

What is happening to your child because of TV depends on you.

Experts, who have many opinions about it, all agree that TV can be either a social evil or an asset, depending on parental guidance.

In the forefront of the people who have made a study of the effect of TV on children is Dr. Paul Witty, the director of the Psycho-Educational Clinic at Chicago's famous Northwestern University.

Good effects

He was in charge of a long-term survey which extended over the first ten years of TV in America. His findings were published in America late last year.

Dr. Witty lists TV's best effects on children as: a big improvement in vocabulary; an increase in reading; an awakened interest in science, in foreign lands and their culture; and an increase in the satisfaction to be found in books.

He says its worst effect is that through over-exposing a child to crime and violence it may blunt his sensitivity to human suffering.

This effect, however, occurs only when the child is maladjusted emotionally before he ever sees TV.

Closer to home is a fascinating study at Melbourne University into the effects on children of all types of violence in films and on television, including crime and horror programmes.

First report by Dr. F. Emery, of the Department of Audio-Visual Aids, which is doing the survey, is on the psychological effect of Western films on boys in the 10-13 years age group.

No harm

Westerns have no harmful effects at all, Dr. Emery found.

"On the contrary, there is evidence that the Western film tends to make boys more self-reliant, independent, more resolved to resist the demands of a hostile environment.

"It gives them the belief that in the fight against evil they must do something, that

it is not enough just 'to take care,' that a boy should 'take action'."

Boys are attracted to Westerns primarily by the essential good-versus-bad themes, Dr. Emery found. Any other elements which a Western may contain make little or no impact on them.

Aggressiveness

There is no apparent increase in their aggressiveness that could be ascribed to what they see on the screen.

Boys in the group tested all came from State schools in the metropolitan area of Melbourne.

Dr. Emery's investigation is the first of its kind carried out in Australia. It is believed to be the most comprehensive of its type conducted by any country in the world.

The next section of the survey, dealing with horror films, is still going on.

A constant review by the N.S.W. Department of Education is further evidence that competent authorities realise the necessity of watching the effects of TV on schoolchildren.

"The Department is maintaining a careful watch over the reaction of children to television," said a spokesman for the Department.

"So far we have not found that schoolwork is adversely affected.

"But teachers and school inspectors are continuously surveying the schools for any evidence of adverse effect on learning."

Melbourne University says that no Australian data is yet available, but overseas results have been conflicting.

Surveys in both America and England have shown that occasionally children with a low standard benefit from TV, while marks of bright children tend to drop.

University authorities believe, however, that TV can be a force for good in education if a child is guided in watching by wise parents.

Dr. Witty said in his American survey that despite ominous predictions about TV's threat to academic attainment, it actually seemed to help students with some subjects; and his studies showed little relationships between examination marks and the time spent televiewing.

He says the situation was largely summed up by one teacher, who said in a report on TV: "Good students tend to remain good; poor students stay poor."

Dr. Witty's survey closes with a plea to parents to stop over-emphasising the ill-effects of television and to concentrate on guiding their children's viewing.

Parents' job

"Parents should see that they derive the greatest benefit from TV — their newest and best-loved recreation.

"They should remember that TV is a problem only in homes in which it is permitted to become a problem."

Echoing Dr. Witty and other world authorities, Sister M. Eymard, principal of Our Lady of Fatima parish school at Caringbah, N.S.W., recently appealed for help to the parents of students.

She pointed out in a letter to all parents that children were coming to school with



"COLT 45" (Channel 9, 9.30, Mondays), starring Wayne Preston, far right, as Chris Colt, is one of the TV Westerns proved by fanmail to be extremely popular with schoolboys. Menacing scenes such as this have no harmful effect on the boys.



"RESTLESS GUN," starring John Payne (crouching), is another schoolboy favorite. English parents, in a survey just completed, show more concern with TV's effect on their children's health than in the moral effects of scenes of violence. Eight to one, families say most family life is happier because of it. U.K. parents find TV broadened children's minds, made them better at school and more sociable.

BOUQUETS all round for Channel 9's outstanding telecast of the R.A.A.F. Air Pageant at Richmond, N.S.W., which wound up Air Force Week.

The pageant was held on Sydney's most miserable Sunday in months, with heavy rain falling intermittently, an icy wind, and a cloud base that was down to 2000 feet.

I sat to watch, expecting nothing much because of the weather, and saw some of the best TV yet.

Biggest and best bouquet should go to the R.A.A.F., who gave a wonderful display in the most trying conditions, but big bouquets should also go to TCN cameramen and to Bruce Gyngell, former Air Force man, who sustained an interesting commentary from go to whoa—quite a performance, as the telecast lasted for an hour and a half.

I've been to air pageants before and got home with a crick in my neck and read in the next day's papers about a

lot of things I hadn't seen for the crowd or the buildings.

This TV-type air pageant is for me. I watched and saw everything in the greatest comfort with the rain and wind howling outside. It was TV at its best.

MELBOURNE'S TV pin-up boy, Graham Kennedy, of HSV-9, made his Sydney debut recently when Channel 7, Sydney, showed a film of his big Saturday show, the first one he did after his return from a trip abroad.

It was a good hour's entertainment, remarkable for its smooth production and the fact that it was a real variety show, not just a variety of singers.

Young Mr. Kennedy, who

looked younger, smaller, and was not nearly as brash as I expected, was not in top form according to Melbourne reviewers, but his form was better than any of his opposite numbers in Sydney at their best.

I've heard Kennedy described as a "Melbourne phenomenon who simply wouldn't go down in Sydney." Having seen him, I strongly doubt that remark. Sydney televiewers like good entertainment.

I was interested to see Panda Lisner, who seems to be the only female personality yet to make any impact on Australian TV.

Panda is a pretty blonde who sings adequately, talks engagingly, and is pleasant to watch.



MELBOURNE TV PERSONALITIES Graham Kennedy and Panda Lisner, whom Sydney viewers met for the first time recently on Channel 7. Kennedy has a big following in Melbourne and a fan club of 12,000 members. Panda is 25, has honey-blond hair and blue-green eyes.

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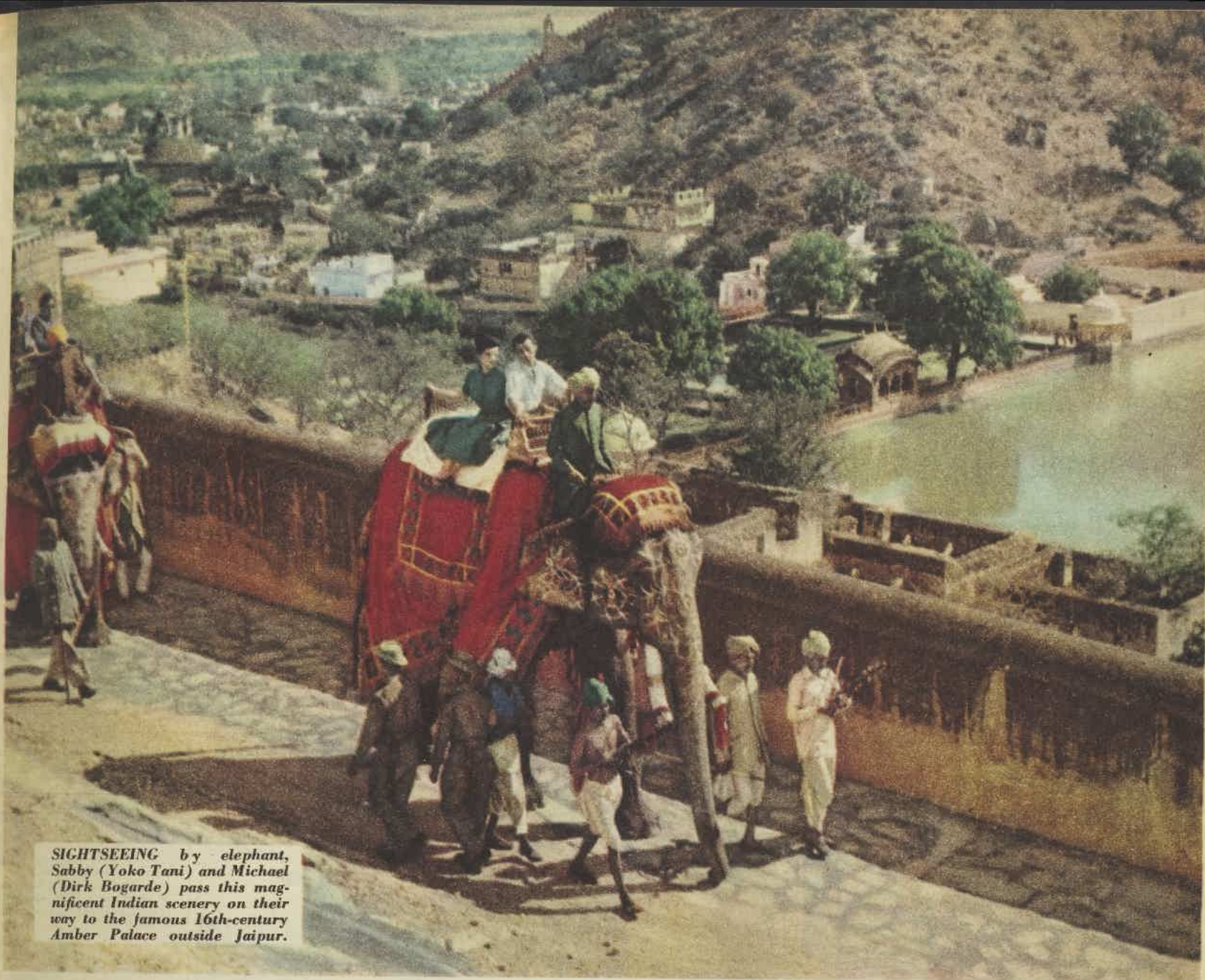
MEMO ALL ENTRANTS!

The lucky girl who becomes "Miss Secretary" also wins for her Company a brand-new "Secretary" Copying Machine, so girls, tear this advertisement out and show the boss!

MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LIMITED, ST. MARYS, N.S.W.
Sales Offices in all Capital Cities



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 8, 1958



SIGHTSEEING by elephant, Sabby (Yoko Tani) and Michael (Dirk Bogarde) pass this magnificent Indian scenery on their way to the famous 16th-century Amber Palace outside Jaipur.

"THE Wind Cannot Read," Richard Mason's tender and sad love story of a Japanese girl and a British officer who meet during a language course in wartime Delhi, has been made into a film by the Rank Organisation. Britain's most popular actor for 1957, Dirk Bogarde, and Japan's Yoko Tani are the stars. The film was photographed in Eastman Color on location at Indian beauty spots.

Tragic love in wartime India



THE END of the Intelligence Officers' course in Japanese is marked by a gay party with the students toasting their instructress, Susuki San, whom they have nicknamed Sabby (Yoko Tani).

NEWLY MARRIED Sabby and Michael are served tea by their Indian servant (above). Dirk is a British officer whose love for his lovely Japanese-language instructress ends in tragedy.

Films WITH AINSLIE BAKER

Mitcham Lavender



the most famous of all fragrances

from
Potter+Moore

* Lavender from the famous fields of Mitcham, Surrey.



MITCHAM LAVENDER TALCUM POWDER

Enhance your personal appeal with an after-shower dusting of Potter & Moore's Mitcham Lavender Talcum Powder. Silky, smooth, deodorant — and delicately perfumed with this best-loved fragrance. Mitcham Lavender — Price 3/11 Economy Size 6/6

MITCHAM LAVENDER

Just a touch when you're tired. Or use it as a refreshing body rub after bath or shower. The subtle fragrance of Mitcham Lavender works wonders — soothes, refreshes, makes you feel on top of the world!

Prices from 3/11 to 35/-

Mitcham Lavender by

Potter+Moore

LONDON • MELBOURNE

Available at your nearest chemist and store

10432

PINK PEARL



a soft, flattering rosy glow

for an
Osram

DISCOVER NEW COMFORT IN HIGH HEELS



Dr. Scholl's SUPER SOFT BALL-O-FOOT CUSHION

Imagine a cushion of soft, soothing latex foam, nestled beneath the ball of your foot. It's a delight you mustn't miss. A wonderful comfort with all shoes, a necessity with high heels, a boon if you suffer from callouses. No fitting problem — simply loops over toe. Only 5/9 pr., for men and women at Chemists, Stores, Shoe Dealers, Scholl Depots.

FILM PREVIEW

Orders to KILL



PAUL MASSIE, as Gene Summers, young American selected to kill a Frenchman suspected of having betrayed Paris Underground workers to the Germans.

... under the guise of friendship, his mission was to kill another human being in cold blood.

THE STORY

AN American flier, transferred to Intelligence, is at first stimulated by the game of stalking his victim. But when he has obeyed his orders to kill, his are the wounds that will not heal. This is the film noted English critic C. A. Lejeune reviewed twice, first attacking it for its cold-bloodedness, later praising its anti-war message.

A Lion-International-Fox film, directed by Anthony Asquith and produced by Anthony Havelock-Allen.



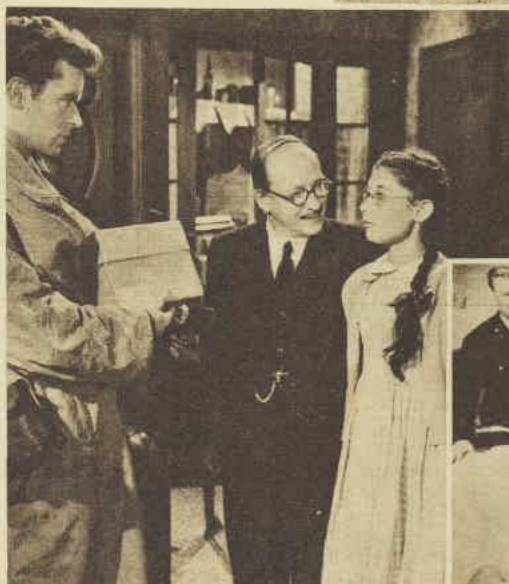
James Robertson Justice, as a British commando instructor, toughens Massie for the work that lies ahead.

Great early Hollywood "silent" star Lillian Gish (seated) makes rare screen reappearance in the role of Massie's mother. Here, with his old French nurse, she toasts his new secret job.



Posing as a French electrician, Massie, for the first time, visits the home of the suspected collaborator he is ordered to kill.

Haunted by fear that he has killed an innocent man, Massie cracks, and is visited by officers Eddie Albert and John Crawford.



CLUES

to a woman who knows her own mind



- Tries on only three hats
- Knows how much tip to leave
- Won't put up with inconvenience

—and is pretty cool, confident, serene and well-poised about it all

Such a woman is almost certain to be a Tampax user. Because at the base of her swift sure decisions lies the fact that she turns instinctively to the best way, the right way, the modern way. Tampax internal sanitary protection is convenient, comfortable and reassuring. Odour can't form. Chafing and irritation can't happen. Disposal problems never arise. In fact it even tends to make you forget there's a difference in days of the month—you wear it in your hand or under the shower—your fingers never touch the Tampax—what could be nicer?

Choice of two absorbencies (Regular and Super) at chemists and department stores everywhere.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

Send now for a

TRIAL PACKAGE

The Nurse, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney. Please send me a trial package of Tampax in a plain wrapper. I enclose 7d. in stamps for postage and packing.

Name
Address

APR

STOP CORNS

Dr. Scholl's world-famous Zino-Pain stop pain INSTANTLY. The only pads designed to give luxurious, super soft protection without bulk and pressure. Medicated discs included remove corns. Sizes also for Callouses and Bunions. 3/- packet at Chemists, Stores, Shoe Dealers and Scholl Depots.

Buy the "Practical Householder," the magazine for the handy man. It costs 2/- per copy, is on sale at all newsagents, and it can save you pounds.

BOND'S

Cotton T-Singlet

HERE'S REAL COMFORT IN THE HOTTEST WEATHER



**SHORT SLEEVED AND FULLY ABSORBENT
TO PROTECT SHIRTS AND COAT LININGS**

Manufactured in Australia only by Bond's under licence to the world-famous patented design of the KaparT Company (U.S.A.).

Every woman knows how a dress shield under the arm protects a frock from perspiration and discoloration.

Husbands and sons have the same problem. When their shirts come back to the wash, week after week, with underarm stains, it becomes very much of a problem for you, too. For that reason we suggest our new short-sleeve T-singlet for the men in your home.

This short sleeve not only keeps him more comfortable on the hottest day, but it also absorbs the perspiration which would have stained his shirt and also the lining of his coat... especially if he has to wear a coat all day.

The cotton is of the highest quality. (Remember, we spin our own cotton at Bond's.) Three weights: (1) Light (2) Standard and (3) Interlock.

Bond's short-sleeve T-singlets are so easy to wash... they actually improve in texture with washing. They dry quickly, need no ironing.

10'6

Lightweight and Standard Weight,

Interlock is 12/6

Protection-packed in Polythene

Men have problems, too

which a wife or mother can help to solve.



A. This man is hot! Underarm perspiration is soaking into his clothes. It's staining his shirt and coat... steaming him.



B. This man is comfortable! His underarm perspiration is being absorbed by the cotton of Bond's short-sleeve T-singlet. No stains on shirt or coat.

C. Encourage the men in your family to be "change daily" boys. Give them Bond's short-sleeve T-singlets.

For comfort and fit, it must be knif... buy

BOND'S

ON SALE EVERYWHERE

B100

Page 75



Hurried washdays?
Well, don't forget
the only way to
keep white clothes
white is still
the final rinse in
Reckitt's Blue

and
**Robin
STARCH**

keeps things
crisper, cleaner
longer



VARICOSE VEINS

Send for new
FREE booklet

Featherweight Lastonet Nylons give healthful support to Varicose Veins and are invisible under your ordinary stockings. LASTONET—combined elastic nylon stretches in any direction, lightly massaging the leg as it moves, and letting the air circulate freely.

Lastonet
SURGICAL STOCKINGS

PLEASE SEND ME NEW FREE BOOKLET, "VARICOSE VEINS"

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

For in A.S.W. to 215
Clarence St. Sydney

Know-length, 39/4. Thigh-length, 49/6
AT GOOD CHEMISTS AND SURGICAL HOUSES.

To LASTONET,
110 Little Bourke St.
Melbourne, Victoria.

PHILIPS

Don't forget

PHILIPS

LAMPS

for better

LIGHT

PHILIPS

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PHILIPS

New Film Releases

★★★ THE SAFECRACKER

M.G.M. drama, with Ray Milland, Barry Jones. St. James, Sydney.

DIRECTOR and star Ray Milland never allows tension to slacken in this film, which deals with a safebreaker whose art is turned to good use by British forces during the war.

As Colley Dawson, an honest locksmith tempted into the criminal field through his passion for antiques, Milland gives the characterisation his full power.

Eventually captured and placed in gaol, Milland is given a release, trained as a commando, and parachuted into Belgium, where he must win secret information from a safe in German Intelligence headquarters.

Scenes where a weary Milland does his training, then parachutes with the attackers, are both real and gripping, excellent acting coming from Ernest Clark as the Army major responsible for the operation.

Though a film about war, the production has its light moments, which allow Milland to show his old flair for smooth cynicism. — H.F.

In a word ... TOPNOTCH.

★★★ THE SILENT ENEMY

Lion International - Fox frogman drama, with Laurence Harvey, Dawn Addams, John Clements, Michael Craig. Mayfair, Sydney.

FOLLOWERS of the exploits of that wartime hero (and post-war mystery man) Commander Crabb will find little to

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

cavil about in this account of his Mediterranean service.

Whether or not Harvey—willowy and strictly Royal Navy with a dash of Stratford-on-Avon—is the right choice for Crabb, a born "outsider" if there ever was one, is another matter.

Leaving that aside, Harvey, Craig (as Crabb's diving companion), Clements (his admiral), and Dawn Addams (a W.R.A.N. officer) all do well.

But it is left to Sidney James, as the crusty chief-petty-officer who attaches himself to the unit, to supply the warmth and humanity.

The final assault on the Italian frogmen's mother ship compensates for a slow start.

In a word ... INTERESTING.

THE last time Joan Crawford tried to go intellectual was during her marriage to Douglas Fairbanks, jun. Her newest form of intellectual activity is connected with the New York Actors' Studio, home of Method acting. Joan, who need never work again, wants to be a student.

TOMMY RETTIG, the boy who played the leading role in the "Lassie" TV series before he outgrew the part, now has been signed by Fox Studios. His first film role is the lead in "Blue Denim."

The laugh was on me

● Here are this week's winners in The Laugh Was On Me. Every week we award £2/2/- each for the two best entries.

DURING my nursing training I was on duty in the children's ward.

One little patient was told he must stay in bed one day as it was too cold for him to be up. Later Matron found him up and said: "Put him to bed, Nurse, and I will take his pants away." Next day I was off, and when I came back on duty he asked where I had been. I told him I had stayed in bed. He asked in an awed voice: "Did the Matron take your pants away, too?"

£2/2/- to Mrs. R. Thompson, 207 Camberwell Road, East Hawthorn, Vic.

WALKING through an unfamiliar street one day I noticed an old man making his way slowly with the aid of a stick.

He appeared to scrutinise each house in the terrace until he finally stopped at one and peered shortsightedly at the door. As he seemed to hesitate there, I stopped and said: "That is number 25. Is that the one you want?" There was quite a long pause as he eyed me up and down, then he said: "Well, yes, ma'am, I should know the number. I've lived here 40 years."

£2/2/- to Mrs. Edith Rayner, 42 Schackel Avenue, Kingsgrove, N.S.W.

● Send your entries to The Laugh Was On Me, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Laxettes are made specially for children

—they're **SAFE**
they're **SURE**
and they taste delicious



For years, chocolate Laxettes have been the best-selling children's laxative—because they're made specially for children.

Laxettes are simply squares of fine chocolate, each containing an exactly-measured dose of tasteless phenolphthalein—the safest, surest laxative known.

Laxettes don't gripe, upset stomach or work with embarrassing urgency. Instead they give a smooth, thorough cleansing motion—and they are not habit-forming, seldom needed again next day.

Chemists and child health authorities recommend Laxettes. Buy a box to

price 2/9, and—
"When nature forgets, remember Laxettes"



The laxative for children



Bulphitt & Sons Ltd., Birmingham 18, England.



As easy to operate as pressing a bell! Picture COSCO in your home—smart, modern styling in a choice of 23 beautiful shades at no extra cost! Ideal for both sewered and unsewered areas—SPECIAL 6-PINT COSCO for LOW-SEEPAGE SEPTIC INSTALLATIONS.

Press-button COSCO—Australia's finest Low-Level Cistern—at your nearest Hardware Store or Plumbers' Suppliers!

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F3372—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make junior sundress. Sizes: Lengths 20, 23, 28, and 34in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Price 2/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F4631. — Cool summer one-piece trimmed with contrast at the bateau neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-.



F3372

F4770.—Smart and practical three-piece beach ensemble. The jacket top can be worn with or without the belt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



F4770



F4631→

F4832.—Slender-line sheath dress designed with a flattering Empire-line bodice-top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F2653A. — Small girls' one-piece dress and matching sunsuit, designed for the 4 to 10-year-old age span. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 3 to 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.



F2653A

F4832



F4989

F4989.—Prettily styled three-piece lingerie set. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 8½ yds. 36in. material and 4 yds. 4in. lace edging. Price 4/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Nos. 807 and 808 — MOTHER-AND-DAUGHTER DRESSING GOWN

Attractively designed and matched shortie dressing gowns are obtainable cut out ready to make in printed floral seersucker. The color choice includes pink and lemon, pale blue and rose-pink, and aqua and pink. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 27/3, 38 and 38in. bust 39/6. Postage and registration 3/3 extra. Sizes 4 years 13/3, 5 to 6 years 19/6, 7 to 8 years 29/3, 9 to 10 years 23/3, 11 to 12 years 27/9. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.

No. 809. — SLEEPER CLOTH

The cloth is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider on white and cream Irish linen. Sizes: 45 by 45in. 29/6, postage and registration 2/- extra; 54 by 54in. 38/3, postage and registration 2/6 extra. Serviette to match, 11 by 11in. 1/9 each, postage 4d. extra.

No. 810. — MATERNITY ENSEMBLE

Pretty maternity jacket and matching skirt are obtainable cut out ready to make in floral no-iron cotton. The color choice includes pink, blue, and white; blue and rose-pink; green and lemon. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 38/9, 36 and 38in. bust 39/9. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



807

808



810

809

It's got everything
men want...

MORLEY

Velnit

(REG.)

It's soft... allows complete freedom... and won't irritate the tenderest skin. MORLEY "VELNIT" underwear is easiest of all to launder, stands repeated washing, needs no ironing and won't shrink. Lasts longest, too! Once men wear it, they prefer MORLEY "VELNIT" — always!



Ask for MORLEY men's and boys' underwear. Also men's and boys' T-shirts in all popular colours.

Always look for the name

M87

MORLEY

Clean your silver
quickly, safely, easily with
gentle Silvo



Silvo brings out the full glowing richness of your silver, a soft lustre that lasts so beautifully. Cleaning with Silvo is so much quicker, so much easier, and so safe, too—you use it straight from the tin.

Leading Australian silverware makers recommend Silvo for the care of your silver.



Illustrated: Hot water pot and sweet dish by Silcraft who recommend Silvo to clean, polish and protect your silverware.



*Often
buttered
never
bettered*

Only
Arnott's
make
Sao Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, uses his hypnotic powers to impress the two alien scouts from the planet Cyni II. The scouts are making a report on humans, since their rocket fleet plans to invade the world. Mandrake hopes to prevent this invasion by bluffing the aliens into thinking mankind has powers superior

to their own highly developed technology. He appears to move a grove of trees and then a range of mountains, but the scouts are still not satisfied. Their tractions rays can move a planet! Mandrake gestures again, and the moon itself seems to come out of the sky and fall to Earth. NOW READ ON:



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





15 hairsets for 4' 10

QUICKSET WITH CURLPET
Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.
Get a tube of concentrated Curlpet—squeeze Curlpet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used.
Get concentrated Curlpet for 4/10 from your chemist or store.
QUICKSET WITH CURLPET
CN9

ATTRACTIVE LEGS
... DESPITE
VARICOSE VEINS



... thanks to
Scholl
2-WAY
STRETCH
NYLON
SURGICAL
HOSIERY

uperfine Scholl Surgical Nylons do three wonderful things. One, they completely hide varicose veins. Two, they become invisible under ordinary nylons. Three, they provide scientifically-accurate support, glorious relief from pain and discomfort. There's nothing to equal Scholl's added-proof Surgical Nylons—prescribed by Doctors, acclaimed by women all over the world. All fittings from Chemists, Surgical Suppliers, stores, Scholl Depots.

ALSO SCHOLL 2-WAY STRETCH ELASTIC YARN SURGICAL HOSIERY

For the BED PATIENT

AMERICAN FORMULA
dermassage

MEDICATED SKIN TREATMENT
supersedes rubbing alcohol



soothes itching
HAEMORRHOIDS
quickly!

Are you suffering the torture of haemorrhoids? Then here's new hope for you! DOAN'S OINTMENT will quiet the itching QUICKLY—soothe and lubricate the tender tissues with special antiseptic ingredients and bring you welcome relief. DOAN'S OINTMENT has been used successfully for over 50 years—and it's still so gentle. Don't put up with distressing haemorrhoids any longer. Ask for DOAN'S OINTMENT at any chemist or store today.

Buy the "Practical Householder," the magazine for the handy man. It costs 2/- per copy, is on sale at all newsagents, and it can save you pounds.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 8, 1958

TEENA BY *hilda terry*



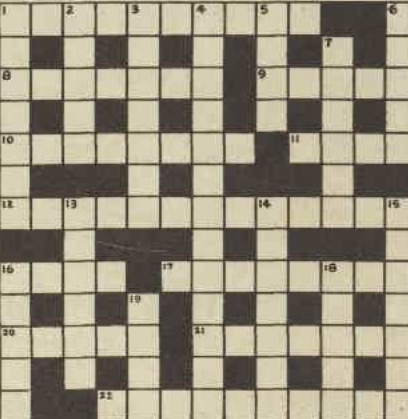
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Licentious American gun in broken side-view (10).
8. Cut the harm in a bin for an Eastern priest (7).
9. Inhabiting the Eternal City (5).
10. Procures the passing of a bill when a piece of unhewn timber rotates (3, 5).
11. Pitch to a steamer (4).
12. Cool sham rests (Anagr., 13).
16. Swell who tells that tea is sold out? (4).
17. Stern tie (Anagr., 8).
20. Musical entertainment in a rope (5).
21. Cloth, boot, or fly, or somebody from Germany (7).
22. Have bitter feelings about a lake in the position of a defendant (10).

OVATION SYRIA
VING LEE
ENGINE DRIVERS
ALLOIT PFFL
ABERRANT BEDE
L A T S A
LAMENT MUSSET
A T P P
LILT VALERIAN
A M I R D A
CARRIER PIGEON
E I N O A T
DRAFT THRILLS

Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Remember, when surfing, you are not the only one (7).
2. Go nab this gold coin (5).
3. The devil in a broken pool forms a river in S.E. Africa (7).
4. Lasting hempen dignity not registered at Lloyds? (13).
5. Sailors in a star (4).
6. Large cask is in an African port (5).
7. Mo's pie (Anagr., 6).
13. Bullied and took a piece of the opponent (6).
14. Let it stand, son, it's only a hat (7).
15. Glossy fabric in a tin set (7).
16. Extracted by Androcles (5).
18. Omit a hat in ease (5).
19. Long hair humanly headed yet not on human beings (4).

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

clears dandruff,
dry scalp and hair dullness



Many Australians suffer from unhealthy hair and scalp often without knowing it. They believe their hair is naturally dull, or realising something is wrong, start using lotions and dressings that only mask the problem temporarily.

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS: Specialists conclude very many hair troubles stem from the incomplete cleanliness of hair and scalp. Dust, grime and dandruff form a deposit which tends to block hair follicles and can prevent the flow of natural scalp oils. In extreme cases the deposit is visible (as dandruff), though it's often in the hair without being seen!

THE ANSWER: Loxene medicated shampoo as a scalp treatment. This preparation, called Loxene, really cleans away all dust, grime and flaky deposits (dandruff). With regular use Loxene removes and helps overcome the development of dandruff.

ONLY HEALTHY HAIR CAN BE ATTRACTIVE HAIR

Hair that is really clean, really healthy, is lustrous and easy to manage and set. Use Loxene regularly—it is the natural way to beautiful hair.



3' 11 PER BOTTLE,
SUFFICIENT FOR
8 SHAMPOOS

Single treatment bubble, 1/3

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

LTA.18



JACK and JILL
**THE CHILDREN'S
TOOTHPASTE**

IN THREE FLAVOURS
BANANA, RASPBERRY, PINEAPPLE

GUARANTEED SUGAR FREE

IT'S A FIOGEN PRODUCT 2/- AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Have a Coke — so good in taste, in such good taste



Keep Coca-Cola handy...ready to make guests feel at home!

Everybody knows the special personality that belongs to Coke • The world-famous bottle has a promise all its own... the distinctive good taste... the cheerful and always welcome lift of Coke • Yes... it's good to know you have plenty on hand, ice-cold, when it's time to *Have a Coke!*



Buy a case from your favourite store.

SIGN OF GOOD TASTE



CC245

BOTTLED THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA BY LOCALLY OWNED AUSTRALIAN BOTTLING COMPANIES

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